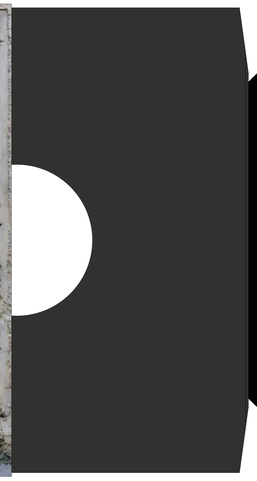
LP Front



LP Inner Sleeve

LP Label – Side A

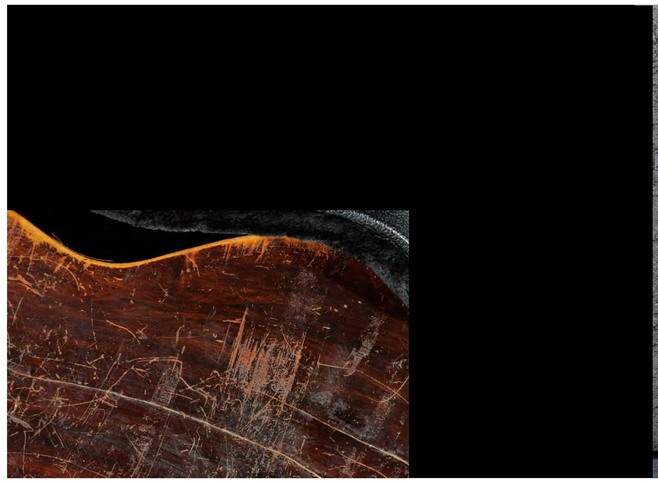
LP Label – Side B

CD Front

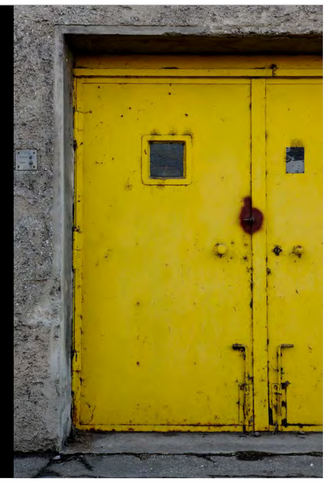
CD Back

CD Label – 1

LP Front



LP Inside



LP Back

Street Dog Blues

Hangin' on your hook always hogin' for a change
You've put me off from day to day
I'll stop beatin' my head against your wall
And you won't walk all over me no more

You thought it would last
Once you made me your pawn
Missin' me for your goals
I'm gonna quit you, that's for sure
And you won't walk all over me no more

I came up from under you, don't mind your business anymore
Yes, I'm still kinda frail
What's in store for me, let's wait and see
But you won't walk all over me no more

Hangin' on your hook

Jens Biehl: drums & percussion | Jens Kempgens: accordion, violin | Bernd Rinser: vocals, acoustic guitar

Get your business straight

Stick to your promise you've once made
You wanted to go for the big guns with me
But all I got from you up to now
Was mostly a pain in the ass
Stick to your promise you've once made

No more excuses, don't hesitate to say
- I'll be fine anyway -
uf if you still lie to me, straight to my face
You'll end up lookin' pretty shit-faced at the wrong side of my gun
Get your business straight
Stop feeding your ego from hell

Stick to your promise you've once made
Cause the good vibes between you and me will finally turn into hate
Get your business straight
Stop feeding your ego from hell //:
Get your business straight

Bernhard Schönke: bass | Christoph John: electric guitar sounds
Matthias Nolting: tenor saxophone | Bernd Rinser: vocals, acoustic guitar

Management blues

There came a time I said to myself
I want do what I like, so I started a band
Playin' the blues is good for my soul
Playin' the blues all night long
Now I'm inseparable from my phone
I got a sad bad blues and I know
I've got the management blues
That I just can't lose

First guy tells me somethin' about the blues
I think of my phone bill and know that I lose
Second guy says everthing's cool
After ten phone calls I know he's a fool
Third guy hates techno and disco rap
But if he gets enough dough, he'll gonna eat that crap
I've got the management blues
That I just can't lose

People, people I'm tellin' you
There ain't no right thing to do
Now I'm inseparable from my phone
Timetables and schedules all day long
I'd rather stay in my hometown bars
Playin' the blues and havin' some fun
I get rid of these blues
That I just can't lose

Bernhard Schönke: bass | Christoph John: electric guitar
Willy Lukas: drums | Bernd Rinser: vocals, acoustic guitar, harp

Gonna have a hard time

We're all gonna have a hard time
If we've to pay for all
What we've done to Mother Earth
Our quest for money will take it to an end
Mankind's final countdown could wait around the next bend

We've learned to fly to the moon
Soon we'll reach Venus and Mars
But no matter where we are
Soon we'll be alon' busted in this world
,Cause Mother Earth will be done for us

We've lost the veneration for the creation
Yes, that's what we do
We're all gonna have a hard time
If we've to pay all the bills
For what we've done to Mother Earth

Bernhard Schönke: bass | Christoph John: electric guitar sounds
Bernd Rinser: vocals, acoustic guitar

To learn the ways of love

Bernhard Schönke: bass | Jens Biehl: percussion
Jens Kempgens: violin | Bernd Rinser: vocals, acoustic guitars

Luck

If you place your luck on one card, you can only lose
Take one more, that's what you got to do

Travelin' twenty years in rust buckets
Always wrecked my back
Just got me a new car
Now I'm ridin' smooth and fast

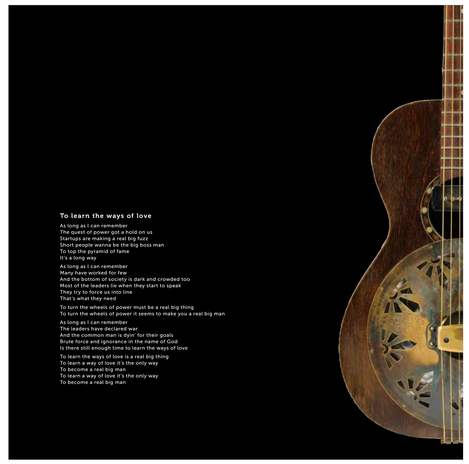
If you hold twenty, don't wait for twenty-one
Outta fifty-two cards don't expect an ace

Bernhard Schönke: bass | Marc Müller: percussion
Bernd Rinser: vocals, acoustic guitar, harp

Thank you

I give my deepest thank to all who helped me realize these albums.

Special thanks goes to all the musicians, who made this album possible, to Performance Studios for recording & mixing, to Mike Kullack for mastering, to Klaus Lipa for photos, to Nicola Bott for artwork & layout, to Constantia Rosendorfer for web design & controlling, to fenn music for distribution and to My 45 for pressing the albums.



To learn the ways of love

As long as I can remember
Many have worked for few
Starvation and making a real big fuss
Short people wanna be the big boss man
To top the pyramid of fame
It's a long way

As long as I can remember
Many have worked for few
And the bottom of society is dark and crowded too
Most of the leaders lie when they start to speak
They try to force us into line
That's what they need

To turn the wheels of power must be a real big thing
To turn the wheels of power it seems to make you a real big man

As long as I can remember
The leaders have declared war
And the common man is dyin' for their goals
Brute force and ignorance in the name of God
Is there still enough time to learn the ways of love

To learn the ways of love is a real big thing
To learn a way of love it's the only way
To become a real big man
To learn a way of love it's the only way
To become a real big man