**The right tob e wrong**

01 **special night**

There’s a special night, and I’ve got some special right

Some special thing, between wrong and right

I ain’t right and I ain’t wrong but I got the right to be wrong

but I got the right to be wrong

I don’t know if I should go

Between wrong and right

There’s this special night

02 **My cage is not big enough**

03 **The Spirit**

I am a small man

only got two hands

I got a place to stay

I got a song to say

I don’t know where I’ll go

but I’m on my way

As we work as we slave

bills so high no we cannot pay

and I heard the spirit cry

the system fails it makes you lie

money counts and that’s a crime

take a step into the light

Don’t you try to close your eyes

To get things well or to be satisfied

Oh please let the spirit be

the one you love and you believe

give away your love and time

don’t give in and don’t deny

There’s so much I can’t understand

but I gotta do the best I can

Tell me people when we meet

Can you buy what you really need?

We may be rich but we’re also weak

Let the spirit make you free

Can’t change the world all by myself

I could use a little help

you may think he’s a lonely man

but the spirit is our only friend

a life of love gives peace of mind

Yes it’s love we have to find

Yes it’s love we have to find

04 **A man called Dirty**

I wish I could hear you – hear your good advice

It’s so lonely out here I could lay me down and die

All I do is trying, trying goes in vain

All I do is crying every day’s the same

All I do is working – I’m a man without a name

Oh this job is killing me but I must go through the flames

Yes and I’ve been trying, I tried so hard to change

Hear the people talking, Dirty is my name

Lord will you forgive me – forgive me I’ve been wrong

I thought I knew everything, I thought that I was strong

All I do is losing – I’m losing all the time

Oh I’m getting angry revenge is on my mind

Please don’t let him catch me

Devil’s on his way

Darkness surrounds me and I ain’t got no time to pray

Hear this lonely sinner – a man who has lost his way

Lord will you forgive me – Dirty is my name

05 **treat you/me right**

I don’t know if I can treat you right

I don’t know if I treat you right

Babe babe babe I don’t know if can

If I could say

I if could sing

if I could say the way I treat myself

Maybe just make your life a hell

I don’t know if I can treat you right

Can I treat you right?

06 **full stomach blues**

My fool stomache blues

I got a 1000 pairs of shoes

but I dont know what to do

Ohw I got a full stomache blues

I got a full stomache blues

There’s nothing I can do

I got a TV see things so true

And nothing I can do

Hey do you?

I got this full stomache blues

I got a 1000 pair of shoes

got somany friends I don’t know where to go to

07 **heaven at your heart**

Every woman’s lying, everyone denying

Every baby’s dying, everybody’s crying

Hell will be done

your kingdome come

Every woman’s lying, every baby’s crying

Every man denying, everybody’s dying

Knocking at your door

heaven at my door

Everybody’s tryin’ get a little higher

Get a little further commit a little murder

Hergehrnsskskssjjsh (extraterrestrial moaning)

Everybody’s trying

Haven’t got a gun

War has just begun

Just begun

08 **I think I’m gonna miss the blues**

09 **two poems, one song**

I got so much

It went too much and I became lazy

I did not learn to work and earn

To save some money, to be patient

Please let me turn around, my Lord

teach me how to work, to have patience

to save some money to be grateful

Triplication is a way to explain by visable examples

That there is no age

The old should learn theirselves to learn by teaching the young

If one is fair, he will reach automatically the centre of those two extremes

10 **somewhere sometime**

11 **The gray machine**

I killed my neighbourman I didn’t wanne see

I didn’t wanne understand I killed my neighbourman

I didn’t listen when he shouted at night

I ignored his suffering thought he was just a lonely guy

Yeah I passed him by

Talk to your neighbour

It might save a life

Talk to your brother

Talk to your wife

Talk freely without hate

Don’t be afraid

*All dirty thoughts are collected in the brain*

*And they stirr the soul All dirty thoughts are gathered together on the left side of your brain*

next page

I read so many books I just can’t find truth

All thoughts are just loaded words

Next page

We put the load into it or we put it out of it

And I read so many sjit I don’t know how to handle it

Everything has become meaningless

Saw you dance Inthe rain

Saw you dance you looked insane

12 **Ain’t gonna work for you**

Ain’t gonna work for you

Ain’t gonna work for you

No matter what you do

No matter what you do

Ain’t gonna work for you

Ain’t gonna work for you

ain’t gonna work

Ain’t gonna work for you

Ain’t gonna work for you

Ain’t gonna work

Aint gonna work

Aint gonna work

13 **Water**

From the distance a small beacon

The traveller takes a deep breath

The road is full of danger

The night is crue land the candle almost burned out

He counts the blisters on his fingers

The wrinkles ‘round his eyes

And the tears of all the years have they finally dried up?

His feet go slow but his heart knocks hope

He’ll choose not to lose his wisdom

Hurry

makes mistakes

14 **Put away that gun**

Put away that gun my love won’t come

Put away that gun my love won’t come

Put away that gun and come to my love

Can I cure you? Love me hold me, love me like I love you

My love won’t come

My love won’t come

Put away that gun

Put away that gun

Put away that gun

Do as I told you as I told you as I told you

15 **Peace**

16 **Poem in D.**

Waarom? vroeg de dwaas die niet kon zien dat zijn eigen doel vergeten was.

Waarom? vroeg hij nog een keer om maar niet te hoeven weten dat de schuld gelegen was in zijn armoedig hart gespeend van warmte voor het opgroeiend en gewis was van een dodelijke waarheid.

waarom? vroeg hij aan zijn ledige verstand door slapheid gekuist en ontmand.

Hulp had hij moeten vragen, help mij bij mijn volle verstand te zien de leugen die mij verteert in binnen verkeerd gesmeerde stroop van woordenbrij en ijdelheid.

Pijn is de bode der waarheid. Neen, geen smartentranen geschreid van goedertierenheid.

Verdwijn, holle vraag, uit mijn donker hoofd en laat mijn hart bloeden en ik drink de beker tot de laatste bittere drop.

Van waarom niet gehoord, van waarom niet verwoord.

Kom uit je huis, schijtluis, blinde vink vogelachtige dief en smeer boter aan uw zwaard. De haren van uw blote baard zullen krullen van genot.

Hij vroeg waarom en werd zot, zot werd mot, gat vrat, gordijn hangt. Kijk erdoor en zie de sterren aan de hemelkant.

Waanzinnig wezen waarom gij vraagt is te ontvluchten de spiegel van weleer, die nog nooit gebroken is. Beslagen misschien van uw afzichtelijk gehijg, maar heel. In stukken verleden tijd is meer terug te vinden dan in het waarom.

Verdeel de macht niet in uw voordeel, angsthaas.