

MANDIE by John McColm

I had the blues as I woke up this morning,
a night through which I struggled to sleep
I dreamt that I heard my children calling f
rom a darkness cold and deep
I once was indifferent to loving,
a condition against which I would preach
Never ever satisfied, I was too stratified, I
oving was always out of reach

*And there was too much whiskey in my water, too much spice in my wine
Too little doing what I aught-a be doing and too many women on my mind*

**Come walk with me upon a journey,
the only transportation I have left
After my flirtation with money
when all that I used it for was theft
I stole the hearts of several ladies
leaving them callously bereft
Did my disappearing act, my sinking-into-beer-ing act
So if you can't forgive me then forget**

'cos there was...

(zusprechen auf Deutsch)

Also hebe ich meine Gitarre auf, um auf meiner Hüfte zu ruhen
lass ein schiefes Lächeln den harten Satz meiner Lippe falten ...
... und warte darauf, dass die Seele wie eine Blase der Wahrheit
aufsteigt
schleppt sich durch das träge Gas eines Bierglases
dann in Bieratem und Rauch verloren.

Das war, als sie ankam - durch den Bieratem und den Rauch.

(spoken in English)

***So I pick up my guitar to rest on my hip
let a wry smile crease the hard set of my lip...
... and wait for the soul to rise like a bubble of truth
dragging its way through the indolent gas of a beer glass
then lost in beer breath and smoke.***

That's when She arrived - through the beer breath and smoke.

**Like a shadow she shaped herself as shelter
expanding my mind and loving me
And I moved with it, grew with it, nothing else to do with it
returning from the shadows a brand new me but...
Shapeshifting shadow have there freedom
and cannot be other than they be
In a recycled suit she threw a salute,
returning to the darkness she was free**

and there was...

(Deutsch)

*Ein Knopfdruck, ein Lichtkreis und die Bühne ist leer
aber für mich, meine Gitarre und der stumme Schrei der
Frustration
für die Schatten, die niemals gefangen werden können.*

*Licht am Ende des Tunnels, an Größe zunehmen, wächst
immer schmerzhafter für meine Augen. Ich hoffe nur, dass wir
auftauchen
zur gleichen Zeit, auf der gleichen Linie und mit dem gleichen Ziel
und ich hoffe, dass da jemand verkauft ... Sonnenbrillen!*

***A flick of a switch, a circle of light and the stage is empty
but for me, my guitar and the silent scream of frustration
for the shadows that can never be caught.***

***Light at the end of the tunnel, increasing in size, growing
ever more painful to my eyes. I only hope we emerge at
the same time, on the same line and with the same destination
and I hope there's someone there selling ... sunglasses!***

**Think I'll continue on to freedom, freedom's the only place to be
Freedom from hardship and sorrow, self inflicted pain and misery... now
I'm not talking about checking-out, not now there' light and I can see
Maybe it's time to look for a rhyme that doesn't end with D-I-E**

and there was...