

K E N

He's a clone
You'd be better off
on your own

K E N

He's a two-timing
plastic playboy

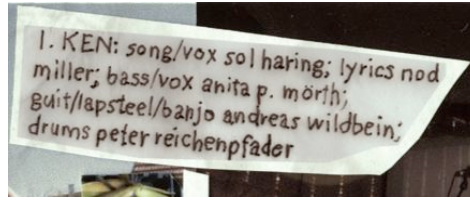
K E N

Look identical to me

Oh K E N

So postmodern
it's fantastic

I thought you might just be different



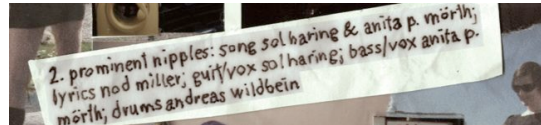
Prominent Nipples

Prominent nipples
Standing out like chapel hat pegs

One day when we were having tea
My auntie told my friend and me
Don' worry that your breasts don't suit
Learn something from this bowl of fruit

Cherries, apples, melons, grapes,
Many sizes, myriad shapes
Lucious mangoes, peachy skin
Strawberry-pink and ripe for sin

Prominent nipples
Standing out like chapel hat pegs



As my auntie used to say
Every fruit will have its day
Breathe in deeply, stand up proud
Inflate your chest and shout aloud

Prominent nipples
Standing out like chapel hat pegs

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Ardent Disengagement

She's a hetero bitch she likes a ride
Late at night go fly a kite
A hetero bitch screams, hits and bites
Go down on her – switch off the lights

You're having a blast – a girls night out
Tell me what it is – what's all about
Lying' in bed a cigarette lit
She's moving towards you just a bit

Her boyfriend's out a town yeah
His thing's still all around yeah

In the middle of the night she'd become your ride
Moving wild from side to side
Next day in the mall – what a doll
Long legs, tiny skirt – a hell of a bird
Riding the bike – see her home
Cooking dinner – what else have you done?

Ardent Disengagement

You leave at nine – she says it's fine
Later alligator - you'll be mine
No text no call – it's love after all
Waiting all morning, clouds on your soul
Dangerous silence till the day has gone
Ring ring 'what's up? You ready to come?'

Ardent Disengagement

Get on you bike leave the grass behind
Take a bottle of gin to blow her mind
There you are in the middle of the street
When his car pulls in – it's so simple and neat



Hey how you doing? Yahoo Yeah
How was your trip? Yahoo yeah
The bottle of gin – heavy in your bag
Turn your bike –shivering neck
'Wanna come in? I am sure she's home'
No thanks I'm busy but I will phone

Ardent Disengagement

She's a hetero bitch she's had some fun
Before you dig it she is gone
A hetero bitch that likes a ride
Late at night go fly a kite
Ease your pain with the bottle of gin
It was as - admit it – an ugly sin

Ardent Disengagement

It is a haunting dream that you are in
Ardent heart how loud you scream
Ride this little pony – I don't care if it's fair
She isn't your old crony and you do your dare
Try to strip her naked she's so cute
Easy on her! Don't be rude

Ardent Disengagement

Go back to where you come from!

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Blue

blue is blue and red is red
I am walkin' on my bed
green is yellow black is white
I am goin' for a ride
blue is blue and red is red
I am wearin' a big hat
pink is turquoise lilac's gra-ay
I'm already far away

and the children on the playground
they are havin' fun
they don't care about the colours
water's always wet

grass is grass and trees are trees
drivin' makes me feel at ease
tapes are biscuits stones are cats
switchin' frames is my task

and as grown ups on life's
playground
they still havin' fun
female male trans gender bender
no one cares 'bout that



cheap cheap

deep deep in the valley
in a truckstopp near LA
I thought about my wasted lives
future's washed away

deep deep in the valley
where I went to grammar school
I learned to sleep with open eyes
sleep's my favorite tool

I could I could so many things I could have been a
baker's wife if I wasn't gay
I could have been a drag king in L.A

cheap cheap in a drugstore
where I worked most of my lives
selling bandaids, pills'n wine
at nite I took a line ...or two

I could I could so many things I could have been a baker's wife if I wasn't gay
I could have been a drag king in L.A.



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Bricklane

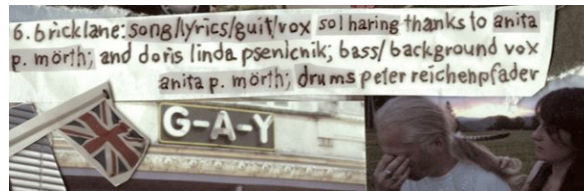
If she wore a skirt and a jacket
And a pair of high heels
Then what else would she do?
But walk around the glass palaces of Bishopsgate

If she had a tiny tiny skirt on
With knickers to match
Then – how could she not?
Skate through life with a sparklin' smile and spin

Saw her in Bricklane
She was walkin' her dog
By the name of John Wayne
Looking for a bog
Saw her in Bricklane
She was walkin' her dog
She wasn't even vain
Just proud in the crowd

If she was going for a coffee
With a mate she'd just met
Then what else would she do?
But watching and laughing and patting John Wayne

If she was buying a bouquet
Of lilies and weeds
Then – how could she not?
But roaming Bricklane with her jittery dog



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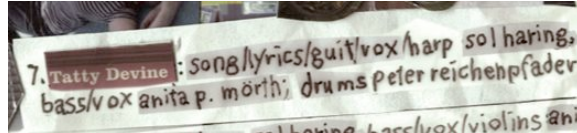
Tatty Divine

I am so Soletti your
Tatty divine
All the things you see
Are certainly mine
I will tell u a story
Of a little girl and
Her hot little lover
Two birds under cover

They met in an earthquake
Shaken with joy
Hold your horses
Destiny's toy
Sun's little muses
Exchange of bodily juices

I'm ur lady, I'm ur lady
I'm ur lady, I'm ur lady
A nightmare to your mother
A lover to your father
A hot chick on legs
Do not even bother
A lady ur lady
I'm ur lady, I'm ur lady

Life went on lots of rain & sun
Love was a hammer sometimes a gun
Their rhythm of love a fiery drive
They lost each other and she lost her life
The plane crashed down
He can't bear she never was found
Hear them howls by night & day
Sun's like a sickening ray



She's so Soletti
Tatty divine
No classic beauty
But wit so fine
Caring and sexy
No bootleg you see?
She sings for him
from heaven down to earth
Listen cause it's certainly worth:

I'm ur lady, I'm ur lady
I'm ur lady, I'm ur lady
I'm up in the air
See u when u smiles
That's certainly rare
A hot chick on legs
Do not even bother
I'm ur lady....

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Total liar

Even if he turns out to be a total liar and idiot
With a wife at home – I hear what you are sayin'
It doesn't matter he is the perfect lover
Desire is the essence of a man

She might have offed herself thinkin' 'life
Isn't the right environment for me'
Hope they do these unspeakably delicious sausages in heaven
He is a liar and a lover
The guy who lives above her
Total liar – perfect lover
Total liar – perfect lover

She hates him to put his clothes on, she likes him doin' things for her
He is sorry - it was good while it lasted
He is sorry – that it had to end like this
For all the wrong reasons – a man who
Endeavours to persist in his own being

He is a liar and a lover
The guy who lives above her
Total liar – perfect lover
Total liar – perfect lover



Baghdad

This place is fucked up
Lets go to baghdad
instead of wet walls
see some warhalls



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Poisonberries

Cryin' Poisonberries Poisonberries
There's a glimpse of consciousness
It's a homegrown one
Sitting in the corner of the eye
Weepin' Weepin' Poisonberries Poisonberries

I thought
Is there anything to tear about?
Then you said Poisonberries Poisonberries

Glimpse of insecurity
It's a homegrown one
Squeekin' Poisonberries Poisonberries

And he who understood it clearly, he just shook his head and walked away
Never turned back Never returned
Only in his pocket there's a handful of berries that knew how to sing
And cry from time to time
Poisonberries Poisonberries



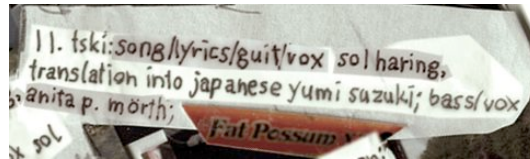
TSKI

Tski To Ta jo

Hoshi Ga Ja Teki te
Mizumimo kagajaku jo

Tski To Ta jo

Hoshi Ga Ja Teki te
Mizumimo kagajaku jo
iman nansi daremo jeranei iman nansie daremo



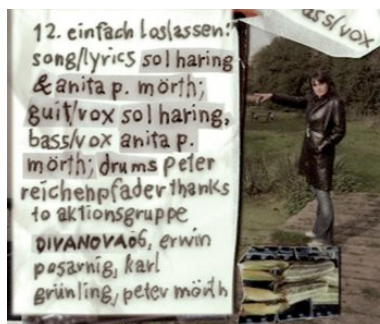
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Einfach loslassen

Ich verzeih mir alles
Es ist gut, dass es mich gibt
Ich will meine Ruhe haben
Denn ich liebe mich
Es wird Tote geben
Fahr selbst ins Krisengebiet
Ich will meine Ruhe haben
Denn ich liebe mich

Einfach loslassen
Einfach loslassen
Einfach loslassen
Nur nicht meine Hand

Du fragst aber Sachen
Das is ja gar nicht wahr
Da mußt ja selber lachen
Geh heim nach Afrika
Es wird Tote geben
Dort im Krisengebiet
Ich kann dich überleben
Denn ich liebe mich



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