

**THERE MUST BE TWO WORLDS**

# THERE MUST BE TWO WORLDS

from a blessing to a curse and reverse

The Collected Lyrics (1995-2022)  
and more

by

Krijn van der Gijp

FOR

## *Joke*

*'Darling, there was  
never a day, I thought,  
that lasted too long'*

*from*

*As I drown in my darkness*



## *Martine*

*'Darling, you broke the darkness,  
you broke the silence.  
You gave me back my life.  
For this, I will always love you'*

*from*

*Words on the wind*

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Melanie and Ruud

**All Rooks' Eden albums are available on SPOTIFY (except sadder & wiser by Walkin' Wounded)**

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## **The question**

Sometime around 2019 one of our daughters asked me the following:  
'why did you write, and do you write as you do'

By writing and compiling this book I hope to find the answer.

## **The beginnings of my writing**

This is a rather limited summary of events leading to my writing lyrics over so many years.

The idea of forming a band came into being in 1993. Gert Valster and I decided to take up the instruments we had played, guitar and piano, when we were very young. Later on in that year Wim Brouwers joined us on bass and in 1994 Wim Weber joined us on guitar. We started rehearsing regularly. Playing blues standards and some Neil Young songs.

Our first gig was on february 17<sup>th</sup> 1995 Zwijnzicht, Dordrecht. We called ourselves Walkin' Wounded with Maja Brouwers as lead singer. Somewhere in that same year Ria Reitsma started playing the drums.

The first attempt at writing a song was by Gert and myself in 1993.

The title was *Blue Steel*. Unfortunately, both lyrics and music are subsequently lost and nothing was recorded. Later on, in december 1995, I wrote *The News* (page 130) which was recorded by Johnny Rook Band for the CD *Oh Cut!* (2009)

Recording a CD with songs written and composed by Walkin' Wounded started on january 16<sup>th</sup> 1999. These recordings resulted in *Sadder&Wiser* (release 2000).

Walkin' Wounded stopped when Gert started working in Singapore.

I teamed up with Ruud van Rietschoten. We formed a band (Johnny Rook Band, Rooks and finally Rooks' Eden) with Marco Bronwasser, Arnout van der Gijp, Peter Bakker and later on Jethro Kruisinga. Johnny Rook Band and the Rooks stopped around 2010 when we became Rooks' Eden.

Ruud and I continued writing, composing and recording and were joined by Melanie Bronwasser who since then edits my writing and composes the string and brass arrangements. Jan Timmerman plays the drums since 2017 and Geert Timmerman plays trumpet and French horn since 2020 for which we are very grateful.

## The lyrics

Your own style. Does it exist? For some yes, the really great poets in music. I've always been interested in lyrics in songs. With great interest I read and try to understand the poets, great poets in my opinion, like Cave, Cohen, Dylan, Lennon, Newman, Reed, Waits and Young. I realise that there are many more. Am I influenced by them? No doubt about it. Do I make use of them? No doubt about that either. Their words, thoughts, style of writing crept in and resulted in my way (not style) of writing.

I experience the writing of lyrics as a gift conferred to me in nightmares, dreams and waking as well as through reason. Writing lyrics sometimes evokes that elusive feeling in me, the feeling the Portuguese call 'saudade'.

An extreme, inexplicable longing for something or someone and realising it will always stay in the past, a beautiful memory that will always hurt.

And then by thinking back, by talking and writing about these feelings, I can ease the pain for a moment and make this feeling gentle. But luckily it will never completely fade.

Nick Cave wrote about saudade: "the desire to be transported from darkness into light, to be touched by the hand of that which is not of this world".

Most of the lyrics about my life are some sort of memoir, mostly about Joke and Martine, about fear, desire and uncertainties that comes with intense loving and living with someone. But remember that, like me, most memoirists don't have much to say (haha).

There must be two worlds  
from a blessing to a curse and reverse  
(from *Sing or Die* page 144 )

Then there is the writing over time. Some lyrics written long ago and not so long ago which I would like to bury. Asking myself why did I write it or write it that way? What was my state of mind? What was I thinking?

But then that's the way I felt, how I thought about things and situations and relations at that time.

How could I, or anyone else, have predicted that so many years later the world and especially my world would have totally changed?

It was a time of learning to accept the inevitable and realising that that's the way to "survive".

The paradox of gaining a certain level of rest and happiness by accepting the progressing mental deterioration (Alzheimer disease) of Joke.

Especially the writing over the period 2008-2016 was strongly influenced by Joke's slow deterioration and eventually passing away and the despair and intense sadness afterwards. And then, happiness once again with Martine.

All those thoughts, then and now, condensed into words and the lyrics were created. For our children and good friends some lyrics have emotional value.

At least something was created. The lyrics and anecdotes, I will cherish it as long as I live, will live on and will, hopefully, not be lost.

## **The music**

Although this book is about the lyrics, a lot of these lyrics were enriched with music that causes another inexplicable feeling called 'duende'. That Spanish word which cannot be translated.

The Spanish poet Federico Garcia Lorca expressed his view on duende in his lecture "Juego y teoria del duende" (the play and theory of the duende) Buenos Aires 1933.

He stated: "all that has dark sound has duende, that mysterious power that everyone feels but no philosopher can explain. Duende is not in the throat, the duende climbs up inside you".

There are no guidelines in writing lyrics or composing music that lead to these inexplicable emotions, the saudade and the duende, emotions which burn your blood and hits your soul.

But when the music composed by Ruud and the, brass and string, arrangements by Melanie are combined with some of these lyrics that's exactly what happens.

## **The illustrations**

The paintings/photographs add an extra dimension to the lyrics. Paintings by Tim Beckmon,(Santa Fe, New Mexico, *Birches and Pineon Pines* page 275), Melanie (*Got Some Things to Talk About, Grâce à Toi, Sad Man* (page 167, 186, 316), Maria Jose Fernandez (*Dex, you Idiot* page 192), Ank Groeneveld (*Winterland/An Early Morning Escape* cover painting photograph by Lilian Morselt, *Magnolia Street* page 121), Dewi van der Gijp (*Time* page 127) Ben Noltee (*Old Man and the Moon, Human Suffering, Ballad of the Liar and Me, Elusive World, Poor Boy, Live a Day and Fade Away, Dreamsong* page 60, 104, 109, 161, 165, 177, 181), Marjo Paardekam (*Eden, Have You Seen Jimmy, If I*

*Could, Bass Rock Witch* page 151, 155, 169, 309), Henk Stolk (*Attack of the Puppet People, On Lonesome Ground* (page 271, 312). Most paintings photographed by Ad Plancken.

### **Some notes on our writing, composing and recording.**

#### **Seven Sisters (2004)**

When I was riding my Harley Davidson towards a little town south of Venice, Italy (my brother Arnout, Jacqueline, Marco and Melanie Bronwasser were camping there) I passed through Madonna di Campiglio and was stunned by the atmosphere there. Once a place for the European royalty and now a mediocre heartless winter sport village. That trip resulted in *Madonna (di Campiglio) is dead* (page 71).

#### **Loud and Bitter (2005):**

*(Don't tell me) she ain't happy* (page 79) is dedicated to Dewi. The lyrics were written during a period in her life in which she was uncertain about many aspects of her life and tried to find answers in mystic books.

*I'm so tired, I can't even speak my mind  
Please draw the curtains  
Because there ain't a thing of which I'm certain*

*How hard he tried* (page 80) is dedicated to Dana. When she was an adolescent we had some clashes which resulted in silence and stubbornness. But Dana said almost literally:

*She tells him this:  
That there is love  
And silence does not create loneliness*

A long time ago I was in New York (1989, running the marathon) and one night I ended up in an obscure barrio. At that time, this was a world of its own. Hookers, losers and boozers. While we were recording the album *Loud and bitter* (2005) these memories popped up which resulted in writing *Cruising the boulevard* (page 84). Of all the songs we recorded before and after, this is one of my many, many favourites.

*The girls for the paid dates, dressed up for the night  
Turning tricks at every corner  
Or flat on their back in the passenger seat  
How can you turn a good trick when you're flat on your back. The cop thinks.*

### **Convoi Exceptionelle (2005):**

*Seven Sisters* (page 86) is based on a speech by a Shell CEO who stated that two of the seven sisters (major oil companies) would be incorporated by Shell and Exxon.

I wrote *Prettiest mess* (page 98) while I was, regularly, working (in the 80's and the 90's) in Nigeria. Too afraid to stop the car, downtown Lagos, because mayhem on the streets and help a woman and baby who were in need of everything you can imagine. We turned our heads and drove on.

The scene still haunts me once in a while. But why the title: Prettiest Mess? The contradiction. Prettiest: I've always been enthralled by working abroad (80's, 90's and early 00's). The far away places on earth drilling for oil. The challenge, testing new techniques, tension and stress that goes with the unknown and the unexpected. Mess: hanging around in cities so deplorable in all human aspects. Cities like Lagos, Warri (Nigeria), Manilla, Puerto Princessa (Philippines), Caracas (Venezuela) and many more.

For the recording of a very intense song, *Ours* (page 100), we used a very old electric organ played by Ruud. During take 4, something started burning in the organ's intestines and smoke began to appear. It gave the song an extra lurid atmosphere at that moment and it was also the end of that organ.

### **Since Time Began (2007):**

Ruud and I wanted to write a rock opera. After finalising *Loud and Bitter* and *Convoi Exceptionelle* in a hurry we started working on *Since Time Began*.

S. Sasoon wrote in 1917 "I am making this statement as an act of willful defiance of military authority because I believe the war is deliberately prolonged by those who have the power to end it".

This statement and the autobiographical war memoir *Goodbye to all that* by Robert Graves inspired me to write most of the lyrics for *Since Time Began*.

In the CD booklet, again a marvelous design by Ben Noltee and photography by Petra van Rietschoten, I wrote: "this project stole our nights, our sleep and dreams. It crept in and possessed our minds".

Now many years later reviewing this project, it is still very oppressive.

From

*The tales of love and blood* (page 102)

*When the hordes fall upon me, will I fight bravely with a gun?*

*Or will I turn and run?*

*Then I heard a voice say: not everybody can be a hero my son*

From

*God's signature* (page 107)

*Soldier says: this darkened world with the eclipse of the sun can't be God's signature.*

*Do you think He has lost control?*

*Sergeant says: kid, someday He will make everything whole.*

*Colourful rolling hills and sunshine will be God's signature.*

*At night his dreams are full of black dressed avenging angels.*

*Burning swords and bloodied beaches.*

We performed this album live in de Uitstek in Zwijndrecht in 2007 with a video clip for all songs created by Gert Valster and the stage design by Yvo van der Vat with *paintings* by Ben Noltee (*Human suffering, Ballad of the liar and me*, page 104, 109). For us, this performance was surely a highlight.

### **A Sunday Garden (2008):**

We had a summer party in the garden of Ruud and Petra with a lot of friends and the atmosphere was hippy like.

Friends with children, dogs, chicken and the horses in the stable, guitars, percussion and singing. Beer cans popped. Some friends will recognise themselves in the lyrics of the song *Friends* (page 110).

*I was talking with my friends*

*The fat one*

*The skinny one*

*Hook nose*

*Muscle*

*One even taller*

*The other one smaller*

The brass arrangements on this album, composed and conducted by Melanie, were played by members of het Geklank des Konings.

A small disaster happened in our studio while we were producing/mixing the song *I dreamed I heard the bell* (page 115). When I had to save the final version, with lots of brass in it, I (probably) hit a wrong button and lost the final version resulting in the often used expression in our studio of 'zo die is dus weg', or in other words 'so that one's gone'. What remained was an early mastered version and no solo tracks. The track you hear on the album is a version with a much lesser sound depth.

Ben and I were in Sri Lanka (april 2005) a couple of months after the tsunami to see how some friends were doing.

One night after drinking some bottles of Three Coins and/or Lions beer we started writing *A Sunday garden* (page 117). The story is a sequence of already existing song titles. The result is hilarious.

*Back in the USSR it's Ruby Tuesday and on That day She's leaving home in a Yellow submarine and travelled 2000 light years from home to an Island in the sun.*

*So long, Frank Lloyd Wright thinks that Me and Mrs. Jones is a Dandy, he wants her by Candle light under the Bridge over troubled water.  
Or in a Sunday garden.*

We had a great time writing these lyrics. When we recorded this song it took Ruud many many takes to sing all these titles in a high tempo. Again a lot of fun.

*Turkey, Timothy and me* (page 118) is based on Jack Kerouac's brilliant novel *On the Road* and my trip through the Rocky Mountains and Mexico with Tim Beckmon and John Knapp (Turkey) while I was madly in love with Cathy Venezia from Boston where I started my 1973 trip and finally ended deep down in Mexico. Again the brass arrangements by Melanie are superb.

*Sal could not get Babe Rawlins out of his mind  
Me, roaming the Rockies, looking East and West  
Could not get Cathy from Boston out of my mind.*

There are only two albums which held a more intense grip on me than *Since Time Began*. These are *Eternal Loneliness of the Soul* (2012) and *A Story Told* (2015).



My personal life at that time was in turmoil, Joke's illness (Alzheimer) made me lose control over my emotions but gave me the state of mind to write beyond emotional restrictions.

### **Eternal Loneliness of the Soul (2012):**

The album is dedicated to Joke (1955-2015). She often said about several songs: "this is my song". Especially *Fare thee well my little one* (page 146) and *Did I cry* (page 145), which is dedicated to Eelke Los (1950-2010) her brother.

From

*Fare thee well my little one*

*Fare thee well, my little one*

*Let my darkness not besiege you*

*Let my shadow not come over your life*

*Fare thee well, my little one.*

From

*Did I cry ?*

*That morning the sun came down*

*When you dreamed your last dream*

*You're gone, a dream*

*Did I cry?*

*The morning I found out that you had died*

*I don't remember*

*But something broke up inside.*

From

*As I drown in my darkness* (page 143) (this verse is tattooed on my left arm)

*There are so many things we did wrong*

*But darling, one other thing*

*There was never a day*

*I thought lasted too long.*

From

*Sing or die* (page 144)

*In that world where the wish not to die is unbearable  
Then there is that world  
In which I cannot wait to die  
Thinking about the past  
Which could not last  
Sing and die.*

From  
*Small things* (page 148)

*Small things like some things she said  
Words I wrote, tunes in my head  
There must be a God of small things like these  
Times spent in the wood  
When times were good  
There must be a God of small things like these.*

From  
*Eden* (page 150)

*Darling, I know you are bruised but not beaten  
I know in your world the devil came down*

*Down on my knees and pray  
My God would you please let my love stay  
Please let my love stay.*

*Painting Eden* by Marjo Paardekam (page 151)

The writing and recording of this album took a very long time, we often stopped working on it because I could not handle it emotionally. The lyrics and music had these inexplicable emotions, for us, of the saudade and the duende. At that time I wrote in the booklet: Mel and Ruud, I always knew I was in good company. Thanks for pulling me through. And that still stands.

### **Urban Culture** (2013):

In Dickenson's bar in Stavanger (sometime in the 90's) I overheard a story told by some sailors. It was the story of Jimmy.

The stories about him gave the impression of Jimmy being a friend, wise but a little sad. And apparently they had not seen him lately. *Have you seen Jimmy*

(page 154). *Painting* Hardangervidda, Have You seen Jimmy by Marjo Paardekam (page 155)

### **A Story Told (2015):**

Ruud asked me to write the lyrics for a theme he had composed. When I heard this early version it instantly had a hold on me and I felt that this theme would become my “requiem”. I started working on *An Early Morning Escape* (page 158) with high expectations. The result is, I think, a marvelous song. One verse:

*The bright moon creates a silvery path  
On the icy surface  
I follow the path  
While my spirit drifts away  
Into escape  
And I have to laugh.*

Besides words and music for this “requiem” I wanted a painting inspired by two songs from A Story Told: *Winterland* (page 158) and *An early morning escape*. I asked Ank Groeneveld (Joke’s sister) to create the painting. She created a wonderful abstract grey and white landscape (2.40mx1.00m) and part of the lyrics of *An early morning escape* are written on the horizon. The result still amazes me (see cover).

When I wrote *Another morning* (page 159) I knew instantly that Melanie had to sing this acapella. That night when we were recording for this album, I handed Melanie the lyrics, she read it and said: I know how I want to sing this. We recorded it at once. What you hear is take one. It is not completely flawless but all other takes never held that emotion of the first take. This song really has that dark sound, duende.

*Another morning comes  
I can’t re-order my mind  
Tearing at the curtains  
Trying to let the sunshine in  
Free the feelings of my heart  
I let the sunshine in.*

*Got some things to talk about* (page 166) is a summary of a series of intense short talks with Joke in the sparse ‘clear’ moments in the final stages of her life.

Intense thoughts and words between us about loneliness, death, ending her life (it's time for me to rest) and very dear memories (there was happiness before that day the world was set on fire). There is no way for me to express what I feel when reading these lyrics or hearing this song. There is a dark flower in my heart. *Painting Got Some Things to Talk About* by Melanie (page 167)

*And you say:*

*I won't be afraid as long as you take me home*

*Then it is time for me to rest*

*You can do anything you have to do*

*Don't make it hard, don't think about it, don't be silent*

*Don't be ill at ease with the life we lead, you look so cold*

*Got some things to talk about*

*But there's a dark flower in my heart.*

### **Say Something Nice (2018):**

I wrote *Words on the Wind* (page 172) for Martine shortly after she gave me back my life by falling in love with me (2016). I already loved her for a week (haha).

*In the darkness of the night*

*I prayed for you to come to me*

*Even though she (Joke) still lives inside of me.*

*You gave me back my life.*

When Martine and I married (23-05-2017), Melanie and Ruud sang *Words on the wind* live in the town hall of Zwijndrecht. It was a great day with this performance being one of the highlights.

For the video clip *Gladiator ballerina* (page 174) we had to dress Ruud in a golden dress. In order to buy this dress we went to an area in Rotterdam where a lot of Asians, especially Indians, live. The video clip (you tube) is hilarious and tragic at the same time.

*First this body*

*This body is a mess, can't wear my dress*

*Change, so I can wear my golden dress*

*Dance like a ballerina, then tear me to pieces*

*Like the gladiators in a Roman arena.*

The visit to Rotterdam also resulted in the song *Indian streets* (page 171).

A long time ago I wrote *Modigliani* (page 178). When Martine and I were on our honeymoon (2017) traveling to many cities in France and Corsica, we also spent some time in Bastia.

There was a small exhibition in the window of a tiny art shop with reproductions of paintings from Amedeo Modigliani (1880-1920), after reading about the life of Amedeo Modigliani some adaptations to the original lyrics were made and the song recorded.

*You could cope with lines, structures and colours  
Modigliani, why couldn't you cope with life itself  
Modigliani you're surrounded by actors.*

Dewi asked me to write some lines which could be written on Joke's coffin "signed" by grandson Finn and me. Later on I used these lines for the song *Dream Song* (page 180) which is dedicated to all our grandchildren (X, S, F, E, T, L, Y,...?). *Painting Dream Song* by Ben (page 181).

*This day ends, it's all done  
Rest, down sinks the sun  
Shadows have begun to lie long*

*So lucky to be here with you  
Little child of mine  
Sing a dream song*

**Grâce à Toi** (2022) (*painting* by Melanie Bronwasser page 186)

Ruud came up with a rather bizarre idea of writing a chanson. Telling me 'you can write the lyrics with Martine' (Martine's mother Colette, 1920-1967, is French) and I'll write the music.

So Martine and I started writing and a day later we came up with *Le Temps de Vivre* (page 184) Martine recorded the spoken words of *Le Temps de Vivre* for Melanie to pronounce it more or less correctly. Singing by Melanie resulted in wonderful French with a rich English accent. We had so much fun. Well done Mel. Some weeks later we wrote another chanson *Le Temps de Difference* (page 186). Again a lot of fun. Thanks Martine, Melanie and Ruud.

From  
*Le Temps de Vivre*

*Oh Paris  
Tous les ombres sont rouge  
Dans mon coeur je vois une silhouette  
C'est Josephine Baker danse une pirouette  
Oh Paris chante  
Le temps de vivre.*

### **There Is Nothing Like the Stillness of the First Cold Night (2023)**

Working on this album, coming together, was frustrated and fragmented by the worldwide Covid-19 pandemic (2020-2022?). At the end of 2021 at last several new songs had their final structure and we started recording.

One of the songs which holds an enormous grip on me is *Live the Waltz* (page 190). There are lines which express the paradox between sadness, hope and comfort so intense. And again the lyrics combined with the wonderful music by Ruud and Melanie, progressing from ballad to uptempo rock, evokes the feelings of the saudade and duende in me.

*For every flower that withers, a new one will bloom  
For every love that dies, a new one will be born  
Birth and death are waltzing  
There is nothing bigger than this  
Live the waltz, it should not be missed.*

We were recording *Two kisses* (page 192) with Jan Timmerman, excellent on the drums, and Geert Timmerman, a marvelous trumpet improvisation, resulting in a fantastic free funk song. Thanks guys.

### **Miscellaneous Lyrics**

*You don't even have a horse* (page 223)

My cousin, Jan Willem van Gemerden (1966-2018), suffered from schizophrenia and had at that time many personalities. He told me, when I visited him, that he was Napoleon Bonaparte. I said: you can't be him, you don't even have a horse. And that's how these lyrics originated.

In 2010 when Joke was, at last, diagnosed with Alzheimer disease I wrote *Beat that bloody fuckin' life (for me)* (page 248). Me losing control over our lives, feeling useless and failing her. Close to losing my self esteem.

Not long before Joke passed away (26<sup>th</sup> Nov. 2015) I wrote *In the name of* (page 263). Again, I cannot describe the horror and despair of these days. Just read it.

*What did I miss that caused all this  
It all went so terribly wrong  
Is it in the name of the Father?  
Is it in the name of the Son?  
Or is it all random?*

*The long night (for Marit, Dewi, Dana)* (page 266) was written in 2016. The girls often talked about the sad years (the years during Joke's illness) and it dragged on. That feeling of loss, for them, was so intense. The lines are about sadness, loss and leaving it behind.

The sequel *He ain't going nowhere* (8 chapters) (2018) (page 276-283) isn't finished yet. The figure I created in this sequel is not happy with the story. So when I will write the end, his last chapter, he can either die or live on. But some stories write themselves.

Him leaving the story and disappearing? That option, I cannot let that happen (haha!). It is a thought I cannot stand.

He should realise that by existing in these lyrics he will live on forever. Eternity is his fate (haha). I hope this sequel will one day results in a concept album.

A lot of songs are dedicated to Martine, expressing my fear of letting her down, failure, losing her, handling my demons (e.g. *I Saw it in Her Eyes* (page 254), *Damn You* (page 261), *In the Name of* (page 263), *Get My Boots On* (page 195), *The first letter* (page 301), but most of all my intense love for her. All this and more is expressed in *Tell me* (2017) (page 268), *Hug me in a dream* (2018) (page 286), *The solace of a song* (2018) (page 290), *Lie down and rest* (2019) (page 294), *The first letter* (2020) (page 301), *The second letter* (2020) (page 302), *A sudden feeling Pt.2* (2021) (page 306), *All (because of you)* (2021) (page 307), *I will stay* (2021) (page 310), *Lonesome Ground* (2021) (page 311) (painting by Henk Stolk page 312), *I Never Felt so Close to You* (2022) (page 313).

From

*The First letter (darkness on me):*

*I'll awaken you with a kiss  
I will love you for ages  
But in my head a storm rages  
Hope you can understand this  
Hope you can cope with this.*

From

*The Second letter (darkness shattered):*

*Demons from the past chasing  
See what I'm up to  
What I 'm facing  
Demons from the past  
Demons from before the first letter she said.*

In 1986 I bought the album *Circuses and Bread* by The Durutti Column. The theme *Pauline*, composed by Vini Reilly, is superb (duende in optima forma) as is the whole album. From the moment I started writing lyrics the theme *Pauline* tried to force me to write for it. I was able to resist it for a long time. But in 2022 I gave in and I wrote *A Letter from Pauline* (page 314).

*Indeed my letter to you is kind  
But written from sadness, from love  
The loss of one so dear  
But the sound of a broken heart is silence  
As written in "On Canaan's Side" (novel by Sebastian Barry).  
That silence is here.  
Love Pauline*

Melanie guided me through the lines of her fantastic *drawing Sad Man* (page 316) and in that way showed me the structure of the sad man. The drawing inspired me to write *Sad Man* (page 315).

*Sad man, sad man, the secret lies in the lines  
Sad man, sad man, the lines of doom  
Lines untangle, outside and inside sad man looms.*



The use of randomly chosen words, sentences and then ordering them to make linguistic sense is called cut-up. It was introduced by W. Burroughs (1914-1997). David Bowie (1947-2016) used this technique for his album *Heroes* (1977). I piled novels on the table (novels by Kerouac, Bukowski, Hayes, Coetzee, McEwan, Muir, Faulkner, Ward) and opened the books one by one and chose random sentences and reordered them. This resulted in *Cut-Up* (page 319)

## **SADDER & WISER (2000)**

### ***Railroad Bars – Nights with Monroe and Dean –***

Railroad bars  
On the dirty crumbling plaster  
An empty bar with Monroe and Dean  
The down and outs buying booze  
At the counter at a bargain prize  
Outside drinking from the paper brown bag  
It's strong and mean.

Railroad bars  
Women wearing knitted stockings  
Dresses stained with blood and wine  
Smelling of cheap perfume  
Life will be better in their dreams  
Men in long coats and baggy pants  
Nails and teeth stained from nicotine.

Railroad bars  
It all ends in the wee wee hours  
When they turn off the neon light  
There's a cold drizzle outside  
Even Monroe and Dean have had enough  
Railroad bars, railroad bars.

Railroad bars  
It's the aftermath of a normal life  
Once dames and gentlemen  
Now dead or living in neon light