

YAYA



Bangers & Butterflies



Charley Malone Hawkens
: Vocals, Rhythm Guitar



Cornel Tumblemore Jackson
: Lead Guitar, Vocals



Herman „Turnerstick“ Kaiser
: Drums



Sir Linus Schröder
: Keyboard, Rainmaker



Reverend „Buzz“ Rollins
: Bass, Harp, Vocals

*: Bernd Ruping • Theo Keuters • Hermann-Josef
Kaiser • Michael Schöning • Michael Schweer*

On Mardi Gras He's a man of all men, once they found him drunk in a bar • And his wife was the wife who gave birth to a child in a car • And the child was a son and the son wants to become a real big star • But don't ask me for details, no, no, no: He won't get far ••• See that rain soaked man well, he really looks mean • He acts like a martyr but he moves just like Jimmy Dean • Get that leather-wrapped lad with a flat cap on his silver machine • Don't expect no more details, no, no, no: behind the scene ••• Well, don't ask me for details, I really don't know what they are • See the man and his wife who gave birth to that child in a car • Lost control of their story, they could not take it that far • Don't expect no more glory, no, no, no: On Mardi Gras!

Chorus: And the rain is falling just the way they did before • But the moon and the stars shine their light if you need 'em once more • Like in the old songs they will take your seasick ship to shore • Touch the sand with your hands and kiss the one who's living next door.

Like that cool cat in Paris getting lost in a flat near the old Tango bar • Or Jimmy Dean on the time square before he died in his new Spyder car • See them all shine on like the moon and the sun and the stars • There's no need for more details, no no no!



(Charley Malone Hawkens / YAYA)

Fun Is Done I was born on the run when the sun has done • Her work and all my jerks yearn out for fun • When the fun was done my mother said: „Son, there`ll never be none between us, you`re my only one.” • But I said: „Mum, don`t wanna dó you no harm • But there`s too much left undone, I gotta leave home. Bye bye, mum!” • On the road off the coat, feel so alive my vaines were full of coke • Off the road under load, take care, don`t poke your nose into a stroke! • • • *Chorus: So I shake up, wanna make up my mind again and again* • And my make-up `s gonna save my good luck. Hope it will not rain. • And I brake up, gotta get my hair cut. I`ll never ever be the same. And my make-up`s gonna save my good luck. Hope it will not rain! • • • Then I met this lady, she looks a kind of shady • She said „Well, may be, I`m the one, so c`mon `n taste me. Don`t wanna waste me?” • And I said: „Hey honey, I`ve got no money • If you want some fun here, I make you feel a little bit scummy.



Have a look at my bunny, honey!” • She became my wife: „Let`s start a new kind of life!” • I awoke a joke on me, I felt like crying (and there ain`t no denying, no!) • Should I use my knife, should I go out and fight? • Should I vote for the road again? I felt like dying (brother help me, I`m trying, trying!)
Chorus: So I shake up, wanna make up my mind again and again....

(Charley Malone Hawkens / YAYA)

In Between Us And you • you're not a flower on my wall • And you • you're not an image I recall every night • And you • you're not a memory I would like to fix in a book or a cell or a store • Behind a secret door. • You're not the sand in my shoes on my way back to you • You're not as blond as my eyes are blue • You're not too good to be true • You're not the moon or the sunset in June, no: You're not the rhyme in this tune! •

Well, here I am • There you are • There you are • Here I am!

And you know, the farther you go the closer you will come.
And you know, the tenderer you act the stronger you become.
And you know, the softer you sing the more thunderous' your song • So let us sing and let us dance and rejoice to get along!

(Charley Malone Hawkens / YAYA)



Shal'up! So what's the news today? World explodes on first of may • Oh what a day! And Lady Di was pregnant, hurray! • Shut up, go away or I go if you stay, but shut up • Don't stop to spread the news • Talk on 'till I get the blues • I found tattoos of Lady Di just wearing shoes, how rude! • Shut up or I lose my control, ugly goose. *Chorus: Shalalalalalala-lalalalala: shut up!*

Get back to where you started from • Don't you use my telephone! • I won't come home • Stick or stone may break your bone! • Shut up'n get back, I'm a wreck but not a lack, so shut up! *Chorus: Shalalalalalala-lalalalala: shut up!*

So what's the news today? • Dodi Di are cast away, oh what a shame! • And who's to bleed'n who's to blame? • I'm not a frame for your game, so shut up once again! *Chorus: Shalalalalalala-lalalalala: shut up!*

(Cornel T. Jackson / Charley M. Hawkens /YAYA)

Run Last night I woke up in the middle of a dream • A beautiful lady like brown sugar cream • She touched me so tenderly, man, she was mean! Then a hustle in my back, I turned around and someone screamed:

Run! You better run! • Sure, it was my wife, sure she was comin' in • And sure, on her face was that goddam greasy grin • and sure, she was dressed up ready to kill • And brother believe me I couldn't climb that fucking hill!

Run! You better run. • I don't wanna play a part in your party • I don't wanna be an ape on your palm tree • I do not agree to your tea time amusements • I got me a gun, girl, now it's your time to run!

Run! You better run. (You better hide in a shell • Or I blow you to hell • There`s no more story to tell!)

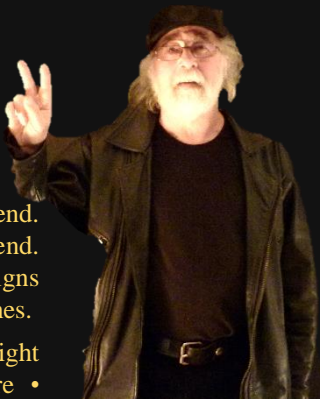
(Cornel T. Jackson / Charley M. Hawkens)

Meet Me By The Fire

Will you meet me by the fire and remember what has been • We have set the stars on fire • Breathing out and breathing in.

When I was a young boy you became my friend. We fought all the bad guys and won in the end. Our weapons were bangers and butterflies signs for the end of the anger and preventing the fines.

So come and meet me by the fire when the night is sinking in • We'll set the stars on fire • Breathing out and breathing in.



Chorus: And when commotions led to strife • Our tomahawks and bowie knives made us survive. • And when the sun denied to shine • And our fearful minds entwined • We felt alive. And we survived!

Then we grew older and founded a band • We dove into music and it was heaven sent. Our weapons where guitars now and melodies signs • We played in the backyards changing crap into rhymes.



Chorus: And when the sound has seized the floors • And sonic waves flow through the blocked up doors • And our pied rags blow the chest of drawers • We feel alive! • • • And when the summer rain decays the walls • A roll of thunder from the mountains falls And the rumbling shakes our bleary balls • We feel alive. And we survive.

Will you meet me by the fire and remember what has been • We have set the stars on fire • Breathing out and breathing in.

(Charley Malone Hawkens / YAYA)

I Hate You

You let me out and you let me in • You rearrange what I have been • You hog the aims I try to reach (I hate you.) • You let me in and you let me out • I try to speak, you start to shout • You ruin my cells with toxid bleech (I hate you!).



Chorus: You get me up and you get me down • I'm just a clown in a borrowed gown • Sent me away just when I needed you (and I do!) • You want to drag me day and night • You occupy my needs in spite • Of what I feel up to and I do need you (yes, I do!).

You start to breathe when I suffocate • Pretend to love when I start to hate
You are my fate you are my destiny • You are my fate but tame your tongue • The words you speak all can be sung • And I will sing them loud and vengefully.

Chorus: You get me up and you get me down • I'm just a clown ...

So let me in and let me out • Sometimes too close, sometimes too loud • Sometimes a sigh, sometimes a scream • So let me out and let me in • And rearrange what we have been • Let's frame the dreams we used to dream !

Chorus: Don't get me up, don't get me down • I'm not a clown in a borrowed gown • Don't sent me away just when I need you so • Don't try

to drag me day and night • Don't occupy my needs in spite of what I feel up to and I do need you – and I do and I do!



*(Charley Malone
Hawkins / YAYA)*

A Taste of Yasgur's Farm

I'm wading through the past • All main parts are fairly cast • I'm shading into past • Though it's gone I try to make it last • I have no head for heights • Hearts catch cold in summer nights • My hide-away is tumbling down • The debris breaks the farmer's crown • *Chorus:* But your love can drive me calm • My lore is written in your palm • A tune cures my harm • And sometimes it tastes of Yasgur's farm ••• I'm wading through my day • My dreams too tired to fade away • Birds hang on to my delay • I guess there 're heavier tales to say • *Chorus:* But your love can drive me calm • My lore is written in your palm • A tune cures my harm • And sometimes it tastes of Yasgur's farm ••• I'm wading through the past • All main parts are fairly cast • I'm shading into past • Now here I am and here I'm gonna last.

(Cornel T. Jackson / Charley M. Hawkens)



Candy-Man Blues

Oh Candy-Man, Candy-Man! How do you do? • I came from the Carribean, now I'm standing in the queue • Oh, Candy-Man! • You're a randy man (I know it's true!) • Help me set my candy free and sugar me! Then I will sugar you!



Candy Man, Candy Man, what's wrong with you? • I'm just a black Carribean and I came back to you • Oh Candy-Man, you're my Candy-Man (I'm feelin' blue!) • You know I'm sad and lonely • So please, help me I'm a'beggin' you.

Bob Dylan: "They'll stone me when I'm walkin' 'long the street • They'll stone me when I'm tryin' to keep my seat • They'll stone me when I'm walkin' on the floor • They'll stone me when I'm walkin' to the door • But I would not feel so all alone • Everybody must get stoned!"

Oh Candy-Man, Candy-Man • What's wrong with you? • I'm just a black Carribean and I don't know what to do • My Candy-Man, ooh, Candy-Man (I'm feelin' blue) • You know I'm far from home and it's an urgency • But where are you? • Candy man, he's been and gone • My Candy man, he's been and gone • My Candy-Man • He's been and gone • Left us here with a dirty sneer and million others year by year • Oh Mr Candy-Man dear!

Donovan: "Run fetch a pitcher get the baby some beer! • Run fetch a pitcher get the baby some beer!"

• Get the baby some beer? • We're thrown out of gear with a dirty sneer but all your jeers won't kill your fears, oh dear! • "Run fetch a pitcher get the baby some beer! • Run fetch a pitcher get the baby some beer!" • Get the baby some beer? • We're thrown out of gear with a dirty sneer and million others year by year • Oh, Candy-Man dear! • Oh, Candy-Man dear! • Oh, Candy-Man dear!

(Cornel Tumblemore Jackson / Charley M. Hawkens)



Bangers & Butterflies

• All songs composed & performed by **YAYA**. “We didn’t change our way of working in the studio. We recorded the whole thing in one day. We did it more or less like we do it live on stage.”



YAYA

• wants to say thank you to Marcus Praed who did the recording, mixing & mastering at “Mühle der Freundschaft”, Bad Iburg. Thanks for your care, serenity & spaghetti!

• wants to cordially embrace Elle, Eva, Katrin, Gaby and Janca. Thanks for your patience, trust and storm-proof company! We just love you! • Photos: **YAYA** • Design: Charley M. Hawkens

- ©&© 2016 Honeyball-Records EL
- Contact & Bookings:
 - www.YAYA-Rock.de



→ “The Holy Grail...? A cup of blood!
It’s the searching, not the finding.”
(Keith Richards)