



YAYA

Broken Hearts & Dirty Dishes



Charley Malone Hawkens
: Vocals, Rhythm Guitar



Herman „Turnerstick“ Kaiser
: Drums



Cornel Tumblemore Jackson
: Lead Guitar, Vocals



Sir Linus Schröder
: Keyboard



Reverend „Buzzy“ Rollins
: Bass, Harp, Vocals

YAYA

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

Don't Turn Away And Take My Heart And Leave

Your eyes shine like the morning sun • Your hair like golden wheat
The way you do the dishes, dear • It always makes me weak.
Your lips glow in those gloomy nights • A taste of mature wine
And when you serve the dinner, dear • you do it right in time.

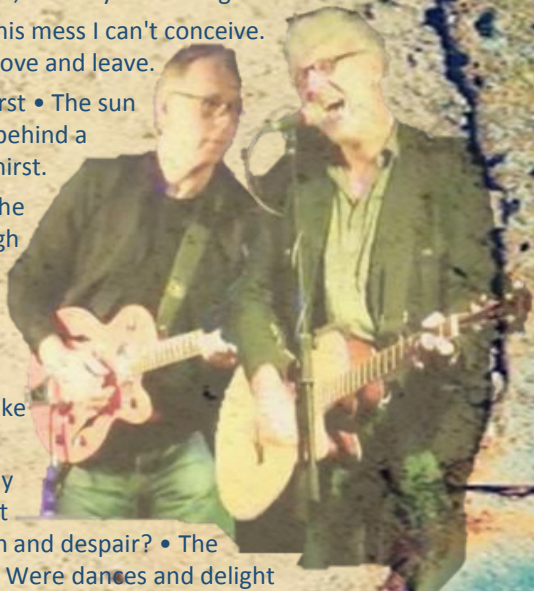
But now the dish is empty • This mess I can't conceive.
Don't turn away and take my love and leave.


Remember when we met at first • The sun
was burning hot • You're left behind a
parking lot • I nearly died of thirst.

I gave you consolation • For the
bad things you've been through
You promised all the world to
me • I guess that wasn't true.

I don't know what is right or
wrong • My mind too tired to
grief • Don't turn away and take
my love and leave.

And didn't I appreciate the way
you cut your hair? • And didn't
I support your sense of fashion and despair? • The
only thing I asked from you • Were dances and delight
To hold my hand in times of trouble • Singing lullabies at night.





Believe me I still count on you
To you I strongly cleave • Don't turn away
and take my love • Don't leave me like a thief.

(Charley Malone Hawkens)

Takes A Fool (To Carry On)

I do remember you from the schoolyard • Pigtailed frame your pretty face
CSN were ruling my sentimental chart • I brushed my teeth, just in case!

Chorus: All I knew is what I learned at school • A million secrets wrapped
in songs • Teachers took me as a childish fool • Takes a fool to carry on.

I saw you dancing down the dance hall • CCR expecting the rain • Jumpers
sliding from your shoulder magically • Clumsy desires
squirm in vain.

Chorus:

All I knew just made me go insane
Virtuous talk in double tongue.
Preachers preaching on the fall of
men • Takes a fool to carry on.

Chorus:

When you touch me my mind begins
to roam • A million memories left undrawn
Love's an ocean white frosted with foam
Takes a fool to carry on • Takes a fool to carry on.

(Charley Malone Hawkens)



Sweet Mary (She's Doing Well)

Walking down the street one night • When all these early birds are flying low • Dashing hope and dashboard lightning • Welcome to this one man show • She was leaning on a lantern • Marlene Dietrich, black and white • Red shoes shining from the lantern
We can make it and we tried.

Chorus: Sweet Mary she's doing well • All these stories she can tell • And I feel she's doing fine • Taste of gingerbread and wine.

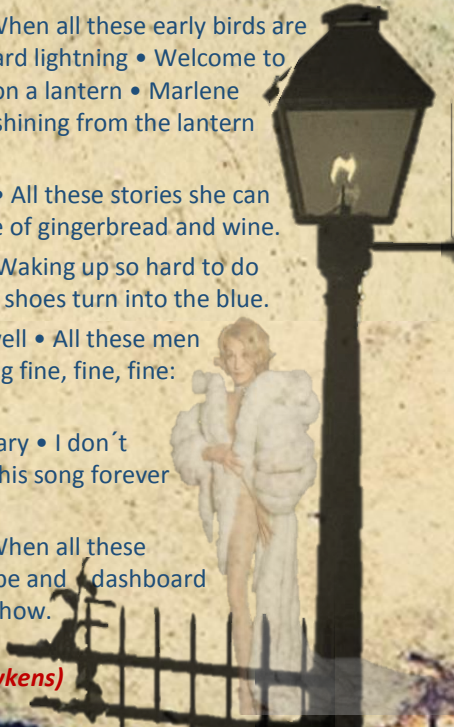
The smell of ashes from the ashtray • Waking up so hard to do
Heaps of hope and dirty laundry • Red shoes turn into the blue.

Chorus: But sweet Mary she's doing well • All these men all these hotels • Yes I know she's doing fine, fine, fine:
Taste of gingerbread and wine.

Interlude: I don't want your future, Mary • I don't want your past • I don't want to sing this song forever
One sweet moment's all I ask.

Walking down the street one night • When all these early birds are flying low • Dashing hope and dashboard lightning • Welcome to this one man show.

(YAYA / Charley M. Hawkens)



Ain't Rainin'

Urban Dictionary: "Don't piss down my back and tell me it's raining."

Something you say when someone lies to you, cheats on you, betrays you.

Where are you, sweet • Where have you been • Where are you,
sweet, where have you been • What have you done to me? •
What does it mean? • You swore our love is real • Now you made
another deal • Where are you, sweet? • What does it mean?

I met you near the station • I met you near the town • My final
destination was to help you bed down • What have I done?
What have I done wrong? • I'm not that vain or strong I'm a
tramp without a home • And it starts rainin', it starts rainin'!

I met you near the highschool • I met you near the church
I met you near the confess box sittin' on a perch • What does it
mean? • **Chorus:** *What does it mean?* • What does it mean?

Chorus: *What does it mean?* • Honey please come home • I'm a
tramp and we are thrown into this world • And it starts rainin'!

Where are you, sweet • Where have you been? • Where are you
sweet, where have you been? • What have you done to me?
What does it mean? **Chorus:** *What does it mean?*

Stop your stupid yackety-yak • You're just pissing down my back
And it stopped rainin'!

It stopped rainin' • It ain't rainin' • It ain't rainin' • Ain't rainin'



I loved you in the doorway • I loved
you in the car • I loved you on the kitchen
table • Loved you on the floor • Where
are you, sweet • **Chorus:** *Where are
you, sweet?* • Where have you been
Chorus: *Where have you been?*

I saw you in that limousine • You kissed him
near Saint Augustine • What does that mean?

I kill you in the doorway • I kill you in the car
I kill you on the kitchen table, no, you won't get
far • 'Cause it stopped rainin' • Good God!
It ain't rainin' • I scorn your soppy smile •
And once in a while it might start rainin'
It ain't rainin' • It ain't rainin' • It ain't rainin'.

(Charley Malone Hawkens)

*"Oh, gray and tender is the rain,
Dripping on my window pane!
The smack of gingerbread and wine, old pain,
Caught in the gray and tender rain."*

Rain Poem inspired by
Lizette Woodworth Reese (1856 – 1936)



Skin Wide Scope

Going home never too late • Can't stand my
mom for me to wait • Daddy loves me playing his fiddle • Cuts my fingers, yes
at first it hurts a little • But at least my skin got stronger • Turned to leather
didn't hurt no longer • So I made my day • Oh Lord, I couldn't stay • Grew up
the rain was falling • Knew that the distance's calling me • Blew up, the sun
was burning • Knew that my skin is turning me • Right or wrong, I'm on my way
It might take long but day by day • It makes me feel • I'm on my way to real

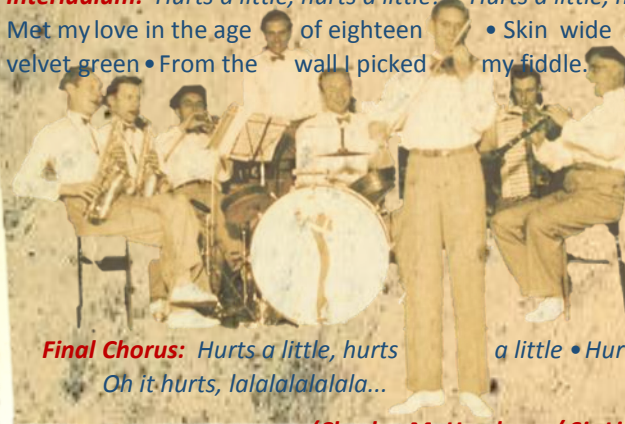
Interludium: Hurts a little, hurts a little! Hurts a little, hurts a little!

Met my love in the age of eighteen • Skin wide scope and a heart of
velvet green • From the wall I picked my fiddle. Hit the wrong note
guess at least it hurt
a little • Came back
home much too late.
But no one there for
me to wait • But I'm
not alone: My skin,
my heart, my bones.

Final Chorus: Hurts a little, hurts
Oh it hurts, lalalalalalala...

a little • Hurts a little, hurts a little

(Charley M. Hawkens / Sir Linus Schröder / YAYA)





Hometown Blues

I'm going back to
my hometown • Don't wanna
leave this place no more • I'm
going back to this old place • where I belong.

Chorus: Oh maybe Sunday, may be Monday, may be Tuesday
or may be soon • I'm going back to this old place where I belong.

Oh let me to this old place • I do remember the fields of brome • I do remember
the yards we roam • Oh take me back to this old place where I belong.

Chorus: Oh maybe Sunday or may be Monday or may be Tuesday or may be
soon • I'm going back to this old place where I belong.

Oh help me Jesus, help me Joe • Up in heaven and down below • Help me re-
trieve my soul on fire • 'n tear away my glued attire • Oh let me go to this old
place where I belong • *Chorus:* So maybe Sunday or may be Monday or may
be Tuesday or may be soon • I'm going back to this old place where I belong.

(Cornel Tumblemore Jackson)

Shaky Jake And The Rattlesnake Blues

We used to spend our days up to end in Cherry-O's bar
downtown • We used to lend our ears and eyes and hands
To any girl who's hanging around • We used to fill us up
to the rimp • With honky-tonk music and beer • Amused
like that one day we met • Ol' Jake, kinda wreck of King Lear!



Well, Cherry-Ol'-Baby said: Slow down, may be • You should know a bit more
said she • Jake's an old mind-raper and women taker and the last one he
took was me • He's really kind a nasty, but I dont wanna waste • My lifetime
in a funky ol' bar • So let's get together, don't care about the weather • And
follow up the wand'ring stars.

Chorus: Wake up, Jake! Together we can take the cradle from the grave.
Shaky Jake, together we can dance the night away • Wake up, Jake!
Make up your mind and shake • The rattle of the snakes along
our way • Shaky Jake, together we can dance the night away!

Well, Caddle Cat Mashful she didn't look bashful • When
she entered Cherry-O's bar • She was dressed like a
strumpet and ordered a crumpet • followed
by a beef tatar • Ol' Jake was just joking
when he started poking
his nose in her
décolleté
dress!



She said: "It's just a trifle!" • And shot him with her rifle
Ol' Jake, you're in a hell of a mess!

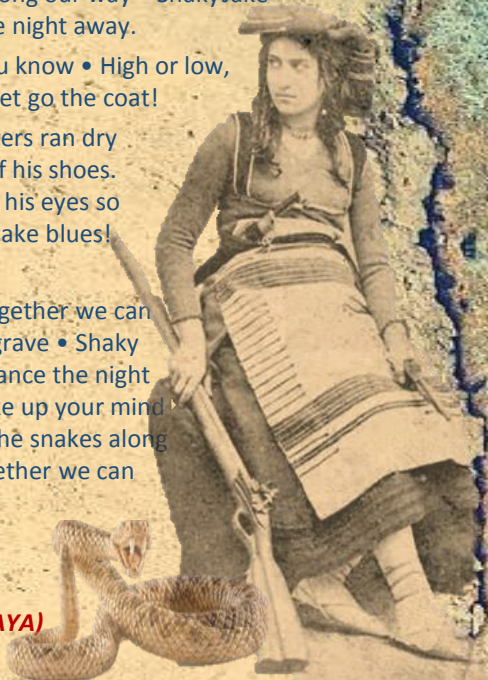
Chorus: Wake up, Jake! Together we can take the cradle
from the grave • Shaky Jake, together we can dance the
night away • Wake up, Jake! Make up your mind and shake
The rattle of the snakes along our way • Shaky Jake
Together we can dance the night away.

Interludium: But don't you know • High or low,
Rain or snow • You gotta let go the coat!

Sun stood high and the rivers ran dry
Caddle Cat shot him out of his shoes.
Ol' Jake died with smile in his eyes so
We sing along the rattlesnake blues!
Sing along, boys!

Chorus: Wake up, Jake! Together we can
Take the cradle from the grave • Shaky
Jake, together we can • Dance the night
away • Wake up, Jake, make up your mind
and shake • The rattle of the snakes along
our way • Shaky Jake, together we can
Dance the night away
Dance the night away
Dance the night away!

(Charley M. Hawkens / YAYA)



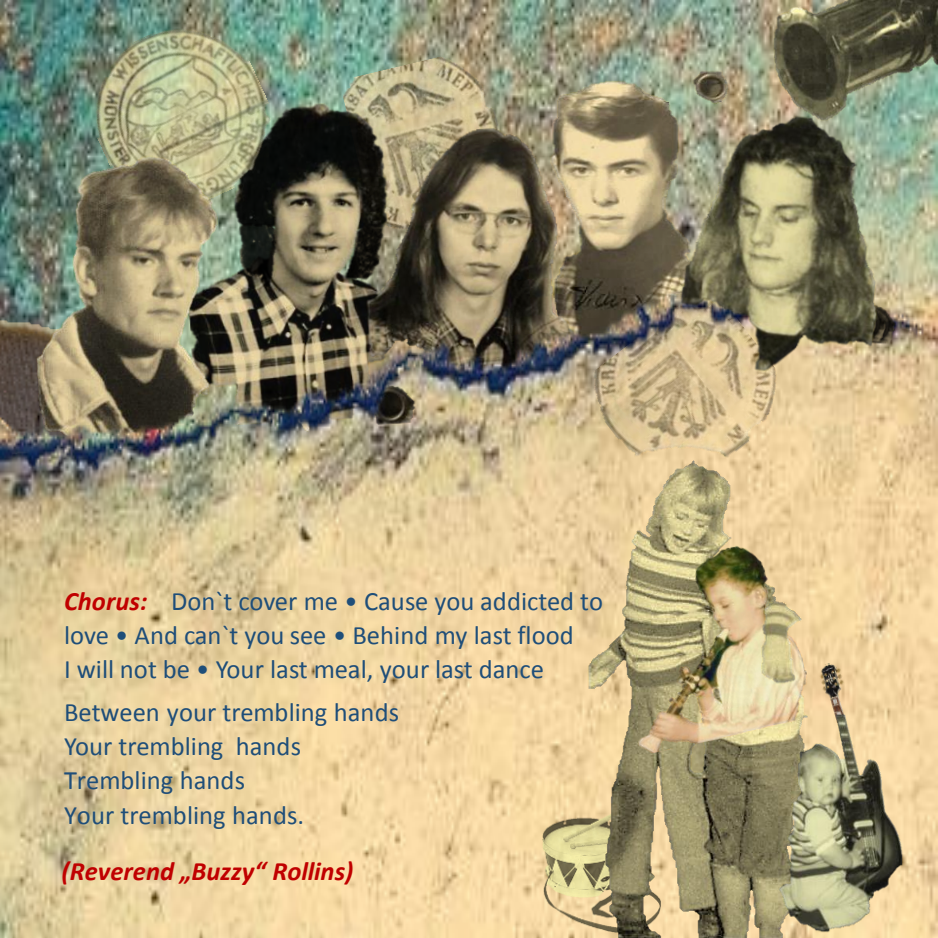


Trembling Hands

Back in my haystack • Living for free
Searching for needles • Tea after tea
Much pretty girls there • All around me!

Chorus: Don't cover me • Cause you addicted to love
And can't you see • Behind my last flood • I will not be
Your last meal, your last dance • Between your
trembling hands • Your trembling hands.


Cruises and crises • Backseats of cars
Endless horizons • Medium size stars
They all find a place here
In my double edged heart.



Chorus: Don't cover me • Cause you addicted to
love • And can't you see • Behind my last flood
I will not be • Your last meal, your last dance
Between your trembling hands
Your trembling hands
Trembling hands
Your trembling hands.

(Reverend „Buzzy“ Rollins)





Mad About Angels

She was roosting on a skywalk • Menials try to gem her hair
Dark eyes flashing like a night hawk • Her magic let me climb
the stair • "Touch me, dear, and I'm your angel • Hold me
while I fall asleep • Stay with me and I will change yer • Let
us tumble into deep." • Thus she spoke, her hair was shining
Who am I to disagree? • Her wings of gold where softly
winding • I signed the pact to set me free.

Tired of facing my face in the mirror • Tired of coming down
Time to taste a different liquor • Served in golden brown.

Chorus: I'm mad about angel • She's mad about me • Her
manner so cordial • Her habit so free • She's shakes my bitter
feelings • She's scalding my blood • She blows me through the
ceiling • Her breast a flowerbud.

See me tumbling on that skywalk • Drowning in my sweetest
dream • She hooked me gently like
a night hawk

And broke my heart and self-esteem • Hold me now I guess I'm
falling • My parachute got tangled up • The humming blast of past
is calling • A magpie stole our loving cup.

Tired of facing your face in the mirror • Tired of coming down
Time to shape some different figures • Wrapped in different sounds.

Chorus: I'm mad about angels • Now I've paid my fee • It's time
for some changes • It's time to break free • She queered my
finest dishes • And poisoned my tea • She crucified my wishes
Then she crucified me.

Now meet me on that skywalk • Put some flowers in your hair
Buy some sweets to please the night hawk • While you're
climbing up the stair.

Find me near the secret garden • Cover me with linen palls
Think of me as someone hardened • Trusting in the angels' call.

Chorus: Now handle me gently • Sew wings on my
back • My love is your entry • Come follow the
track • I'm mad about angels • Take care of me
It's time for new changes • Sign the pact
and you'll be free.

(Charley Malone Hawkens)



Design & artwork:

Charley Malone Hawkens

Contact & booking:

www.yaya-rock.de

*All songs composed & performed
in one fine day by YAYA.*

*"We tried not to age, but time
has its rage." (Pete Townshend)*

*YAYA wants to thank Marcus
Praed, who did the recording,
mixing & mastering at "Mühle
der Freundschaft", Bad Iburg.
Your expertise, patience and
hospitality made the whole
thing a rock'n roll-round affair.*

*Last not least YAYA wants to
pour a warm shower over Eva,
Elle, Gaby, Katrin and Janka.
Thanks for breaking our hearts
and clearing out the dishwasher!*

1 Prelude:

„Do the Dishes!“

**2 Don't Turn Away And
Take My Love And Leave**

3 Takes A Fool (To Carry On)

4 Sweet Mary (She's Doing Well)

5 It Ain't Rainin'

6 Skin Wide Scope

7 Hometown Blues

**8 Shaky Jake And The
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9 Trembling Hands

10 Mad About Angels

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