





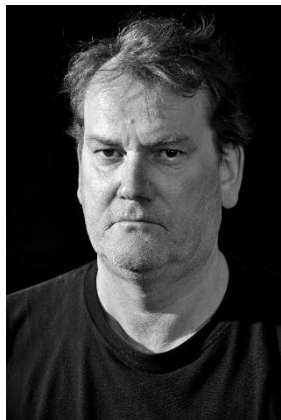
Nils Attermeyer
: Trumpet



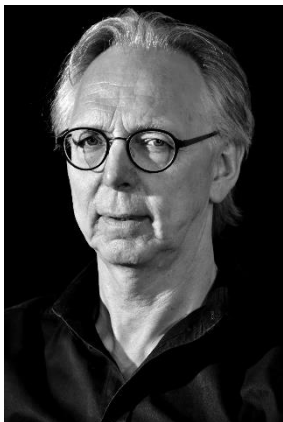
Marcus Praed
: Recording & Mixing



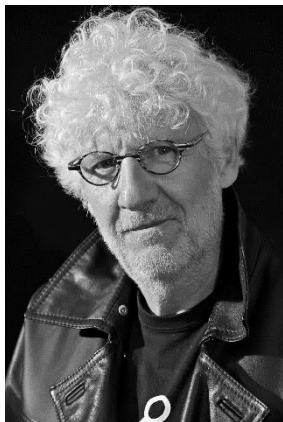
Sir Linus Schröder
: Keyboard



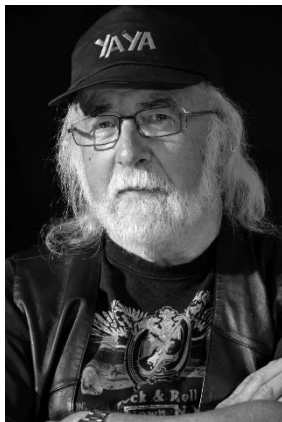
Reverend „Buzzy“ Rollins
: Bass, Harp, Vocals



Cornel Tumblemore Jackson
: Lead Guitar, Vocals



Charley Malone Hawkens
: Vocals, Rhythm Guitar



Herman Turnerstick Kaiser
: Drums, Percussions

Go Ahead 🍗 *Well it ain't no purple haze ~ And it ain't no real Rock'n Roll
But it bares a sense of taste ~ And love and hate and Rock'n' Roll ≈ What the
hell drives me ~ To suck and lick this poisoned cream ~ What the hell drives me
To search after something in stench and steam! ≈ Let your visions come out of
cover ~ Put your brain to bed ~ Let me be your only lover ~ Just go ahead.*

*Well it ain't no lazy jade ~ And it ain't no hazy one man show ~ But it bares a
sense of mission ~ A down and dirty mission for Rock'n' Roll ≈ Crack your nuts
and get your guts ~ Raise a storm in this mediocrity ~ Get your guts and smoke
your butts ~ Ride the waves of curiosity ≈ Let your visions come out of cover
Put your brain to bed ~ Let me be your only lover ~ Just go ahead.*

A Summer's Song 🍗 *I like the summer and the cities, I like the warm rain on my
skin ~ I like the laidback walking ladies pouring in ~ I like the shining on their faces
I like the game of tricks 'n' treats ~ I get in tune to wooden music in the streets ≈ I
like the summer, I like it hot ~ That's how I feel ~ I like the summer, no matter what
Let's make it real ≈ I like the shelter of the shadows ~ I like the cafés in the squares
I like the barely covered bodies and nobody cares ~ So come with me and join the swell
Of an easy going guy ~ Cast your magic spell on me, no matter why ≈ I like the
summer, the burst of colors. How do you feel ~ I like the summer, the sweat of lovers
Let's make it real.*

*Where did the songs of summer go ~ The tunes that store the Woodstock flow ~ They
touched what lies beneath the skin like words of faded ink ~ You know you know!
Where did we go? ≈ Where did our hungry hearts go to? The bloomy dreams we dreamt
to come true ~ Lie trapped in golden oldie packs ~ But we're alive and got to crack,
you know ~ The frozen zones below ≈ Come taste the summer, the sweat of lovers,
come taste the wine ~ No sleep no slumber, no one to number the tops we'll climb.*

Man in Trunks 🍖 It's four in the morning and it's too early to rise ~ Got myself caught a-snoring, right time to realize ~ I'm a man in trunks on the edge of a pier
I'm drowning in stockings and a barrel of beer ~ It's late in December and another day's done ~ All gifts unwrapped, time of salvation's gone ~ I use to paint but my colors bloom black ~ She left me in August and she never came back ~ Sanitize me from this febrile disease ~ Flow an ocean on my drought ~ Shelter me on my lorn isle please ~ Cocksure creed I'm drowning out ~ It's four in the morning, no reason to rise ~ Come down is calling, high time to realize ~ Ain't no shine in a lair like mine
Just the light in the fridge and a puddle of wine ~ Sanitize me from this febrile disease ~ Flow an ocean on my drought ~ Shelter me on my lonely island, please
Cocksure creed I'm drowning out ~ How I wish to be gone, how I wish you were here.

Teasing Out My Rockbone 🍖 Chat' me up on an art fair where secret lust resides ~ I was banished in her love chair ~ There ain't no space for me to hide
Scans me with her feeler ~ My skin begins to turn wet ~ Fever's up, I need a healer
But she's licking up my sweat instead ~ 'cause she's
Teasing out my rockbone ~ Teasing out my rockbone ~ Teasing out my rockbone!
I try to speak but my throat's too dry ~ I try to gently leak from her standby ~ I try to hide my bareness
Don't ask me why ~ "Come to me" she said ~ "Oh well", said I.
Teasing out my rockbone ~ Teasing out my rockbone ~ Teasing out my rockbone!
Rocked me on an art fair where secret lust resides ~ Banished in her love chair, ain't no space for me to hide ~ Touched me with her feeler ~ My skin began to peel away
Fever's up, I need a healer ~ But she's gone until the end of day
Teasing out my rockbone ~ Teasing out my rockbone ~ Teasing out my rockbone.

Naked 🍗 I remember the day when you came my way ~ You moved like a pheasant so queenly ~ Your lips cherry-red, your arms widely spread ~ To embrace the whole world routinely ~ Well, I couldn't help to fawn like a welp ~ I tried but I couldn't forsake it ~ The only desire which rose in my mind was to see you completely naked ~ No shoes, no shirts, no sheets can slake it ~ I just wanna see you naked ~ A new day is dawning and you start exploring the need to cover your beauty ~ Your wardrobe is yawning and I started pawning my old records, that's my sense of duty Then I get on my boots and we find a Gucci suit ~ Y'say you'd die if we do not take it ~ But I must confess when I look at that dress ~ I better like to see you naked ~ Your breasts 'n your booty, oh please don't drape it ~ I'm dying to see you naked.


Trust in the power of ten million flowers, into your dewy lawn let me drive ~ Get rid of your costumes, your gloss paint and perfumes ~ Under your skin my senses survive

You read all these books and they modify your look at the world as you do perceive it You swear we can change and ripely rearrange all this mess ~ Well I try to believe it Now you rough up the ways I cope with my days ~ You say together we can make it But you know I grow older and before I get colder ~ I better like to see you naked My body's aching so please stop shak'n it ~ Oh come on honey, you know what I need.


Catch That Cat 🍗 After midnight hour when I catch that cat with my car I need a bed and a shower ~ I need to know who you are, believe me ~ Cause I'm afraid of vampires ~ I'm afraid of girls like you ~ I lost my faith in mankind, since I met you ~ Since I met you ~ Since I met you! ~ If we come across again ~ And if you recognize the man that I am ~ There will be no more one night stand within the range of vision, believe me ~ Cause I'm afraid of vampires ~ I'm afraid of girls like you ~ I lost my faith in mankind, since I met you ~ Since I met you.

Since I met you I have to taste those Siren tears ~ Applying fears to hopes and hopes to fears ~ Since I met you I stay in bed until the sun appears ~ And when I rise I arm myself with garlic spears, garlic spears ≈ Cause I'm afraid of vampires ~ I'm afraid of cats like you ~ I lost my faith in mankind ~ Since I met you, since I met you.

After midnight hour, when I catch that cat with my car ~ I will plant some cemetery flowers ~ Cause I know who you are, I know who you are ≈ Cause I'm afraid of vampires, I'm afraid of girls like you ~ I lost my faith in mankind ~ Since I met you.


Hey, Mama!  *Hey, Mama! You think we get what we deserve ~ Hey, Mama! But who the fuck threw us this curve ~ Your guts run dry and I want you to know I got to get out of this infirmity show ~ You want me to stay, but I wanna go. Forgive me, Mama, I just want to go ≈ Hey, Mama! You're falling silent more day by day ~ Hey, Mama! I cannot stand you fading this way ≈ Let me join in your mysterious walk ~ The map of your mind is crumbling as chalk ~ Your eyes pose a question but your mouth is blocked ~ Listen, Mama, I want you to talk! Do you remember me covered in mud ~ Falling from walls and bathing in blood. I do remember your faithful desires ~ Attuning to those catholic choirs!*

Hey, Mama! Heaven knows what we deserve ~ Hey, Mama! But what's the essence we've got to preserve? ~ You bravely wore your badges of woe ~ Now you grow feeble and faint below ~ Your holding out breath, can help you to go ~ Forgive me, Mama, you're fading too slow.

Take Care Of You  *I take care of you on a sunny day ~ I only take care of you on a rainy day ~ I say please, take care of me, take care of me ≈ Take care of you on a sunny day ~ Take care of you on a rainy day ~ Please take care of me.*






Bees & Bitches (for Sheena)  Do ya wanna respect me ~ Do ya wanna affect me ~ Do ya wanna kiss a rover ~ Guess you better think it over ~ Don't ya wanna kiss my ass ~ Or don't ya miss your social class, babe ≈ Do ya wanna erect me ~ Do ya wanna eject me ~ Do ya want me to come ~ Or do you wanna make me run, babe ≈ But when you drive me mad ~ And when you rape my bed ~ And when you get me laid ~ You gotta go ahead!

Ooh, I love you so dearly ~ Just as my dog, nearly ~ Ooh god, I love you so much, yeah ~ Like bees'n bitches and such ~ So won't you love me forever ~ And won't you hug me forever ~ And won't ya fu-fu-fu-fu ~ Forever, ever and ever!

And when she tears my coat ~ And when she snares my throat ~ And when she cracks my code ~ You gotta kindly note that Sheena is a punk rocker ~ Sheena is a punk rocker ~ Sheena is a punk rocker ~ yeah!

Got You, Golden (To those who bloom and drop)  Got you all alone ~ Gazing at your mobile phone ~ Your face carved in stone ~ Wild at heart but zero at the bone ~ And I try so hard to make you mine ~ I cuss all men who stand in line ~ I lionize you in a shrine so golden ~ To let our beauty shine!

You range from my heart ~ To all our dreams right from the start ~ So strange that all we've got ~ Tears us apart no matter what ≈ And we try so hard to keep it hot ~ Divine our love has gone to pot ~ Churned up like that we're whole a lot beholden ~ To those who bloom and drop.

Got fused to the bone ~ Got to reap what we have sown ~ Cut loose 'n ride alone ~ By empty streets and squares unknown ≈ You're out of sight but on my mind ~ Fixed on the lame feet of my rhymes ~ A melancholic waste of time so golden ~ I drown my woes in wine.

No Regrets 🍖 Face the window, face the floor ~ Face your love or face the woman next door ~ Face the ocean, face the shore ~ Check the distance and you won't run anymore ≈ Come to me, don't talk of love ~ Talk of everything you've got and leave the stars above ~ Broken English may be tough ~ But taste the shaky words of Mrs. Edith Piaf ≈ (Je dis:) Man, je ne regrette rien!

Burn a candle on my arm ~ Don't fear my vengeance, I won't do you no harm
Misuse my body, abuse my charm ~ But whatever you do, you will cause no alarm.
(Because:) Man, man! Je ne regrette rien ~ (Je dis:) Man, man! Je ne regrette rien!

When I'm in need of us to bleed ~ Just take a needle and we'll succeed ~ And when our blood is trickling down ~ It colours up your wedding gown ≈ And when I fall out of control ~ Kiss me goodbye and tie my soul ~ I'm just a rock too old to roll.

So come to me and help me try ~ To get these rock'n'roll dreams back into my eyes
Broken English is fair enough ~ But shake the shaky words of Mrs. Edith Piaf
(Je dis:) Man, je ne regrette rien ~ (Je dis:) Man, man! Je ne regrette rien, no!

And when I'm weak and try to sleep ~ Hand me a nile so I can keep ~ My Mecong smile and for a while ~ We creep beneath the four-way-street ~ Don't weep, we'll find a place to meet ~ Don't weep, we'll find a place to meet ~ Don't you weep.

Life's a Jungle 🍖 Let's roll down on the off-roads ~ Shattered lovers reconcile
Life's a jungle I am told ~ Lot's of creatures running wild, they're running wild.

Watch out, don't leave the straight way ~ Said the father to his child ~ Too many men get lost on doomsday ~ When all the creatures roll up wild.

Let them roll, lovers, let them roll ~ Let them roll, buggers, let them roll ~ I'm urging you ~ Just come along ~ And let them roll.

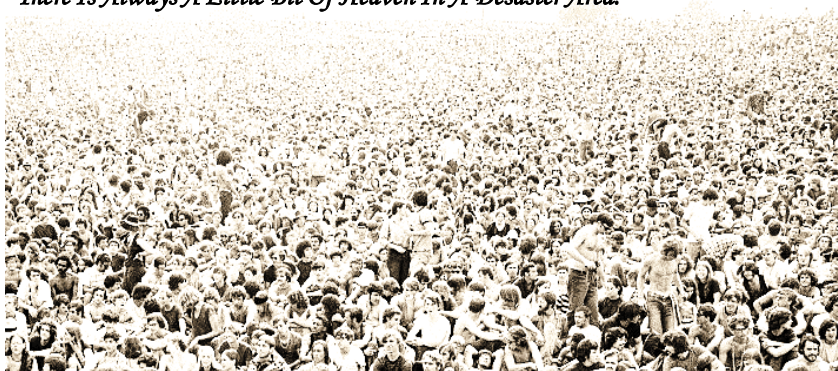
Can you hear the dreadful roaring ~ All those beasts caged in a crate ~ Let our spirits go a-soaring ~ Above the palsies in our head ≈ Domesticate your drive to dry up ~ Untame your heart exiled ~ Unchain your close desires ~ And join the creatures running wild.

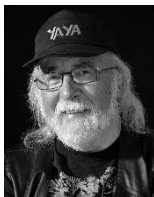
And let us roll, lovers, let us roll ~ Let us roll, sweet buggers, let us roll ~ I'm urging you ~ Just come along ~ And let us roll.

And there's a comfort to be given ~ When you doubt about the road ~ Our confidence is gently driven ~ By just a longing I am told ≈ So let us roll down through the jungle ~ All you lovers reconcile ~ Life is danger, don't you stumble Join the creatures running wild.

And let us roll, brothers, let us roll ~ Let us roll, sweet sisters, let us roll ~ I'm urging you ~ Just come along and let us roll.

***"There Is Always A Little Bit Of Heaven In A Disaster Area."** **





Hermann
Josef Kaiser



Bernd
Ruping



Theo
Keuters



Michael
Schwaer



Michael
Schöning



- 1 YAYA's Final Hippie Howl
- 2 Go Ahead
- 3 A Summer's Song
- 4 Man In Trunks
- 5 Teasing Out My Rockbone
- 6 Naked
- 7 Catch That Cat
- 8 Hey, Mama!
- 9 Take Care Of You
- 10 Bees n' Bitches
- 11 Got You, Golden
- 12 No Regrets
- 13 Live's A Juggle

≈ Music: ♠ ♥ ♦ **

≈ Music : ♦ David Bartelt

≈ Music: ♥ ♣ ♠ ♦

≈ Music: ♠ ♦ ♣ ♥ ♠

≈ Music: ♠ ♥ ♦ ♣ ♠

≈ Music: ♠ ♥ ♣ ♣ ♠

≈ Music: ♦ ♠ ♣ ♦ ♠

≈ Music: ♠ ♥ ♣ ♦ ♠

≈ Music: ♥ ♦

≈ Music: ♠ ♥ ♣ ♣ ♦

≈ Music: ♠ ♣ ♥ ♦ ♠

≈ Music: ♠ ♣ ♣ ♥ ♦ ♠

≈ Music: ♠ ♥ ♦ ♠

≈ Lyrics: ♦ ♠

≈ Lyrics: ♠ ♥

≈ Lyrics: ♠

≈ Lyrics: ♠

≈ Lyrics: ♠

≈ Lyrics: ♦ ♠

≈ Lyrics: ♠

≈ Lyrics: ♥

≈ Lyrics: ♠

≈ Lyrics: ♠

≈ Lyrics: ♠

≈ Lyrics: ♠

* A collage of quotes from the documentary-film "Woodstock ~ 3 Days of Peace & Music". Directed & edited by Michael Wadleigh for Warner Bros. 1970 ≈ Configured by Bernd R. ♠.

** Thanks to Spinal Tap for their inspiration & humor while listening to what the flower people say.

*** Portrait-Fotos auf dieser Seite sowie den Seiten 2 & 3: Bernhard Kües. Herzlichen Dank, Bernd & Petra ♥!





YAYA live 2017 bis 2019

*Design & artwork: Charley M.
Hawkins • Contact & booking:
www.yaya-rock.de • All songs
composed & performed by
YAYA. Recording, mixing &
mastering at "Mühle der
Freundschaft", Bad Iburg.
Thank you, Marcus!*

Rockbone Rooster

1 *Prelude:* YAYA's Final
Hippie Howl 2 Go Ahead
3 A Summer's Song 4 Man
In Trunks 5 Teasing Out My
Rockbone 6 Naked 7 Catch
That Cat 8 Hey, Mama!
9 Take Care Of You 10
Bees'n` Bitches 11 Got You,
Golden 12 No Regrets 13
Life's A Jungle

13 *Epilogue:* A Little Bit Of
Heaven In A Desaster Area

Bonus-Track:
Life's A Jungle
(Choke The Trumpet - Mix)

YAYA

© © 2019 barteltnmusic
<https://www.yaya-rock.de>

