

## **Private Suit (2000)**

**Carol van Dyk** - *vocals & guitar*

**Peter Visser** - *guitar*

**Herman Bunscoeke** - *bass*

**Reinier Veldman** - *drums*

**John Parish** - *organ, tambourine* (on Unsound, John Darny) *keys, conga's* (on Satisfied, Healer) *dobro* (on Mariachi Souls) *hammond* (on Sower & Seeds), *piano* (on White Tales)

**Buni Lenski** - *violin* (on Satisfied, Private Suit, My Fallen Word)

**Simon Lenski** - *cello* (on Satisfied, Private Suit, My Fallen Word)

**Pascal Deweze** - *piano* (on Auf Wiedersehen) *backing vocals* (on Auf Wiedersehen, White Tales)

**Allan Muller** - *backing vocals* (on Auf Wiedersehen) *synth* (on White Tales)

**Bart Vincent** - *backing vocals* (on Sower & Seeds, John Darny)

**Carol & Peter** - *All other instruments*

## **Unsound**

I took a Tylenol and an hours' drive  
And somehow found a reason why I'm still alive  
Well, I'm brought up that way, I never fall too far  
I mean, it doesn't change the way you think you are

Oh, let me fall asleep  
Don't wake me up until next week  
Until I finally get my feet back on the ground  
It's good to be unsound

I moving back and forth, or I don't move at all  
Try to cut me down to size, I'll still be small  
And wrap me up in words  
Until the words no longer hurt  
And I'll be listening to syllables and vowels  
It's good to be unsound

I'd like to disappear and leave without a trace

I wouldn't have to fear the things I need to face  
If I could be myself, if I could just let go  
I wouldn't have to worry if I lose control  
Acid flashing neon-lights  
The traffic in the streets at night  
I'm nervously aware that you're in town  
It's good to be unsound

Oh, please don't cover yourself again  
Oh, please don't cover yourself again  
Beaming down from a satellite  
Are words and stuff, cut down to your needs  
You've come a long way-ahead, on your knees  
You've got the right to be wrong  
You've got the right to be strong  
You've got every right to be just like you want

### **Satisfied**

Callus on the sore  
Were you hurt before  
Are you happy now that you don't feel anymore  
Placid are the skies  
When you dream at night, are you satisfied  
Are you satisfied?

Callus on the sore  
It's just a metaphor  
'Cause you're still alive, but you don't live anymore  
How placid are the skies  
When you dream at night  
When you're safe inside  
Are you safe inside, at all?

Tell me what are we looking for  
Tell me what are we looking for  
If all we really want is each other

Callus on the soul, there's a tale untold  
How you spent your live  
In a place where no one goes

Placid are the skies  
When you're out at night  
Are you satisfied  
Are you satisfied at all?

Tell me what are you looking for  
Tell me what are you looking for  
If all we really want is (each other)  
Throw out all your chastity  
No need for your blasphemy  
Live out every fantasy, all we really want is each other  
Bring out all the best in me  
Come on, take the rest of me  
You've got full capacity  
All we really want is each other

Throw out all your chastity  
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Live out every fantasy, all we really want is each other  
Bring out all the best in me  
Come on, take the rest of me  
You've got full capacity  
All we really want is each other

Tell me what are you looking for  
Tell me what are you looking for  
If all we really want is  
All we really want is  
All we really want is each other

### **Private Suit**

Little works of wonder in a nostalgic mood  
Let no man pull this under  
This is a private suit  
Descending, softly, down the hillside, they say  
Dim the lights, it's better not to see things  
Relying on the free things  
Just like a favorite tune

And of course I had my feet in the absurd

'Cause I tried to fit my life into a word  
And now it still turned out the same

We're half seas over, in a nostalgic mood  
I got my arms wrapped around your shoulder  
Just like a private suit  
And we're feeding on molasses, drinking all the glasses  
They say  
Kill the lights, it's better not to see things  
Relying on the free things  
Just like a favorite tune

But on top of everything, it sounds absurd  
When I tried to fit my life into a word  
Now, it still turned out the same

Hey, but don't worry about me  
I'll be sitting by the seashore  
Laughing at the lifeforms  
And whistling down the breeze  
So don't worry about me  
'Cause you can't please everyone  
And I'm thinking to myself  
And I'm not the only one  
We all gotta learn  
To give some in return  
Don't worry about me

Don't worry about me  
'Cause you can't please everyone  
And I'm thinking to myself  
And I'm not the only one  
We all gotta learn  
To give some in return  
Like little works of wonder

## **Mariachi Souls**

Steel, what else can I feel?  
When nothing else seems real  
Bittersweet surprise

I've seen it in his eyes  
Give him one last call  
And then explain it all  
I know just what he'll say  
You gotta make him pay

At least I still got one thing  
And I've got it in my hands  
Now, let me tell you one thing  
You gotta have a plan  
Don't think that this is going to blow my mind

Bleed, call it my last deed  
A payment for his greed  
Mariachi Souls  
More lethal than you know  
Now, give him one last call  
Then explain it all  
I know just what he'll say  
You're better off this way

At least I still got one thing  
And I've got it in my hands  
Now, let me tell you one thing  
You gotta have a plan

Don't think that this is going to blow my mind  
No, don't think that this is going to blow my mind  
Not this time

## **Recall**

Tunes, thumping like a symphony  
Playing in my mind, I play it all the time  
Please, you don't know what this means to me  
It's something in a dream, or somewhere in between

And as I lay me down to sleep  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep recalling  
I will recall him  
Seven wonders, seven signs

Slip into the skies at night, I will  
I will recall him

And on and off, like a neon sign  
It goes on and off, a faucet in my mind  
Recall, recall, recalling  
Distant life on the bottom side  
I've got a chiseled lie, hiding down my mind  
I fall, I fall, I'm falling

I fall – I fall – I'm fall – I'm falling  
Distant life on the good old side  
You take another look, the teaser's on my mind  
I call, recall, recalling

Soon, I'm heading for the pharmacy  
I don't know what is wrong with me  
Somewhere down the line  
True, looking at the funny side  
I guess I'm never satisfied, with anything I do

But as I lay me down to sleep  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep recalling  
I will recall him

But on and off, like a neon sign  
It goes on and off, a faucet in my mind  
Recall, recall, recalling  
Distant life on the bottom side  
I've got a chiseled lie, hiding down my mind  
I fall, I fall, I'm falling

But on and off, like a neon sign  
It goes on and off, a faucet in my mind  
Recall, recall, recalling  
Distant life on the good old side  
You take another look, the teaser's down my mind  
I fall, I fall, I'm falling

On and off, it goes on and off  
I fall, I fall, I'm falling

## **Auf Wiedersehen**

So it's auf wiedersehen  
I guess I'll see you around  
If I stay I know I'd only bring you down  
There'll be other times  
There'll be other days  
Mortify the flesh until we find a way

If I could tell you now  
I won't know where to start  
Tearing down the walls until they fall apart  
At your first goodbye  
Write a whiter lie  
Frozen like a cold stare in a feeble heart

But it's so much more  
When you spell it out  
Now, this is why we got a load of doubts  
And it's obvious now, we're not allowed  
To play a twosome  
Read it as a signal, now  
That we feel the same

So, it's auf wiedersehen

There'll be other times  
There'll be other days  
Let's mortify the flesh until we find a way

'Cause it's so much more  
When you spell it out  
Now, this is why we got a load of doubts  
And it's obvious now, we're not allowed  
To play a twosome  
Read it as a signal, now  
That we feel the same

So it's auf wiedersehen  
I guess I'll see you 'round

## **Sower & Seeds**

Well, it's deeper than sound  
And it's bigger than me  
Something's come over me  
Something's come over me  
We're the sower and the seeds

All lies and no regrets  
You got me looking down the Richter scale  
There was something in my life that  
Reminded me of you  
All bruisers do, on the Richter scale  
But the menu's not the meal  
And the touch is not the feel

So don't make me feel the way you do  
'Cause there's nothing in this world  
That's gonna make me feel like you

What are you looking for?  
What will you find on the Richter scale?  
It was duly notified that  
It's neither me nor you  
Know what we're doing on the Richter scale  
But the menu's not the meal  
And the touch is not the feel

So don't make me feel the way you do  
'Cause there's nothing in this world  
That's gonna make me feel like you  
'Cause I'm not that kinda girl  
And there's nothing in this world you can do  
That's gonna make me change my point of view  
Though it's all the same to you

Oh, don't make me feel like you do  
'Cause there's nothing in this world  
That's gonna make me feel like you  
No, there's nothing in this world

That's gonna make me feel like you

## **White Tales**

Too scared to move a mile  
Now why can't we stay here for awhile  
Dark clouds are overhead  
Now don't worry 'bout a thing I said  
It was self-defense  
Can I lower my defenses, now?

I couldn't lie to you  
Why can't I lie to you?  
You're so self-controlled that it makes you sad

White tales and party threads  
Now who put these words inside my head?  
'Cause I'm at the cellar-door  
And I've never felt this way before  
Under the circumstance  
Can I lower my defenses, now?

I couldn't lie to you  
Why can't I lie to you?  
You're so self-controlled that it makes you sad  
Oh, I couldn't lie to you  
Why can't I lie to you?  
How can I hold what I've never had?

Pick a side, pick a room  
Dress me up in sweet perfume  
I wanna know you got it so bad  
I wanna hear you say it's driving you mad  
On and on and on  
On and on and on  
On and on and on and on and on and on and on

I couldn't lie to you  
Why can't I lie to you?  
You're so self-controlled that it makes you sad  
I couldn't lie to you

Why can't I lie to you?  
I couldn't lie to you, now

**John Darcy (written by the Dutch band 'De Artsen')**

John Darcy's trying to set this world all over  
It's in his eye  
He got vaseline for you, I don't know why  
Strange things happen to him lately  
Fulfill his mind  
Tailored specially for you  
With adrenaline

Last time, tune into him madly  
At my surprise  
Caught him with you, satisfied  
I don't know why  
Two piece, two piece left from nowhere  
Set in the sky  
Tailored specially for you  
How does this rhyme?

This time, many new were his records  
I could almost cry  
There's one place, one place left for you  
It was his inner drive  
Come in, electric light of wreckage  
Yeah, spill some lies  
To say, the banner waves for you  
Ah, gets here on time  
Gets here on time  
Gets here on time  
Just like tomorrow

**(this last part was written by Carol, with kind permission of Joost Visser, the singer of De Artsen)**

Yeah, spill some lies, you analyze  
You got it 4-feet over and you're not surprised  
And then you see it, come on and feel it  
All on your own

And there's a part of me that doesn't want to see  
You gotta fight, forse, feel  
And make it sonic, all on your own

### **My Fallen Words**

My fallen words are like pennies from heaven  
Like a message of love  
Sent from above and anything could happen to me  
Anything could happen to me

My fallen words don't remember the hurt  
They remember the meaning  
As they drip off the ceiling and anything could happen to me  
Anything could happen to me

Now, I can leave my feelings anywhere I damn well please  
Take my words and leave the meaning somewhere underneath  
Oh yes, and anything could happen to me  
Oh, anything could happen to me

My fallen words don't remember the hurt  
They remember the meaning  
As they drip off the ceiling and anything could happen to me  
Oh yes, anything could happen to me

### **Healer**

You say my weakness is my pride  
You say I shouldn't step aside  
Tell me where I stand  
And though you know I'm ill at ease  
You treat my doubt like some disease  
Tell me where I stand

I go down to the side of extremes  
Head in a cloud, like I know it's a dream  
It's not real

How'd you know I'm heading home?  
When it's such a doubtful word  
When your house is not a home  
Now, specify the word

Waiting to collapse, heaven make it so  
There's 47 traps waiting to let go

I go down to the side of extremes  
Head in a cloud like I know  
It's a dream, it's not real  
But I know how I feel

How'd you know I'm heading home?  
When it's such a doubtful word  
By yourself but not alone  
Now specify the hurt

I go down to the side of extremes  
Down to the side where I know  
I can dream this ain't real  
But I know how I feel  
I go down to the side of extremes

Heal the healer before you heal inside  
Heal the healer before you heal inside  
Forget about your weakness  
Forget about your pride  
Everybody's sane on the innocent side  
Though you know that I'm ill, ill at ease  
Don't think my doubt is such a dumb disease  
You gotta let it all out

Heal the healer before you heal inside