

1 there's a daemon in me (bob larsen) 2 my empty pages 3 greedy
dirty men 4 goop 5 going home 6 silverhair 7 when you're gone (the
bucket song) 8 miss envy grimm 9 blue hour 10 eat them horror clowns
11 when the grandpa is mad

produced by hansi rainer

recorded and mixed at landloft records in enzelsdorf encelna vas / gallizien / austria by hansi rainer /// mastered by
vlado dzihan at milkshop mastering / vienna /// photography by irina goltnik /// inlay photography by opa gerhard's
wild camera /// cover by hansi rainer and julia bleiweis / graphic julez / klagenfurt / austria

special thanks to: martin koller / brian pinke / hermi rainer / gerhard rainer / elisabeth angermann / willi angermann /
dani freithofnig / marijan rainer / marlene rainer / peter rainer

a gretel can be a great company when you explore unknown trails deep in the woods
everyone should have at least one...

www.hansiandthegretels.com

hansi & the gretels going home

hansi & the gretels

going home



ATS
RECORDS
www.ats-records.com



supported by ske fords

IC 7352 CD-0908
austromechana®



MILKSHOP
MASTERING







there's a daemon in me (bob larsen)

the days of my milky childhood
are all treasured in my heart
i can call them bluish celluloid up

and i see me loving every girl back then
their holy grace, their silky skin
once i lived in dreams
now i live in sin

there's a daemon in me bob larsen
and i know it's not alone
there're too many pleasures
i can't get enough

it just needs a beautiful girl to cross the street
and the beast in me will roam
but it feels so good so robert
please get lost

grown up in the neon eighties
hit by stock aiken waterman
i found cure in a cave land
in electric lady

then that winter night at the disco
the savior came down and said nevermind
draggin' god and the world to the rock'n'roll mills
and let them guitars grind

There's a deamon ...
... it just needs a rocking band in a stinky club
and the beast in me will roam
but it feels so good so robert please ...

come in and have a drink and have a seat
and have a smoke (come in --- a smoke)
a little buzz will smooth the way to get
insight at a blow (a buzz --- a blow)
Jesus's just a man who died, a
long long time ago (jesus --- died)
and god is russell's teapot surely
flying up there alone (god is --- alone)

you dreamed you were god's envoy now you
wake up as a bloke (you where --- a bloke)
call off your teenage exorcists it's
going beyond a joke (Call off --- a joke)
they'd love to live a mammal life they just
need a little poke (they'll love --- a poke)
and don't cry for your tin god 'cause
there's still hope (don't cry --- there's hope)

,cause there's a trinity to save your
soul (sex drugs and rock ,n' roll)
the holy trinity to save your soul
(sex drugs and rock ,n' roll)
(sex the only trinity to save your soul
drugs and rock ,n' roll)
(sex the trinity to make you whole
drugs and rock ,n' roll)

my empty pages

my burning dream was
no brandings to get burned
the west now seems lost
and i don't feel concerned
cause my empty pages
press blossom and a curl
of my girl

i said to rudi
i'll take the countryside
he said then you'll be
be missing our downtown beacon lights
to run from fire i said
is just an ancient tribe
of life

the day my empty pages are done
they'll might be torn by storm and bleached by sun
and i wish i can say
my chapters then have all turned to one

they'll come to see me
out in the savage wild
they'll try to free me
they'll step back from my smile
cause my empty cages
now bare your alibis
and lies

the day my empty pages are done ...

greedy dirty men

a town built on a coal mine whorehouses and stills

she's planting paper flowers on her windowsill
waiting for nobody to come who never will
a town built on a coal mine whorehouses and stills

she ain't got nobody he ain't got no soul
a drunken preacher tied them together to be whole
his father runs the coal mines and the gallows pole
she ain't got nobody he ain't got no soul

and the black soot rain is coming down again
the distant whistle of the weekly train bringing
greedy dirty men greedy dirty men
the one to pick her flower won't be there again

at night she sneaks down main
street and peers into the bars
her flowers in her basket and high hopes in her heart
whores on their knees in the
alleys laughter screams and shots
at night she sneaks down main street

will he be there tonight
will his eyes meet mine tonight
my flowers scattered in the mud
will he pick them up then he could have my
heart and my heaving breast
to lay upon his needy chest
and take the burnin bullet in
when jealousy steps in
and brings to an end
a love that was just meant
to begin

and the black soot rain ...

g o o p

sitting naked missing grey cat
all alone
listening to the birds singing their morning songs
sitting all alone

our playground bares a secret
that noone knows
its hidden in the haydown where the soulman goes
and noone really knows

where are all those easy days
easy like a child at play
they have all just passed away
and they won't come back to stay
now it feels like on the run
goop what have you done
what have you done

the children miss her miss your sister
and how are you
you just sit and lick your tail just like you used to do
and the sky is blue

but when the night falls and the owl calls
your eyes can see
in a grainy black and white you watch the scenery
i know that you can see

where are all those easy days ...

going home

bye bye catchers in the rye
i'm passing through or passing by
it depends on if you step aside
i'm going home

no nurse will catch me down down the floors
i know the hallways and the doors
it's just the way i came before
i'm going home

you hipsters on your desert isle
your sirens lure dazed me a while
academic zombies paradise
i'm going home

ooooh i don't fear stupid wheeee melodies
ooooh just like wheeee this

now are you sure you're dressing cool
alternative just like the schools
of all your unique offspring jewels
i'm going home

then sunday brunching with some jazz
successful distinct crucial mass
slap each other on the back
i'm going home

ooooh oooooh wheeee ...

so don't you forget the pyramids
maslow's hierarchy of needs
breath food water crap sex sleep
than you can move on

s i l v e r h a i r

the towns are growing crazy
full of clowns acting crazy
with a weeping and a laughing eye
they sell adhesive smiles and
nordic walks down the aisle
they serve transmitters in an apple pie
big wind and little juniper
they are friends and chat for centuries

one is always everywhere
one is always standing there
and both of them are full of stories

come let me know what it means
when the snow falls in my dreams
and i walk with silver hair and tons of love to share

the girls on high heels and the boys on four wheels
they always need a loser to win
they take their window as their
trash can and throw out everything
then they wonder why that stench comes in
the blue sea the little coral reef
they are friends and chat for centuries

one is spread around the world
one is always under there
and both of them are full of stories

come let me know ...

some things ain't never gonna change
some things ain't never gonna change
we'll be glad if they just stay the same
stay the the same same

come let me know ...

when you're gone (the bucket song)

you won't wake up in the morning when you're gone
you won't rub your tired eyes
in the dawn when you're gone
you won't heave your head
you won't leave your bed
you won't grieve you're dead
when you're gone

you won't watch your stools when you're gone
you won't mock about them
fools doing wrong all day long
you won't rock on to feel free
you won't knock on dignity
you won't pee into the sea
when you're gone

you won't have no date when you're gone
you won't hesitate at your date nor push on
you won't rise to the bait
you won't hug no male
you won't populate gone
when you're gone

you won't know elvis when you're gone
you won't shake your pelvis
or kick the bucket to this song
you won't bite on dental castis
you won't ride no rental cars
you won't hide no mental scars
when you're gone

you won't believe when you're gone
you won't recieve from the father to the son
you won't conceive that you can
get relief if you don't
cleave to sacred bones
when you're gone

you won't live no more when you're gone
you won't cry no more
you won't smile no more
you won't die no more
when you're gone

it's just gone
go we all keep going
go we all keep going
go went gone h e y - h o
we all keep going on let's go

go went gone h e y - h o
we all keep going on let's go

miss envy grimm

hello miss envy grimm
are you doing fine
you know once we took that load from you
so you could leave it all behind

you could not leave it all
,cause greed was in your mind
so you left a stale aftertaste
and with things of mine
you left with things of mine

o h o o h o o o h o o o
o h o o h o o o h o o o

bye miss envy grimm
now you leave my house
i got sacks and bags and boxes
to carry you out

and if that smell comes again
that you left all around
i got papers of all grils
i'll sand it off the ground
i'll sand it off the ground

o h o o h o o o h o o o
o h o o h o o o h o o o

farewell miss envy grimm
and when you mow your lawn
you know its my red tractor
that you're sitting on

go ahead and find your peace
be a good granny to your niece
all things you do come back to you
we should remember this
we should remember this

o h o o h o o o h o o o
o h o o h o o o h o o o

blue hour

i've missed the blue hour again
yesterday i talked to a friend
we sat there for decades i was old when he went
i've missed the blue hour again

some ghosts show only at night
they hide from the bright daylight
how i feel bound to hound after them
i've missed the blue hour again

it's always a beginning it needs
a dream to grow into a deed
but what if your dreams just grow old in the end
i've missed the blue hour again

and i wonder why i barely hear the birds
though the're singing so loud that it hurts
my father always hears them
knows their calls and their names
i've missed the blue hour again

today i feel lost and alone
because yesterday i flushed my smartphone
i was on the pot there was no
paper so i used my toilet paper app
i think it was crap

sorry for that incongruous verse
foolish stupid it makes the whole song less worth
instead to stand by how it's meant
i crack cheap jokes in the end
i did this before i know i'll do it again
if you can read between the lines
without cocaine you're a friend

oops i did it again

i've missed the blue hour again

eat them horror clowns

daddy i'm afraid of the horror clowns
they now seem to rule the world
every morning you read the news
these horror clowns are there

the chubby blond one doin' confusing tweets
while the vodka clown is hackin him
the one with the moustage and his half moon saber
and that fat baby clown named kim

now do you think we really need them
i say let's eat them

eat them horror clowns
eat them horror clowns
... there's no need to discom-
pose just hold your nose and ...
... the only tasteful way to beat them is to eat them

mammy i won't eat that donald burger
it's much too big and full of shit
and also that yayyip recep doner has got
an awful autocratic taste to it

kim-jong noodles scent could level japan
i'd rather eat atomic waste
and vladivodka shines from polonium
do we really have to taste

my kids you have to be brave now
for it's the world to save now

eat them horror clowns ...

and i call for the united nations
to stop this clown invasion
just to find out at least every second crown
sits on the head of another horror clown

eat them horror clowns ...

when the grandpa is mad

when the grandpa is mad and the grandchild is sad
what can you expect from the grandchild's dad
when the grandpa is mad and the grandchild is sad
what can you expect from the grandchild's dad

like the old have sung now twitter the young
things always change but the people stay the same
you'd better not move on against the laws of tradition
cause it is like it was and it always will remain

all songs written by hansi rainer

e x e p t :
,goop* written by hansi rainer /
markus gruber / dragan janjuz
,when the grandpa is mad* is
based on a traditional melody
,la sierra* composed and performed by peter rainer

recorded at landlooft studio / enzels-
dorf / gallizien / december 28 - 30, 2016
e x e p t :

,going home* recorded right into
a green bullet / january 29, 2017
,when you're gone (the bucket song)* recor-
ded right behind the house / july 27th, 2017
,eat them horror clowns* recorded at
landlooft studio / october 26th, 2017
,la sierra* recorded at grandparents' living
room / obervellach / december 28th, 2017

overdubs, editing and mixing by hansi rainer

hansi rainer - guitar / vocals / piano / harp

the gretels are:
lisi rainer - bass / backing vocals
markus gruber - drums / backing vocals
thomas freithofnig - guitar / backing vocals

martin kollner: guitar ambience and solo on ,goop*
marlene rainer: flute on ,silver-
hair* / bucket on ,when you're gone*
marjan rainer: crash cymbal on
,goop* / bucket on ,when you're gone*
peter rainer: bucket on ,when you're gone*
sabine wirtz and arya rahmansetayesh: slow
motion cooking sounds on ,eat them horror clowns*
tractor on ,when you're gone*: toni kopanz (?)

background vocals on ,eat them horror
clowns*: sabine wirtz / arya rahmansetayesh
/ louis wirtz / lorena wirtz / lina wirtz / jona
jost / janis jost / peter rainer / marjan rainer

supportet by ske / www.ske-fonds.at

a landlooft production 2018

landlooft