

**Wer Andreas Schendel liest kommt an Bob Dylan nicht vorbei!**

**Sie finden hier eine Zusammenstellung der Songtexte, denen die Motti zu den Romanen *Leuchtspur*, *Fluchtpunkt*, *Nimm Anlauf und spring* und *Dann tu's doch* entnommen sind sowie die Songtexte zu den Kapitel-Motti in *Dann tu's doch*.**

**Die zitierten Passagen sind durch Fettsatz hervorgehoben.**

**Gina Weinkauff**

### **One too many mornings**

Down the street the dogs are barkin'  
And the day is a-gettin' dark  
As the night comes in a-fallin'  
The dogs'll lose their bark  
An' the silent night will shatter  
From the sounds inside my minds  
For I'm one too many mornings  
And a thousand miles behind.

### **From the crossroads of my doorstep** („Leuchtspur“) **My eyes start to fade**

As I turn my head back to the room  
Where my love and I have laid  
An' I gaze back to the street  
The sidewalk and the sign  
And I'm one too many mornings  
An' a thousand miles behind.

It's a restless hungry feeling  
That don't mean no one no good  
When ev'rything I'm a-sayin'  
You can say it just as good  
You're right from your side  
I'm right from mine  
We're both just too many mornings  
An' a thousand miles behind.

### **Sara**

I laid on a dune I looked at the sky  
When the children were babies and played on the beach  
You came up behind me, I saw you go by  
You were always so close and still within reach.

Sara, Sara  
Whatever made you want to change your mind  
Sara, Sara  
So easy to look at, so hard to define.

### **I can still see them playing with their pails in the sand**

They run to the water their buckets to fill  
I can still see the shells falling out of their hands  
As they follow each other back up the hill.

Sara, Sara  
Sweet virgin angel, sweet love of my life  
Sara, Sara  
Radiant jewel, mystical wife.

Sleeping in the woods by a fire in the night  
Drinking white rum in a Portugal bar  
Them playing leapfrog and hearing about Snow White  
You in the marketplace in Savanna-la-Mar.

Sara, Sara  
It's all so clear, I could never forget  
Sara, Sara  
Loving you is the one thing I'll never regret.

I can still hear the sounds of those Methodist bells  
I'd taken the cure and had just gotten through  
Staying up for day in the Chelsea Hotel  
Writing "Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands" for you.

Sara, Sara  
Wherever we travel we're never apart  
Sara, Sara  
Beautiful lady, so dear to my heart.  
How did I meet you ? I don't know  
A messenger sent me in a tropical storm  
You were there in the winter, moonlight on the snow  
And on Lily Pond Lane when the weather was warm.

Sara, Sara  
Scorpio Sphinx in a calico dress  
Sara, Sara  
You must forgive me my unworthiness.

Now the beach is deserted except for some kelp  
And a piece of an old ship that lies on the shore  
You always responded when I needed your help  
You gimme a map and a key to your door.

Sara, Sara  
Glamorous nymph with an arrow and bow  
Sara, Sara  
Don't ever leave me, don't ever go.

## Forever Young

May God bless and keep you always,  
May your wishes all come true,  
May you always do for others  
And let others do for you.  
May you build a ladder to the stars  
And climb on every rung,  
May you stay forever young,  
Forever young, forever young,  
May you stay forever young.

May you grow up to be righteous,  
May you grow up to be true,  
May you always know the truth  
And see the lights surrounding you.  
May you always be courageous,  
Stand upright and be strong,  
May you stay forever young,  
Forever young, forever young,  
May you stay forever young.

**May your hands always be busy,**  
**May your feet always be swift,**  
**May you have a strong foundation**  
**When the winds of changes shift.**  
May your heart always be joyful,  
May your song always be sung,  
May you stay forever young,  
Forever young, forever young,  
May you stay forever young.

(„Dann tu's  
doch“)

Well, six white horses that you did promise  
Were fin'lly delivered down to the penitentiary  
**But to live outside the law, you must be honest**  
I know you always say that you agree  
But where are you tonight, sweet Marie?

Well, I don't know how it happened  
But the river-boat captain, he knows my fate  
But ev'rybody else, even yourself  
They're just gonna have to wait.

Well, I got the fever down in my pockets  
The Persian drunkard, he follows me  
Yes, I can take him to your house but I can't unlock  
it  
You see, you forgot to leave me with the key  
Oh, where are you tonight, sweet Marie?

Now, I been in jail when all my mail showed  
That a man can't give his address out to bad  
company  
And now I stand here lookin' at your yellow  
railroad  
In the ruins of your balcony  
Wond'ring where you are tonight, sweet Marie.

## Absolutely Sweet Marie

Well, your railroad gate, you know I just can't jump  
it  
Sometimes it gets so hard, you see  
I'm just sitting here beating on my trumpet  
With all these promises you left for me  
But where are you tonight, sweet Marie?

Well, I waited for you when I was half sick  
Yes, I waited for you when you hated me  
Well, I waited for you inside of the frozen traffic  
When you knew I had some other place to be  
Now, where are you tonight, sweet Marie?

Well, anybody can be just like me, obviously  
But then, now again, not too many can be like you,  
fortunately.

### Mr. Tambourine Man

Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,  
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.  
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,  
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.  
Though I know that evenin's empire has returned into sand,  
Vanished from my hand,  
Left me blindly here to stand but still not sleeping.  
My weariness amazes me, I'm branded on my feet,  
I have no one to meet  
And the ancient empty street's too dead for dreaming.  
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,  
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.  
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,  
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.  
Take me on a trip upon your magic swirlin' ship,  
My senses have been stripped, my hands can't feel to grip,  
My toes too numb to step, wait only for my boot heels  
To be wanderin'.  
I'm ready to go anywhere, I'm ready for to fade  
Into my own parade, cast your dancing spell my way,  
I promise to go under it.  
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,  
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.  
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,  
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.  
Though you might hear laughin', spinnin', swingin' madly across the sun,  
It's not aimed at anyone, it's just escapin' on the run  
And but for the sky there are no fences facin'.  
And if you hear vague traces of skippin' reels of rhyme  
To your tambourine in time, it's just a ragged clown behind,  
I wouldn't pay it any mind, it's just a shadow you're  
Seein' that he's chasing.  
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,  
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.  
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,  
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.  
**Then take me disappearin' through the smoke rings of my mind,  
Down the foggy ruins of time, far past the frozen leaves,  
The haunted, frightened trees, out to the windy beach,  
Far from the twisted reach of crazy sorrow.**  
Yes, to dance beneath the diamond sky with one hand waving free,  
Silhouetted by the sea, circled by the circus sands,  
With all memory and fate driven deep beneath the waves,  
Let me forget about today until tomorrow.  
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,  
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.  
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,  
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.

**Auf den folgenden Seiten finden Sie die Texte Bob Dylans, aus denen die Motti zu den einzelnen Kapiteln in *Dann tu's doch!* entnommen sind.**

Dann tu's doch, Teil 2  
(„Verreisen“)

### Every grain of sand

In the time of my confession, in the hour of my deepest need  
When the pool of tears beneath my feet flood every newborn seed

There's a dying voice within me reaching out somewhere  
Toiling in the danger and in the morals of despair.

Don't have the inclination to look back on any mistake  
Like Cain, I now behold this chain of events that I must break  
In the fury of the moment I can see the master's hand  
In every leaf that trembles, in every grain of sand.

Oh, the flowers of indulgence and the weeds of yesteryear  
Like criminals, they have choked the breath of conscience and good cheer  
The sun beat down upon the steps of time to light the way  
To ease the pain of idleness and the memory of decay.

**I gaze into the doorway of temptation's angry flame  
And every time I pass that way I always hear my name  
Then onward in my journey I come to understand  
That every hair is numbered like every grain of sand.**

I have gone from rags to riches in the sorrow of the night  
In the violence of a summer's dream, in the chill of a wintry light  
In the bitter dance of loneliness fading into space  
In the broken mirror of innocence on each forgotten face.

I hear the ancient footsteps like the motion of the sea  
Sometimes I turn, there's someone there, other time it's only me  
I am hanging in the balance of the reality of man  
Like every sparrow falling, like every grain of sand.

## **Mississippi**

Every step of the way, we walk the line  
Your days are numbered, so are mine  
Time is piling up, we struggle and we stray  
We're all boxed in, nowhere to escape

City's just a jungle, more games to play  
Trapped in the heart of it, tryin' to get away  
I was raised in the country, I been working in the town  
I been in trouble ever since I set my suitcase down

Got nothing for you, I had nothing before  
Don't even have anything for myself anymore  
Sky full of fire, came pouring down  
Nothing you can sell me, I'll see you around

All my powers of expression and thoughts so sublime  
Could never do you justice in reason or rhyme  
Only one thing I did wrong  
Stayed in Mississippi a day too long

Well, the devil's in the alley, mule's in the stall  
Say anything you wanna, I have heard it all  
I was thinking about the things that Rosie said  
I was dreaming I was sleeping in Rosie's bed

Walking through the leaves, falling from the trees  
Feeling like a stranger nobody sees  
So many things that we never will undo  
I know you're sorry, I'm sorry too

Some people will offer you their hand and some won't  
Last night I knew you, tonight I don't  
I need something strong to distract my mind  
I'm gonna look at you 'til my eyes go blind

Well I got here following the southern star  
I crossed that river just to be where you are  
Only one thing I did wrong  
Stayed in Mississippi a day too long

**Well my ship's been split to splinters and it's sinking fast  
I'm drowning in the poison, got no future, got no past  
But my heart is not weary, it's light and it's free  
I've got nothing but affection for all those who sailed with me**

Dann tu's doch, Teil 4 („Verlieben“)
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Everybody's moving, if they ain't already there  
Everybody's got to move somewhere  
Stick with me baby, stick with me anyhow  
Things should start to get interesting right about now

My clothes are wet, tight on my skin  
Not as tight as the corner that I painted myself in  
I know that fortune is waiting to be kind  
So give me your hand and say you'll be mine

Well, the emptiness is endless, cold as the clay  
You can always come back, but you can't come back all the way  
Only one thing I did wrong  
Stayed in Mississippi a day too long.

### **Brownsville Girl**

Well, there was this movie I seen one time,  
About a man riding 'cross the desert and it starred Gregory Peck.  
He was shot down by a hungry kid trying to make a name for himself.  
The townspeople wanted to crush that kid down and string him up by the neck.  
Well, the marshal, now he beat that kid to a bloody pulp  
as the dying gunfighter lay in the sun and gasped for his last breath.  
Turn him loose, let him go, let him say he outdrew me fair and square,  
I want him to feel what it's like to every moment face his death.  
Well, I keep seeing this stuff and it just comes a-rolling in  
And you know it blows right through me like a ball and chain.  
You know I can't believe we've lived so long and are still so far apart.  
The memory of you keeps callin' after me like a rollin' train.  
I can still see the day that you came to me on the painted desert  
In your busted down Ford and your platform heels  
I could never figure out why you chose that particular place to meet  
Ah, but you were right. It was perfect as I got in behind the wheel.  
Well, we drove that car all night into San Anton'  
And we slept near the Alamo, your skin was so tender and soft.

Way down in Mexico you went out to find a doctor and you never came back.  
I would have gone on after you but I didn't feel like letting my head get blown off.  
Well, we're drivin' this car and the sun is comin' up over the Rockies,  
Now I know she ain't you but she's here and she's got that dark rhythm in her soul.  
But I'm too over the edge and I ain't in the mood anymore to remember the times when I was your only man  
And she don't want to remind me. She knows this car would go out of control.

**Brownsville girl with your Brownsville curls, teeth like pearls shining like the moon above**

Brownsville girl, show me all around the world, Brownsville girl, you're my honey love.

Well, we crossed the panhandle and then we headed towards Amarillo

We pulled up where Henry Porter used to live.

He owned a wreckin' lot outside of town about a mile.

Ruby was in the backyard hanging clothes, she had her red hair tied back.

She saw us come rolling up in a trail of dust.

She said, "Henry ain't here but you can come on in, he'll be back in a little while."

Then she told us how times were tough and about how she was thinkin' of bummin' a ride back to where she started.

But ya know, she changed the subject every time money came up.

She said, "Welcome to the land of the living dead." You could tell she was so broken-hearted.

She said, "Even the swap meets around here are getting pretty corrupt."

"How far are y'all going?" Ruby asked us with a sigh.

"We're going all the way 'til the wheels fall off and burn,

'Til the sun peels the paint and the seat covers fade and the water moccasin dies."

Ruby just smiled and said, "Ah, you know some babies never learn."

Something about that movie though, well I just can't get it out of my head

But I can't remember why I was in it or what part I was supposed to play.

All I remember about it was Gregory Peck and the way people moved

And a lot of them seemed to be lookin' my way.

**Brownsville girl with your Brownsville curls, teeth like pearls shining like the moon above**

Brownsville girl, show me all around the world, Brownsville girl, you're my honey love.

Well, they were looking for somebody with a pompadour.

I was crossin' the street when shots rang out.

I didn't know whether to duck or to run, so I ran.

"We got him cornered in the churchyard," I heard somebody shout.

Well, you saw my picture in the Corpus Christi Tribune. Underneath it, it said, "A man with no alibi."

You went out on a limb to testify for me, you said I was with you.

Then when I saw you break down in front of the judge and cry real tears,

It was the best acting I saw anybody do.

Now I've always been the kind of person that doesn't like to trespass but sometimes you just find yourself over the line.

Oh if there's an original thought out there, I could use it right now.

You know, I feel pretty good, but that ain't sayin' much. I could feel a whole lot better,

If you were just here by my side to show me how.

Well, I'm standin' in line in the rain to see a movie starring Gregory Peck,

Yeah, but you know it's not the one that I had in mind.

He's got a new one out now, I don't even know what it's about

But I'll see him in anything so I'll stand in line.

**Brownsville girl with your Brownsville curls, teeth like pearls shining like the moon above**

Brownsville girl, show me all around the world, Brownsville girl, you're my honey love.

You know, it's funny how things never turn out the way you had 'em planned.

The only thing we knew for sure about Henry Porter is that his name wasn't Henry Porter.

And you know there was somethin' about you baby that I liked that was always too good for this world

Just like you always said there was something about me you liked that I left behind in the French Quarter.

Strange how people who suffer together have stronger connections than people who are most content.

I don't have any regrets, they can talk about me plenty when I'm gone.

You always said people don't do what they believe in, they just do what's most convenient, then they repent.

And I always said, "Hang on to me, baby, and let's hope that the roof stays on."

„Dann tu's  
doch“,  
Schluss

There was a movie I seen one time, I think I sat through it twice.

I don't remember who I was or where I was bound.

All I remember about it was it starred Gregory Peck, he wore a gun and he was shot in the back.

Seems like a long time ago, long before the stars were torn down.

**Brownsville girl with your Brownsville curls, teeth like pearls shining like the moon above**

Brownsville girl, show me all around the world, Brownsville girl, you're my honey love.