



BLIK

Prepare Move Finish

Annelie Koning – voice

Luc Ex – acoustic bass

Tristan Renfrow – drums

1. I am ready
2. The years run thin
3. Prepare, move, finish
4. No help for that
5. Hesitate
6. Dobberen
7. Being you
8. The odds
9. At first
10. Oproep aan de eenzame
11. Storm van binnen
12. Beds, toilets, you and me

All songs by Annelie Koning and Luc Ex.

Lyrics by Annelie Koning (3,5,6,7,10,11), Charles Bukowski (1,2,4,7,8,12) and Gertrude Stein (9).
(lyrics are available at www.anneliekoning.com). Recorded at Wisseloord Studios by Alessandro Mazzieri (2021).
Mixed by Sandor Caron. Mastered Zlaya Loud. Design Milou van Ham.

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I am ready

Lyrics based on *On the continent* by Charles Bukowski.

I'm soft. I
dream too.
I let myself dream. I dream of
being famous. I dream of
walking in the streets of London and
Paris. I dream of
sitting in cafes
drinking fine wines and
taking a taxi back to a good
hotel.

I dream of
meeting beautiful ladies in the hall
and
turning them away because
I have a sonnet in mind that
I want to write
before sunrise. At sunrise
I will be asleep and there will be a
strange cat curled up on the
windowsill.

I think we all feel like this
now and then.

I'd even like to visit
Andernach, Germany, the place where
I began. Then I'd like to
fly on to Moscow to check out
their mass transit system so
I'd have something faintly lewd to
whisper into the ear of the mayor of
Los Angeles upon my return to this
fucking place.

I think we all feel like this
now and then.

It could happen.
I'm ready.
I've watched snails climb over
ten foot walls and
vanish.
you mustn't confuse this with

ambition.

I would be able to laugh at my
good turn of the cards-

and I won't forget you.

I'll send you postcards and
snapshots, and the
finished sonnet.

I think we all feel like this
now and then.

It could happen.

I'm ready.

I've watched snails climb over
ten foot walls and
vanish.

you mustn't confuse this with
ambition.

I would be able to laugh at my
good turn of the cards.

The years run thin

Lyrics based on *this then* by Charles Bukowski.

It's the same as before
or the other time
or the other time before that.

Here's a cock
and here's a cunt.
And here's trouble.

It's the same as before
or the other time
or the other time before that.

Only each time
you think
well now I've learned :
I'll let her do that
and I'll do this,
I no longer want it all,
just some comfort
and some sex
and only a minor
love.

Now I'm waiting again
and the years run thin.
I have my radio
and the kitchen walls
are yellow.

I keep dumping bottles
and listening
for footsteps.
I hope that death contains
less than this.

It's the same as before
or the other time
or the other time before that.

Here's a cock
and here's a cock
And here's trouble.

Here's a cunt
and here's a cunt
And here's trouble.

Prepare, Move, Finish

Lyrics by Annelie Koning

Resist, stand up to, withstand, to stand against.
Resistance, diversion, backlash, distraction.
Transformation, about face, change, resistance.
Absence of mind.

To prepare, to move, to finish.
To prepare, to move, to finish.

Move, move!

Change, about face, conversation, transformation.
Withstand, to stand against, to stand up to, resist
Absence of mind.

To prepare, to move, to finish.
To prepare, to move, to finish.

Resist, backlash, to stand up to, change.
Transformation, conversation, about face, distraction.
Absence of mind.

To prepare, to move to finish.
To prepare, to move, to finish.
To prepare, to move, to finish.

No help for that

Lyrics based on *No help for that* by Charles Bukowski.

There is a place in the heart that
will never be filled

A space

and even during the
best moments
and
the greatest
times

we will know it

we will know it
more than
ever

there is a place in the heart that
will never be filled

and

we will wait
and
wait

in that
space.

Hesitate

Lyrics by Annelie Koning

Get up
get up
well get up and go
don't hesitate.
Get up
and go.
Don't tell them where you're going
never tell them what you're going to do.
Come on
get up.
You can do this alone
you can do it on your own.
Come on
get up and go.
Don't tell them where you're going
I don't tell them what I'm going to do.

Get up and go
get up
and go
get up and go
get up and go
get up and go.

Don't hesitate.
Never tell them where you're going
come on
get up
get up and go.
And take me with you
take me take me with you.
Don't tell me where we're going.
We can do this.
We can do this alone.
Well get up and go.

Being You

Lyrics by Annelie Koning and poem *peacock or bell* by Charles Bukowski.

When I have to turn left
I always turn right.
When I have to go straight
I always go back.
I'm always choosing the wrong side.
I'm always getting lost.

When I have to say yes
it's always a no.
When you say
don't do that
I will do so.
I always believe the wrong people.
I'm always getting in trouble.

And I dream about being you
I don't know what to do.
Oh, I am so confused
I am not amused.

Oh what a nightmare
my life is a nightmare.
Oh what a nightmare
what a life.

(C.B.)
I am laughing mouth closed;
as I turn the pages of my newspaper
it's like a symphony gone wrong;
seeing much to make me doubt
flashing there across the page
it's like a cheap movie gone haywire;
my clothing sits in chairs
like the dead emptied out,
husks of things wrinkling the vision;
it's colder than hell (yes) but
the blankets are thin,
and the pulled-down shades
are as full of holes as love is.
I think you've got to be a sportsman;
yes, for the sportsman it's all right:
you just crack out the gun
and blow the head off something
perhaps off the maiden sitting in

the chair that grandma sat in,
but not having a gun,
I go to the phone
and phone a woman as old as the chair and grandma,
and she promises to come and charm me;
she has a toothbrush but no teeth
and I will probably dance naked for her
my blob of belly a white sack.
each man has his own way out: mine is
doubtful
but has been working well of late
and the music of it sometimes frightens me,
but then
I wake up, buy a paper,
kick a can,
pull up the shade,
start again.

(A.K.)

And I dream about being you
I don't know what to do
I am so confused
Oh, I am not amused

Oh what a nightmare
my life is a nightmare.
Oh what a nightmare
oh what a life.

The odds

Lyrics based on quotes by Charles Bukowski

We are here
to laugh at the odds
and live our lives
so well
that death will tremble
to take us

the best part was
pulling down the
shades
stuffing the doorbell
with rags
putting the phone
in the
refrigerator
and going to bed
for 3 or 4 days.
and the next best
part
was
nobody ever
missed
me.

We are here
to laugh
at the odds
and live our lives
so well that
death
will tremble
to take us

At first

Lyrics based on *If I Told Him, A Completed Portrait of Picasso* by Gertrude Stein.

Presently exactly do they do
first exactly exactly do they do
first exactly
and first exactly
exactly do they do
and first exactly
and exactly
and
do they do
at first exactly
and first exactly
and
do they do
the first exactly
at first exactly
first as exactly
as first as exactly
presently as presently
as as presently
presently as presently
as as presently.

Can curls rob
can curls quote qoutable.

As presently
as exactitude
as trains
has trains
has trains
as trains
as trains
presently proportions
presently as proportions
as presently
presently as presently
as as presently
presently as presently
as as presently.

Oproep aan de eenzame

Lyrics by Annelie Koning

Laat je nu maar gedragen worden.
Voor even zorgeloos
deinen op zachte golven.

Dit is een oproep aan alle eenzame
die op een witte zeilboot wonen.
De wind in de rug
de tijd is aangekomen.
Gooi de trossen los
hijs nu je zeilen.
Begin aan je reis
vaar vele mijlen.

Wie oh wie?
Dat is me om het even.
Je lijkt zo krachtig zo vrij
maar ook jij
wil mij.

Dit is een oproep aan alle eenzame
op de *Spirit of Eden*.
De tijd is aangebroken
om mij te zoeken.
Ik wil bij je aan boord
zomaar ergens heen.
Verdwijnen op zachte golven
Ik wil niet meer alleen.

Wie oh wie?
Dat is me om het even.
Ik lijk zo krachtig zo vrij
maar ook ik wil wij.

Liefde, liefde.

Storm van binnen

Lyrics: Annelie Koning

Bonkt, beeft, borrelt, schudt,
bruist, zwelt, klotst, woelt,
knettert, bubbelt, trekt, knapt,
het zuigt, het bubbelt,
het bruist, het wilt.

Het lijkt alsof ik stil sta
alsof ik niet beweeg.
Het lijkt alsof ik stil lig
me in rust begeef.

Maar het stormt van binnen.
Het bruist van binnen.
Het bonkt van binnen.

Het schudt, het bonkt, het beeft, het rilt,
het klotst, het zwelt, het knettert, het trekt,
het bubbelt, het zuigt, het woelt, het trilt,
het knapt, het trekt, het zuigt, het wilt,
het wilt,
het wilt.

Je zegt me dat ik dood ben
doet alsof ik niet meer leef.
Maar ik kan niet vergeten
wat je ooit met me deed.

Waar moet ik heen als ik nergens heen kan
jij neemt alle plek waar moet ik heen dan
zonder rust wordt deze dag niets
thuis geen plek stap weer op de fiets
Blijf onderweg, pak de metro in Noord.
Stap uit in Zuid, dit is toch gestoord.

Ik wordt gek
Ik moet eruit
Water tot mijn kin, uitslag op mijn huid.

Waar moet ik heen als ik nergens heen kan
Jij neemt alle plek waar moet ik heen dan
Ik wordt gek.
Ik moet eruit.
Water tot mijn kin, uitslag op mijn huid.

Beds, toilets, you and me

Lyrics based on *Beds, toilets, you and me* - by Charles Bukowski.

Think of the beds
used again and again
to fuck in
to die in.

In this land
some of us fuck more than
we die
but most of us die
better than we
fuck,
and we die
piece by piece too-
in parks
eating ice cream, or
in igloos
of dementia,
or on straw mats
or upon disembarked
loves
or, or, or, or.

Beds, beds, toilets, toilets.

You were the world's
greatest invention
until you
flushed me
away.

The human sewage system
is the world's greatest
invention.
And you invented me
and I invented you
and that's why we don't
get along
on this bed
any longer
or, or, or, or.

You were the world's
greatest invention
until you

flushed me
away.

Beds, toilets, you and me.

Now it's your turn
to wait for the touch
of the handle.
somebody will do it
to you,
and if they don't
you will-
mixed with your own
green or yellow or white
or blue
or lavender
goodbye.