



# JOHNNY TIENNE A. BE YOU

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|---------------------------------------|-------------|
| <b>01 GO AND COME</b>                 | <b>4.19</b> |
| <b>02 GOOD BAD BIG SAD</b>            | <b>4.39</b> |
| <b>03 OH BOY LOVER NICKNAMES</b>      | <b>6.00</b> |
| <b>04 LEISURE</b>                     | <b>4.25</b> |
| Lyrics: William Henry Davies          |             |
| <b>05 THE WAY'S THE AIM</b>           | <b>4.22</b> |
| <b>06 JUST PLAY THE BLUES</b>         | <b>2.38</b> |
| <b>07 BE YOU</b>                      | <b>5.28</b> |
| <b>08 SPLASH</b>                      | <b>2.54</b> |
| Lyrics: Charles Bukowski              |             |
| <b>09 BLUE MONK UNCHAIN MY BRAIN</b>  | <b>3.56</b> |
| Initial Music: Thelonious Monk        |             |
| <b>10 U-TURN FIFTY RHYMES ON BLUE</b> | <b>4.58</b> |

## BONUS COVERS:

- |                             |             |
|-----------------------------|-------------|
| <b>11 THAT FEEL</b>         | <b>3.11</b> |
| Tom Waits, Keith Richards   |             |
| <b>12 YOU DON'T LOVE ME</b> | <b>5.35</b> |
| Willie Cobbs                |             |
| <b>13 BLUES FOR J</b>       | <b>9.53</b> |
| Julian Sas                  |             |

**JOHNNY TIENNE A.** Vocals  
**OLIVER KELLER** Guitars  
**MICHAEL DOLMETSCH** Keyboards  
**MARKUS FRITZSCHE** Bass  
**TOM BECK** Drums  
**CATHRYN LEHMANN** Backing Vocals

## On Bonus Covers:

**DOMINIC SCHOEMAKER** Guitars  
**JOEL ALLISON** Bass  
**ANDY ROBERTSON** Drums

**MUSIC AND LYRICS BY JOHNNY TIENNE A.**  
except where it is explicitly noted

Arrangements by Johnny Tienne A.

Produced by Michael Dolmetsch  
Recorded and mixed at Little Mountain  
by Michael Dolmetsch  
Mastered at Echochamber by Dan Suter

Very special and heartfelt thanks  
to the marvelous Lilly Martin

## GO AND COME

Go, go, just go away  
Find out what you really want, just like I will do  
Come, come, come back again  
Let's then see what it could be that's good for me and you

Take a couple of birds havin' lost sight of each other  
How do the two of them come together again?  
It's that one-and-only whistle, different from all the rest

Let's invent a new idiom, a private code for us  
An own sound, a different tune, another kind of room  
Just for our ears and eyes, for our unique kind of love

No, we don't have to stick together all the time  
Our mutuality may have its own quality  
Changin' from calm to storm, from ebb to flood

Go, go...

One day I decided to accept  
my broken, hoarse, smoky  
voice as my way of singing:  
dirty moaning, tired up-  
bending, scratching pebbles.  
Well, take it or leave it...

## GOOD BAD BIG SAD

My mother told me to be a good boy  
Hearty ma doomed me to be a good, good boy  
But when I grew up – I fucked it all up

Then my baby told me to be a bad boy  
Crazy baby doomed me to be a bad, a bad boy  
But when I got fed up – I fucked it all up

My boss told me to be a big boy  
Bossy boss doomed me to be a big, big boy  
But when I rose up – I fucked it all up

So life told me to be a sad boy  
True life doomed me to be a sad, a sad boy  
But now as an old chap – I fuck it all up

My mother told me to be a good boy  
But my baby told me to be a bad boy  
And my boss told me to be a big boy  
So this life doomed me to be a sad boy

But now as an old chap – I fuck it all up



# OH BOY NICKNAME LOVE

Boy, oh boy, boy, oh boy!

So tender, lovely, agile, smooth, Pauline was my Butterfly  
One beat of her wings could start an earthquake  
a thousand miles away  
But she herself was so fragile, I hardly dared to even touch her

So elegant, cool, precious, glamorous, I called Lucia my Goldfish  
Her preferred drink was sex on the beach,  
of which she was an expert too  
But then her heart was as cold as ice, I feared drowning with her

So tiny, shiny, cute, sweet, Sue had to be my Ladybug  
Promising me no less than all the luck'n'happiness in the world  
But sometime before morning light she had flown away

Boy, oh boy, take it easy / You can't get it all  
Your turn will come again / Boy, oh boy, just keep cool

Boy, oh boy, boy, oh boy!

Flame Snake was hot stuff but so extremely egocentric  
A late train, no sun: just everything was hurting her personally.  
Her aim was complete control over me,  
I had to quit her before the final bite

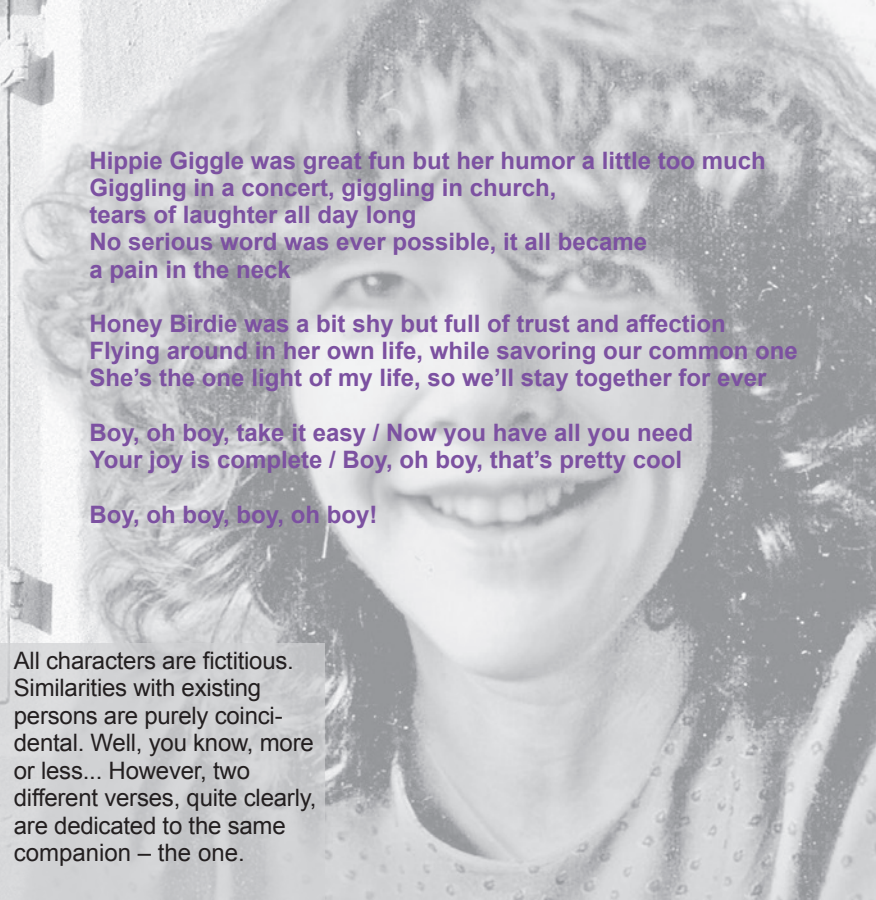
Hippie Giggle was great fun but her humor a little too much  
Giggling in a concert, giggling in church,  
tears of laughter all day long  
No serious word was ever possible, it all became  
a pain in the neck

Honey Birdie was a bit shy but full of trust and affection  
Flying around in her own life, while savoring our common one  
She's the one light of my life, so we'll stay together for ever

Boy, oh boy, take it easy / Now you have all you need  
Your joy is complete / Boy, oh boy, that's pretty cool

Boy, oh boy, boy, oh boy!

All characters are fictitious. Similarities with existing persons are purely coincidental. Well, you know, more or less... However, two different verses, quite clearly, are dedicated to the same companion – the one.



# LEISURE

What is this life if, full of care  
We have no time to stand and stare  
No time to stand beneath the boughs  
And stare as long as sheep or cows

No time to see, when woods we pass  
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass  
No time to see, in broad daylight  
Streams full of stars, like skies at night

A poor life this if, full of care  
We have no time to stand and stare

No time to turn at beauty's glance  
And watch her feet, how they can dance  
No time to wait till her mouth can  
Enrich that smile her eyes began

A poor life this if, full of care  
We have no time to stand and stare

This most famous poem by William Henry Davies from Wales has been recited by many great actors. It finally had to be set to music too. Considering its provenance, I exceptionally sing in British English, at least I try.

# THE WAY'S THE AIM

Old chaps like to say: I did it my way  
Then I say: Okay  
And think: You didn't get much of a choice, did-you?

Everybody always sets targets you have to reach  
I just say: Nice speech  
But if the way there is such a strain, you better rest at the beach

Great chief Jesus said: You will be paid in heaven  
And I think: Well then  
Best would be to bite the dust as soon as possible

*Let me tell you one thing, folks:  
Nobody ever gave a damn about Christopher Columbus  
not reaching India but discovering America  
Well, this guy just hoisted the sails and said to his men:  
Let's go, it will be great anyway  
So, there was no precise target-setting,  
it was pure setting something in motion, yeah...  
"I am sailing, I am sailing..."*

*Hey, how about agreein' that Confucius was not confused  
when he put it like this: The route is the goal, the way is the aim,  
the journey is the reward*

(Continue next page)



## JUST PLAY THE BLUES

At the New York Marathon most of the runners don't mind  
never ever belonging to the so-called winners  
Oh yeah, milord – the journey is the reward

All around the world music is rehearsed with passion  
and not much expectation to ever be heard on stage  
Oh yeah, no fame – the way is the aim

Life's too short to not be lived, stay hungry, stay foolish  
Steve Jobs didn't say you must wait for retirement  
Oh yeah, my soul – the route is the goal

At the end of the day  
and if you finally need it  
You may even sing it,  
you know what I mean:  
"I did it my way..."  
Oh no, forget it!

"With spoken bridge on modal harmony-structure and two quotes from awfully popular songs": My style of arrangements tends to bug musicians, I do know. Jump from straight verses to shuffled 16-bar-refrain including tempo- and key-changes in *U-Turn*. Interjected riff-bars in *Leisure*. And so on. Well, after a while all of us had fun with it.

I got up in the morning, didn't know what to do  
Got up in the morning, didn't know what to do  
So I woke up my guitar, started to play the blues

Found no sleep in the evening, all my worries came true  
No sleep in the evening, all my worries came true  
So I freed my guitar, started to play the blues

I'm in trouble all day long, life's a room without a view  
In trouble all day long, life's a room without a view  
One friend only, my guitar, joins me playin' the blues

*Just play the blues*



# BE YOU

Never ever before was my life so exciting  
All the bad daily news can't change this view  
Never ever has my freedom been so manifold  
Since I'm doing only what I wanna do

Of course I am aware of all global changes  
No reason for not remaining true to yourself  
And yes, I also undergo dark'n'sad moments  
Another lesson in takin' your chances even more

So why not try what I propose to you:

Just be you, be you, be you, be you – the one-and-only you  
I say be you, be you, be you, be you – just all and all of you

Never ever were my jolly good fellows so close  
Mainstream is far away from our lifestyle  
Never ever has my independence been so great  
And day by day I enjoy the goodies life offers

Why care so much – about the do's and  
don'ts of nowadays  
Why mind at all – what others might think and  
chatter about you

But why not try what I propose to you:

Just be you, be you, be you, be you – the one-and-only you  
I said be you, be you, be you, be you – just all and all of you

*Don't be a look-alike,  
don't be a sound-alike,  
don't be a feel-alike – be you*

Be you, be you, be you, be you – the one-and-only you  
Be you, be you, you you you – just all and all of you

What a band! And what great  
luck and pure pleasure to  
play with such inspiring  
musicians. This groove and  
sound, virtuosity and style-  
variety, this professional  
commitment. Love you guys.





# SPLASH

*The illusion is that you are simply reading this poem  
The reality is that this is more than a poem:  
This is a beggar's knife, this is a tulip  
This is a soldier marching through Madrid  
This is you on your death bed  
This is Li PO laughing underground  
This is not a god-damned poem  
This is a horse asleep, a butterfly in your brain  
This is the devil's circus*

You are not reading this on a page, the page is reading you –  
feel it? / It's like a cobra, it's a hungry eagle circling the room

This is not a poem, poems are dull  
They make you sleep, these words force you to a new madness

You have been blessed, you have been pushed into  
a blinding area of light / The elephant dreams with you now,  
the curve of space bends and laughs

*You can die now, you can die now as people were meant to die:  
great, victorious, hearing the music, being the music  
Roaring, roaring, roaring*

A poem of Bukowski just had  
to be. And then, a dark one.  
Thanks Hank.

# BLUE MONK UNCHAIN MY BRAIN

Heaven or hell, I couldn't tell, all I got is what it shouldn't be  
Left or now right, so sad or bright, all I want seems wrong to me  
Unchain my wild brain  
Like a blue Monk used to play, all-in-one, yeah, that's my way

I do prefer, being somewhere in between that fast and slow  
No need to choose, nothin' to lose, just keep flyin' in the flow  
Unchain my wild brain  
Like a blue Monk day by day, all-in-one, yeah, that's my way

Hi Thelonious Monk – introverted, eccentric genius  
You broke all the rules – structure, rhythm, harmonies, scales  
All changed its way – like a blue Monk day by day

Stay now or go, yes is a no, neither nor an answer for my taste  
Love is the sun, moon is the one, imagine they would be replaced  
Unchain my wild brain  
Like a blue Monk let me say, all-in-one, yeah, that's my way

Hi Thelonious Monk...

My lyrics on this jazz-standard, despite being a tribute to Monk and his character, touches what I share with him: the aversion to any rules about what's right and wrong.



## U-TURN FIFTY RHYMES ON BLUE

Sometimes it happens out of the blue, nothing left to do  
You could be in the zoo and suddenly there is this smashing tattoo  
On the back of a beauty, such a hell of a heavenly view

Some days later in a queue it's her again behind you  
It knocks you out of your shoes and you forget every silly taboo  
You talk to her, you find the clue to make her laugh, all comes true

I've been blue for two, blue for two, thru'n'thru  
But a true bijou, true bijou changed my view  
All got new with you, new with you, what a coup  
Such an amour fou, amour fou, amour fou

Lessons in Voodoo, breakdance in a canoe, a joint with a kangaroo  
Fondue in Baku, skiing in Peru, irish stew in Timbuktu  
Nothing can stop you, no limits for being such a great'n'crazy crew

Lovin' this blue chip, blue-eyed woman is nothin' you can overdo  
The two of you know all rhymes on blue, more than only a few  
And no fool could ever forget how life was changed by a tatoo

I've been blue...

## THAT FEEL

There's one thing you can't lose – It's that feel  
Your pants, your shirt, your shoes – But not that feel  
Throw it out in the rain, you can whip it like a dog  
You can chop it down like an old dead tree  
Always see it, when you're coming into town  
Once you hang it on the wall you can never take it down

But there's one thing you can't lose – And it's that feel  
You can pawn your watch and chain – But not that feel  
Always comes and finds you, will always hear you cry  
I cross my wooden leg and I swear on my glass eye  
It will never leave you high and dry, never leave you loose  
It's harder to get rid of than tattoos

But there's one thing you can't lose – It's that feel  
And there's one thing you can't lose – It's that feel  
Throw it off a bridge, you can lose it in the fire  
You can leave it at the altar, it will make you out a liar  
Fall down in the street, you can leave it in the lurch  
Well, you say that it's gospel, but I know that it's only church

And there's one thing...

Dust and gravel in the throat:  
Some great storytelling-  
singers have got that too. So,  
I salut Tom Waits and Keith  
Richards – and their feel.

# YOU DON'T LOVE ME

You don't love me pretty baby  
You don't love me yes I know  
Well if you leave me pretty baby  
Don't you know you're gonna hurt me so

Well I'm gonna tell my sweet mother  
I'm gonna talk to my father too  
Well I'm gonna tell everybody  
What those jump girls are trying to do

Well I'm gonna tell my sweet mother  
Have a word with my father too  
Well I'm gonna tell the old men, yes sir  
What those young girls can do for you

Lord, goodbye now pretty baby  
If I don't see you no more  
(I'll never see your face no more)  
Well if you think I'll be your fool, lord  
You better be on your merry way

This song of Willie Cobbs (in the version of Allman Bros.) triggered an immediate exhilaration in me. It was, so to say, my first real blues-rock experience. But it took quite some time to come to an own, adequate interpretation.

# BLUES FOR J


Sometimes the truth is a little bit harder than it seems  
Behind most smiles you gonna find some shattered dreams  
Dirty things do happen but don't let it be sad  
Pain and heartache, baby, it's all so very sad  
Love is a strange thing that can make us blind  
It creates a truth, where sometimes everything is hard to find

But here I am listening to your words of sorrow  
You must have felt back then, that there was no tomorrow  
But listen here now, only the strong live on  
Life is all about expression, n' people, I think you got to carry on  
I'm standing here in front of you with a tear in my eye  
You know I love you, babe, and if you want to, just cry

Nobody wanted to help see or believe  
I know you got, babe, this pain  
misfortune and grief, yeah  
But I'm gonna tell you how it is  
You gotta get your stuff together,  
lord, you can't go on like this  
Try seeing me as your friend  
Lord, I'm gonna ride down here  
beside you, babe, until the very end

As a big admirer, I regret that not too many of us seem to know him at all: Julian Sas with his Dutch ensemble. And as far as I know, nobody ever dared to try any cover version. So, a first was overdue. A bow to the unattainably great J.





Dedicated to all those who showed understanding for my dream of restarting my teenage musical ambitions after so many decades. All those who accompanied me on my excursions, more and less successful ones, into the heights of jazz. All those who encouraged me in finding my way home to the blues. All those who supported me to finally start writing my own songs and developing my own sound as a singer in blues-rock, from heavy to smooth. To me this album is like waking up after a beautiful dream – knowing it is not over. Thank you all.

Cover Design: Jean Etienne Aebi  
DTP: Mediafabrik AG Zürich  
Printing: Lunatic GmbH  
Mirror: Brainstormers GmbH

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