

Tangerine Dream

"Cyclone"

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Bent Cold Sidewalk - Cyclone, 1978 By Steve Joliffe

[Transcribed by Chris (Microbe Maniac), Dave Datta,
and Bob Pietkivitch]

Clarifications compliments of Steve Joliffe 11-7-91

When I talk to the trees

O'great trees who have learned to speak slowly

I know that they believe that they have an answer

Then I walk in the city where I cannot hear it

When I talk to the city

I have already learned three answers

before I call the question

And slowly, I wish myself among trees

but can not hear myself wishing

When I talk to the people

who are the trees that grow in the city

they reply with a fond kindness, slowly

but there is no answer

for experience to be made by mistake

Upon this key, time will slide,

Beyond the lock, you lose your mind.

And as our door becomes open,
A rush of sound is found inside
Creating Dreams that pass you by.
You may live through your life a long long time..
But you will never know from where it came,
Yet all you've seen is what you've wanted to,
You're walking forward as you look behind,
Still watching those old memories fade and die..
This door is heavy, and is deeply stained,
With wasted tears, that try to fight in vain,
You may be sitting, feeling quite secure,
But listen carefully - and this key is yours -
For we can lead you far beyond that door...
there are dangers hidden, trust in that language
and it is precisely this conception that which must not
be changed
the epitome of our language is patterns containment of
thought and sound
I die to fight!!
I die to fight!!
I die to fight!!
Upon this key, time will slide,
Beyond each lock, you lose your mind.
And as our door becomes open,
A rush of sound is found inside -
Creating Dreams that pass you by..
Bent cold sidewalk, open the gate,

I may be late but I can no longer wait.

Stealing the crown that stood me up,

I'm laying the table with dusty plates.

Bent cold sidewalk, open the gate,

I may be late but I can no longer wait.

Playing the god to fix your gaze,

I'm holding you firm on another day.

Bent cold sidewalk, open the gate,

I may be late but I can no longer wait.

Rising Runner Missed By Endless Sender

[Transcribed by Chris (Microbe Maniac), Dave Datta,
and Bob Pietkivitch]

Clarifications compliments of Steve Joliffe 11-7-91

Rising runner missed by endless sender, never coming
back,

Rising runner, never coming back, ever running over.

Rising runner, you're missed by the endless sender,

Howling winds dig in your ears,

Steely cold and never getting warm.

Hells Bells, you're alive

on and on

Treading lightly, colored stones,

often losing sight of goals

embracing patterns long grown old

leaving space is hard to fold

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