

Om sangene på POCOBELL's "1969"

Cats in Berlin: "would you believe it, they're feeding cats in Berlin" - den kulørte presses uudtømmelige behov for hele tiden at bringe historier, som dag efter dag, uge efter uge skal overgå hinanden for at fastholde læsere og øge oplaget - ofte på fantasiens overdrev og som regel ualmindeligt ligegyldige.

"Hang around waiting for the better shot"

Crazy Cartoons: "Who cares 'bout the man on the moon, someone said it's just a fake, who cares 'bout some crazy cartoons, that was done for Heaven's sake."

- når man oplever den dødsensfarlige fanatisme og mangel på evnen til forståelse og respekt.

"Everybody claims the Holy Landwhen the pencil's cutting like a knife"

Freezing Cold: "makes me freezing cold inside" - når man blive antastet af mennesker som har fundet sandheden, og som forsøger at overbevise om den eneste højere sandhed med en fanatisme, der får det til at løbe koldt ned ad ryggen.

Knock Knock: "same story over and over again" - den endeløse strøm af programmer og nyheder som må sendes på tv for at fylde programfladen med ét eller andet. Vejrudsigten, som fortæller hvordan vejret har været i dag, breaking news når din cykel er punkteret i et veikryds og tilfældige menneskers ligegyldige mening om Obama's smil.

"Knock, knock is anyone home"

Little Green Men: måske skulle man være en lille grøn mand i Paris. Hvem kender ikke følelsen af at intet fungerer, verden er imod en, man burde i virkeligheden lave noget helt andet.

"Then we turn into little green men again, sweeping the streets all day till dawn"

1969 : "chasing 15 minuttet in the spotlight" - et hip til tv's talentprogrammer og selviscenesættende wannabees, hvis drømme befinder sig lysår over deres talent. Funny thing about these stars of the night they can sing and dance and cut their face.....

Den medieskabte hype gør dem spændende for en uge og profetierne om deres berømmelse selvbekræftende. Jo flere vi er, jo mere har vi ret. Seerne bestemmer både hvem der er bedst i andedammen og emnet for morgendagens smalltalk.

"Televison, magazines and papers they all write, the story of the cell phone ace"



1969

Please excuse me for not being so polite
But I do have something to say
The wise guys running round in town tonight
Better grab my guitar and play – start to play!

I don't know if it's wrong don't know if it's right
'cause I've only heard at second hand !!
well, from someone who heard it, but enough to excite
'bout this furious upcoming band

Funny thing about these stars of the night
they can sing and dance and cut their face
and the television, magazines and papers they all write
the story of the cell phone ace

This ain't 1969 no more
This ain't 1969 no more
So many years, we never learned, we dropped it on the floor
This ain't 1969 no more

Please excuse me for not being so polite
But I do have something on my mind
The story's running round in town tonight
Much faster than the speed of light

It doesn't seem to be no caring anymore
It's better to be on your own
When you look in the mirror you see who to adore
Kiss my ass before you close the door,

This ain't 1969 no more
This ain't 1969 no more
So many years, we never learned, the answer's still the war
This ain't 1969 no more

Chasing 15 minutes of sweating in the spotlight
Enjoy it when you're in, 'cos you drop out again
The ones who turn the light on
will be the ones to switch it off my friend
you're not even lasting till the end

Please excuse me for not being so polite
The story's going round in town tonight
I don't know if it's wrong or right
I've only heard second hand – alright!!

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