



TACOMA BRIDGE



TACOMA BRIDGE

CLOSING TIME



I've got a strange feeling that it's closing time
The day's become the night's become the day
Artificial lights fade down to the morning
While the darkness has to wait for another day

Don't know if I'm bored, just killing a day
Existing here without plans
There must be more to life than just waiting in disappear
The sunny side is not right here

I know I should stand up and change this pace
Not go and drink it away
Better pull myself together and get off the streets
Find a reasonable thing to do

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Like a wave on the sea when the wind blows
A cloud in the sky when the storm comes by
In his eyes there are sorrows
Starring down on the tears he's cried

This ground is shaking
His mind's a hurricane
Swinging like Tacoma Bridge

He is trying to run from this sad mood
He is trying to fly all the way back home
To the days of his childhood
To the land where winds never blew a storm

This ground is shaking
His mind's a hurricane
Swinging like Tacoma Bridge

This bridge is breaking
He's in a hurricane
Falling from Tacoma Bridge



TACOMA BRIDGE

SHIPS

Ships that are sailing in the night
Without a red and without a green light
They're dangerous to everyone
Can't hear them coming
As they float along

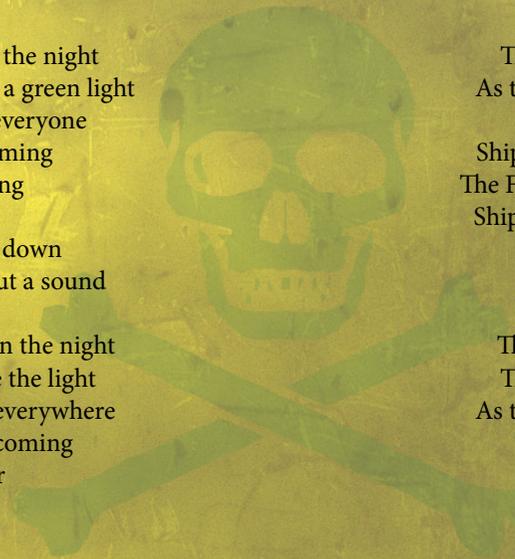
They make ships go down
As they approach without a sound

People who are walking in the night
Shouldn't move outside the light
Cause there are dangers everywhere
You can't hear them coming
In the silent air

They will make people drown
As they approach without a sound

Ships that are sailing without men
The Flying Dutchman is sailing again
Ships that are crashing with reality
Ships that are haunting
You and me

They will make ships go down
They will make people drown
As they approach without a sound





TACOMA BRIDGE

TOGETHER ALONE

I'm riding an airplane
We're head for the sky
I look all around me
None here's afraid to fly

I close my eyes dreaming
I dive in and fall
While the seconds are ticking
Will my parachute unfold?

Together alone
I fall in the air like a stone
Side by side
Still I'm all on my own



We're on a boat sailing
Across a blue sea
A storm coming closer
Really terrifies me

My eyes all wide open
While we're head for the shore
Wind and rain puts the storm on
I hear a distant roar

Together alone
I sink in the sea like a stone
Side by side
Still I'm all on my own

TACOMA BRIDGE

MACHINERY



Computer 1: Machinery
Computer 2: We're singing a tune
Computer 1: Machinery
Computer 2: We sing it for you
Computer 1: Machinery
Computer 2: We hope you enjoy
Computer 1: Machinery
Computer 3: One - two - three - four
Computer 1: Machinery
Computer 2: We're singing this tune
Computer 1: Machinery
Computer 2: We sing it for you
Computer 1: Machinery
Computer 2: We hope you enjoy
Computer 1: Machinery
Computer 2: This music joy
Computer 3: System InterActivated
Computer 4: (computing)
Computer 3: Sample and hold

Computer 5: Say after me:
One - two - three - four
Comptr 3: One - two - three - four
Comptr 5: Excellent! - Human:
Humans: One - two - three - four
Computer 3: Sub-humans!

Run like machinery
Faster than a heart can beat
Run like music
Fans that run to cool the heat
Run like digital machinery
Faster than a heart can beat
Run like music computer
Fans that run to cool the heat
Run like machinery
Faster than a heart can beat
Run like music machinery
Fans that run to cool the heat

Run like digital machinery
Faster than a heart can beat
Run like machinery
Fans that run to cool the heat

Computer 3: Run like
Human: Machinery
Computers: Computer!

Computer 5: Please repeat:
One - two - three - four
Computer 3:
One - two - three - four

TACOMA BRIDGE

TRICK OF SOUNDS 1

It looks like there is trouble in the streets tonight
I hear men are shouting, there must be a fight
I walk to the window, there's nobody there
But I could swear I heard it, it just couldn't disappear

There's someone at the door, I better let them in
I hear them call my name but I don't know their voices
I open the door; there's nobody there
But I could swear I heard it, it just couldn't disappear

Could it be a trick of sounds
Could it be something I just believed to hear
Could it be a trick of sounds
Or is it just the silence that I fear

I hear my own steps echo in the room
I see a strange shape in the mirror
The silence is here, and I am aware
That the lights in the street are singing

Could it be a trick of sounds
Could it be something I just believed to hear
Could it be a trick of sounds
Or is it just the silence that I fear

The house is asleep, the night is complete
The air is filled with waves
I close the door with a chain
And hide my ears under a pillow

Could it be a trick of sounds
Could it be something I just believed to hear
Could it be a trick of sounds
Or is it just the silence that I fear

TACOMA BRIDGE



SEPTEMBER SUNDAY

The sound of an afternoon
The silence of the sun
In an empty dusty room
I hear a distant hum

And I know
As I lay down on the floor
This Sunday is no more

The sound of a fading day
Of light and dust and air
The colours of the fall
And the humming everywhere

And I know
When the floorboard starts to tremble;
It's a Sunday in September



TACOMA BRIDGE

A SONG FROM ACROSS THE WORLD

It's this song
Coming from far away
It's the words
I hope you hear me say
When I send
A song from across the world

It's in the air
Brought by waves from here
It's the sounds
Living in thin air
When I send
A song from across the world

I hear for the words
I want you to send
Out in the air
A heart you could mend

If you send
A song from across the world

In this song
Crystals of gold and white
And they are
In the air tonight
When I send
A song from across the world

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FOREIGNER

Walking down the street in a foreign town
A smell in the air, a beat from a drum
An army marching in the evening sun

Screams of anger in the summer night
I hide in the shadows of my own fright
I ask you: Never let me down

Another time, another place to be alone
Another thought, another dream, another tongue
If they proceed they will return tonight all liars
So think of anything that will kill this desire

The memories of pain still haunt me at night
Beyond control, I still have to fight
I hope they'll release me, will let me go



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DAYS TO COME

Another day has made it to the evening, and I am sitting waiting for a new
I'm thrilled about the plans I have; the things I'm gonna do then
Forgetting all about this day in blue



Cause there are days to come, and I am waiting here
Preparing for that big time celebration
I will wait for the day, I know you'll be here soon
And I will make you last for two

A story of unspoken words, of gold and shiny objects
A story to be told when you arrive
Of thrills and chills and fun and laughter, will I see the colours?
Still I have to wait another day..

Cause there are days to come....

If I found a pearl or a diamond or whatever
I hope I'll understand what I have found
It's hard to tell the false from real, it's hard to make decisions
But the day I'm waiting for will guide me through

Yet there are days to come....

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TRICK OF SOUNDS 2



Zoom goes my eye
And ooh goes my ear
Still I don't know what I hear
I'm crazy about the sounds that come to me
Cause in my head it is reality
Sounds that are a part of me

Oooh goes my eye
And ooh goes my ear
Well I don't know which way to turn
Is it me or the world that burns
In my ears and in my eyes
It's hard to tell the truth from lies

Could it be a trick of sounds?
Could it be a trick of sights?
Could it be a trick of sounds?
Could it be a trick of sounds?

TACOMA BRIDGE

Written, programmed and produced by Beranek

Performed by:

Beranek - guitars, bass, organ, lead & backing vocals, devices
Ellen K. Hvattum - lead and backing vocals, vocal supervisor
Arne J. Berggren - Drums & percussives
Bendik Hofseth - saxophones

Recorded at Reeltime Studio, Oslo during April - November 1993

Engineered by: Beranek, Bill Gystad, Sverre Erik Henriksen, Kjell-Vidar Lauritsen

Mixed by Beranek & Per Østmark

Digital editing and pre-production: Animal Voice Sound Laboratories
Digital mastering and editing: BEL Digital by Victor Engholmen, Beranek & Per Østmark

Stills: Hans Olav Forsang - Sleeve design: Forsang/AVP - Digital booklet by Animal Vision

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Bendik Hofseth appears through courtesy of Sony Music Entertainment
Ellen K. Hvattum appears through courtesy of Spinning Spider Music

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