

JUTZE

HETEROSCEDASTICITY

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PRODUCED, WRITTEN AND PLAYED BY JOHANNES SCHULT.

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Photos and layout by Johannes Schult.

<http://www.jutze.com>

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1. JUDY MARY JANE

Deep down in Texas there's a pub without a name
It belongs to Harold's mother, Judy Mary Jane
All those who've seen it, oh I'm sure they won't forget
People spilling alcohol until the floor is wet
And they sing:
Hey, hey, mama, fill my tankard one more time
Hey, hey, mama Judy Mary Jane
Oh, hey, hey, mama, swing your body next to mine
Hey, hey, mama Judy Mary Jane

At night the house is packed, people laugh and sing
Everybody's getting drunk with whisky scotch and gin
Mike strums the banjo and Harold sings along
Old Dave plays the fiddle and so they sing their song
And it goes:
Hey, hey, mama, fill my tankard one more time
Hey, hey, mama Judy Mary Jane
Oh, hey, hey, mama, swing your body next to mine
Hey, hey, mama Judy Mary Jane

Oh, hey, hey, mama, swing your body next to mine
Hey, hey, mama Judy Mary Jane

And when the morning comes, everybody's gone
And they won't be back until the setting of the sun
Then Mary takes a nap and rests her weary head
Thinking of the glorious and joyful times she had
And I sing:
Hey, hey, mama, fill my tankard one more time
Hey, hey, mama Judy Mary Jane
Oh, hey, hey, mama, swing your body next to mine
Hey, hey, mama Judy Mary Jane

Written by Johannes Schult.

*Recorded 28th-29th August 2003 at Fish & Chips, Konstanz-Wallhausen.
Vocals, acoustic guitars, keyboards.*

2. I WISH NATALIE PORTMAN WAS MY NEIGHBOUR

I wish Natalie Portman was my neighbour

We could talk about the weather
We could drive to work together
I could feed her dog and maybe
Take it for a walk

I wish Natalie Portman was my neighbour
We could have lunch together
I wish Natalie Portman was my neighbour
I'd live there forever

I could watch her every morning
When I wake tired and yawning
She could take the garbage out
And she could mow the lawn

I wish Natalie Portman was my neighbour
We could have lunch together
I wish Natalie Portman was my neighbour
I'd live there forever

I wish Natalie Portman was my neighbour
We could have lunch together

I wish Natalie Portman was my neighbour
I'd live there forever

I wish Natalie Portman was my neighbour
I would always be with her

I wish Natalie Portman was my neighbour
I'd live there forever

I wish Natalie Portman was my neighbour
We could have lunch together

I wish Natalie Portman was my neighbour

Written by Johannes Schult.

Recorded 23rd July 2003 at Fish & Chips, Konstanz-Wallhausen.

Vocals, acoustic guitars, keyboards, melodica, glockenspiel.

3. YOU AND ME AND YOUR BOY-FRIEND

I'm really happy I have you in my life
I'm really glad you're there
You're really someone who makes me come alive
You really show you care

I'm really happy you spend your time with me
It always makes my day
But there is something that's making my heart bleed
One thing that's not okay
When we go to the cinema it's always you and me - and your boy-friend
When we go to the opera it's always you and me - and your boy-friend

I want to be the one you need
It's driving me insane
I'm smart and nice, but I'm not him
So all my love is in vain

I'm really happy you've found a loving man
But how come it's not me?
It really kills me, oh can't you understand
That you're the one for me?
When we go to the cinema it's always you and me - and your boy-friend
When we go to the opera it's always you and me - and your boy-friend
When we go to the theatre it's always you and me and your boy-friend
When we go to the countryside it's always you and me and your boy-friend
When we go to the local mall it's always you and me and your boy-friend
When we go to the concert hall it's always you and me and your boy-friend
When we dive in the swimming pool it's always you and me and your boy-friend
When we go to the Brandos show it's always you and me and your boy-friend

Written by Johannes Schult.

Recorded 15h-16th January 2005 at G13, Waiblingen-Beinstein.

Vocals, acoustic guitars, keyboards, drums.

4. GRAVEYARD GIRL

I saw her on the graveyard
Dressed in black
There between the tombstones
She was talking to the dead
Kurt Cobain, George Harrison
Mozart and Jim Morrison
Famous people make her day
As long as they have passed away
She's a graveyard girl
She's a graveyard girl
She's a graveyard girl, yes she is
Yes she is

I saw her at the grave of Freddie Mercury
I saw her at the grave of J.R.R. Tolkien
J.F.K., George Harrison
Beethoven, Jim Morrison
Famous people make her day
As long as they have passed away
She's a graveyard girl
She's a graveyard girl
She's a graveyard girl, yes she is
She's a graveyard girl
She's a graveyard girl
She's a graveyard girl, yes she is

And then one day she realized that she's been to every graveyard on
earth. Still, she couldn't get enough. So she bought a gun and went...
Johnny Cash, George Harrison
John Lennon and Jim Morrison
Famous people make her day
As soon as they have passed away
She's a graveyard girl
She's a graveyard girl
She's a graveyard girl, yes she is
She's a graveyard girl
She's a graveyard girl
She's a graveyard girl, yes she is

Written by Johannes Schult.

*Recorded 5th-6th October 2003 at Fish & Chips, Konstanz-Wallhausen.
Vocals, acoustic guitars, keyboards, melodica.*

5. TOILET SONG

Now I'm here alone cos you're not at my side
You know it's easier to hide
Away than look it in the eye
In my heart I start to cry

Now I'm here and I'm sitting on the toilet
Now I'm here and I'm lonely to the bone
Now I'm here and I'm singing on the toilet
Now I'm here all alone

It's so hard to tell the truth cos I don't know
What's on you mind? What if I show
You what I feel inside my heart?
Will you be mine or torn apart?

Now I'm here and I'm sitting on the toilet
Now I'm here and I'm lonely to the bone
Now I'm here and I'm singing on the toilet
Now I'm here all alone

Show me what you feel

Still I'm here and I'm sitting on the toilet
Now I'm here and I'm lonely to the bone
Still I'm here and I'm singing on the toilet
Still I'm here all alone all on my own

Written by Johannes Schult.

Recorded 1st September 2000 at Room 101, Waiblingen.

Vocals, acoustic guitars, keyboards.

6. IN LOVE WITH MICHAEL OWEN

She's in love with Michael Owen
Cos he's so cute and he's so great
She's in love with Michael Owen
Waiting for him at the stadium's gate
She's his fan, owns a thousand pictures
He's in her dreams at night
Watching him play makes her heart go boom
Yeah, he makes her feel all right
Yeah, he makes her feel all right, cos she's in love
She's in love with Michael Owen
Cos he's so cute and he's so great
She's in love with Michael Owen
Waiting for him at the stadium's gate
She attends every match and afterwards
She's waiting at the stadium's gate
Hoping that someday she will meet him there
To tell him, You're so great!
To tell him, You're so great! Cos she's in love
She's in love with Michael Owen
Cos he's so cute and he's so great
She's in love with Michael Owen
Stalking him at the stadium's gate
Then one day, as if in a dream
She really met him there
He said, Hi, I'm Michael! How are you?
It made her grasp for air
It made her grasp for air, cos she's in love
She's in love with Michael Owen
Cos he's so cute and he's so great
She's in love with Michael Owen
Meeting him at the stadium's gate
She was so excited, her heart stood still
She was happy as can be
But without her heart-beat she couldn't live
So she died there instantly
She died there instantly, cos she's in love
She's in love with Michael Owen
Cos he's so cute and he's so great
She's in love with Michael Owen
Waiting for him at the heaven's gate

Written by Johannes Schult.

Recorded 27th June at Fish & Chips, Konstanz-Wallhausen.

Vocals, keyboards.

7. PROOF OF GOD

Noah built a mighty ark - therefore God exists
The day is bright, the night is dark - therefore God exists
Politicians never lie - therefore God exists
Life is just and pigs can fly - therefore God exists
Jesus made the blind man see - therefore God exists
They play my song on the MTV - therefore God exists
There is a chip inside my brain - therefore God exists
One day I'll meet Shania Twain - therefore God exists
If God was one of us I would call him Stephen
If God was one of us I would look her in the eye

The Bible says the earth is flat - therefore God exists
It takes one step to cross a gap - therefore God exists
A madman shot John Lennon dead - therefore God exists
I just want Beck in your head - therefore God exists
If God was one of us I would call him Stephen
If God was one of us I would look her in the eye

3.14159 - therefore God exists
A quota sample will do fine - therefore God exists
My favourite drinks are cherry smoothies - therefore God exists
Michael Bay makes brilliant movies - therefore God exists
Piper Perabo cut her hair - therefore God exists
May I sit into your chair?

Written by Johannes Schult.

Recorded 8th-10th August 2008 at G13, Waiblingen-Beinstein

Vocals, electric & acoustic guitars, keyboards, scratching, drums, percussion.

8. WHAT'S THE BABY USING?

What's the baby using?
What's the baby using?
What's the baby using?
It's using 25
It's using 25
It's using 25

Written by Johannes Schult.

Recorded 27th August 2008 at G13, Waiblingen-Beinstein.

Vocals, electric & acoustic guitars, keyboards, drums.

9. ANOVA (MIT GERICHTETEN KONTRASTEN)

Sie denkt an die Sonne. Sie träumt von der Welt.
Sie kämmt ihre Haare, wie ihr es gefällt.
Sie lacht mit den Kindern. Sie füttert den Hund.
Sie geht gerne joggen und bleibt so gesund.

Sie mag die Bretagne. Sie spielt gerne Skat.
Sie pflanzt viele Blumen und fährt häufig Rad.
Sie kocht Marmelade. Sie schreibt ein Gedicht.
Sie sieht in den Wolken ein weißes Gesicht.

Ihn kümmert das alles nicht,
Denn jetzt gerade denkt er sich:
ANOVA mit gerichteten Kontrasten.
Voll Euphorie haut er die Syntax in die Tasten.
ANOVA und dazu dann noch ein Schaubild.
Die Glückshormone tanzen wild in seinem Kopf.

Sie liegt auf der Wiese. Sie badet im Meer.
Sie ist nicht mehr 18, doch nimmt's nicht so schwer.
Sie liebt Schokolade. Sie ist stets auf Zack.
Sie bäckt einen Kuchen mit Kokosgeschmack.

Ihn kümmert das alles nicht,
Denn jetzt gerade denkt er sich:
ANOVA mit gerichteten Kontrasten.
Voll Euphorie haut er die Syntax in die Tasten.
ANOVA und dazu dann noch ein Schaubild.
Ein Nudelholz trifft ihn von hinten auf den Kopf.

Benommen schaut er in das Licht.
Er traut seinen Augen nicht.
ANOVA mit gerichteten Kontrasten.
Mit voller Wucht fällt sein Schädel auf die Tasten.
ANOVA mit unendlich vielen Sternchen.
Die Engel singen im Chor in seinem Kopf.

ANOVA mit gerichteten Kontrasten.
Mit voller Wucht fällt sein Schädel auf die Tasten.
ANOVA mit unendlich vielen Sternchen.
Der Rhythmus schlägt von innen gegen seinen Kopf.

Written by Johannes Schult.

Recorded 8th-10th August 2008 at G13, Waiblingen-Beinstein

Vocals, acoustic & electric guitars, keyboards, recorder, drums, percussion.

10. HETEROSKEDASTIZITÄT

In ihrer Hand ein Buch; in ihrem Kopf ein Traum;
In ihrem Haar ein Tuch - tja, leider kenn' ich sie kaum.
In ihrem Schuh ein Fuß; in ihrer Tasche die Zeit -
Und dann zum Abschied ein Gruß, bis nächste Woche.

Das, was sie sagt, klingt gut. Das, was sie meint, macht Sinn.
Das, was sie denkt, ist klug aufgrund der Weisheit darin.
Das, was sie liest, ist dick. Das, was sie schreibt, ist toll
Und wenn sie zu mir blickt, dann bin ich glücklich.

Sie ist für Ökostrom. Sie ist recht häufig still.
Sie ist die Hauptperson, für die ich schwärmen will.
Sie ist meist gut gelaunt. Sie ist mysteriös.
Ja, ich bin häufig erstaunt von ihrem Handeln.

In meinem Blick ihr Arm; in meinem Kopf ein Traum;
In meinem Herz ihr Charme - doch leider kenn' ich sie kaum.
In meinem Schuh ein Fuß; in meiner Tasche ein Lied -
Und dann zum Abschied ein Gruß, bis nächste Woche.

Sie passt viel besser als ich in diese komische Welt.
Sie wird auch ohne mich ganz bestimmt mal ein Held.
Und trotzdem wüsste ich gerne, ob es nicht möglich wäre,
Dass wir beide zusammen glücklich werden.

Written by Johannes Schult.

Recorded 17th August 2007 at Fish & Chips, Konstanz-Wallhausen.

Vocals, acoustic guitars, keyboards, ukulele, melodica.

11. IF I COULD PAINT MY FEELINGS

If I could paint my feelings I'd talk about brushes all the time
If I could spell my joy I'd use but vowels
If I could wear my passion a hat would suit me fine
If I could weave my heart I'd just make towels

If I could eat my sorrow I'd chew lemons all the time
If I could name my fear I'd call it Fullers
If I could drink my longing I'd serve myself the sweetest wine
If I could print my pain I'd need no colours

If I could paint my feelings
If I could ride my soul
If I could wear my longing I'd be all right

If I could draw my wisdom I'd sketch circles all the time
If I could strum my hope I'd play an F-chord
If I could dye my spirit then blue'd be on my mind
If I could fly my love you'd be the airport

Written by Johannes Schult.

Recorded September 11th 2005 at Fish & Chips, Konstanz-Wallhausen.

Vocals, acoustic guitars, keyboards, harmonica, ukulele, glockenspiel.

12. AMONG THIEVES

Out in the jungle surrounded by thieves
Walking the edge on a carpet of leaves
You never wanted to be part of their game
But even that is now a part of your fame

Sending a signal of hope and distress
Trying in vain to find a way to confess
You never wanted to get lost in the maze
Of money and passion, of fortune and grace

You never wanted to discover the truth
The fading grey of beauty and youth
You never wanted to consider the price
You have to pay for believing their lies

Written by Johannes Schult.

Recorded 11th September 2008 at G13, Waiblingen-Beinstein.

Vocals, acoustic guitars, keyboards, drums.

13. SPIRIT SHE

Spirit She - monastic consedation
Spirit She - another rainy night
Spirit She - redemption in sensation
Spirit She - ten thousand tears I've cried
Spirit She - in every single hour
Spirit She - no matter where I go
Spirit She - a fragrant yellow flower
You will be a flicker in the glow
She's a wonder of shyness yearning for conation
Waiting for someone in the dead of the night
She's a number, a feeling yearning for insation
Knowing that no one ever tried
Spirit She - the empty desert highway
Spirit She - the Scarlet Pimpernel
Spirit She - the caladon on Friday
It will be the only revenel
Can you tell me what you see
What you hear and what you feel?
Can you show me something real?
Will you save my Spirit She?
She's a wonder of shyness yearning for conation
Waiting for someone in the dead of the night
She's a number, a feeling yearning for insation
Knowing that no one ever tried
Spirit She - November days of darkness
Spirit She - November days of rain
Spirit She - no matter where your heart is
I can feel the laughter and the pain
Can you tell me what you see
What you hear and what you feel?
Can you show me something real?
Will your spirit set me free?
Spirit she - my precious isolation
Spirit she - my one and only friend
Spirit she - in every contemplation
I will be the loser in the end
She's a wonder of shyness yearning for conation
Waiting for someone in the dead of the night
She's a number, a feeling yearning for insation
Knowing that no one ever tried
Spirit She - my Spirit She - Spirit She - my Spirit She

Written by Johannes Schult.

Recorded 22nd-23rd September 2008 at G13, Waiblingen-Beinstein.

Vocals, acoustic guitars, keyboards.

14. WISH YOU FELT THE SAME

Stay by my side
All through the night
You'll be all right
Watch the candle's flame

Stay for a while
Give me your smile
Then I'll be all right
Though I wish you felt the same

Written by Johannes Schult.

Recorded 30th September 2008 at G13, Waiblingen-Beinstein.

Vocals, piano.