

# Joey Tempest Doesn't Know Me

Let me give you the picture of it:

There I am working on a stepladder and it's very warm  
So warm that I think it must be warmer than hell  
So warm that if you leave some meat out of the fridge  
In a few hours you'll find it rotten with worms  
There's even a possibility it happened to me  
And when I say there's a possibility it happened to me  
I don't mean I might have gone rotten with worms  
It's just something that might have happened  
To the meat I bought  
Delicious pork slices that were meant to be my dinner  
If only I could finish my job  
If only I could finish my job

Hard working makes you lose your mind  
Hard working makes you insane  
You work hard for the money and get money for the food  
And get money for your dues  
Leaving nothing for your woman, leaving nothing for you  
Leaving nothing for your woman, leaving nothing for you

So here I am working on a stepladder  
Expressing myself into curses  
Patty Smith sings with no grace  
And then up comes Michael Jackson  
The mp3 playlist seems to be full operating  
The mind goes by itself, no need to drive my thoughts  
Naked women in my mind as I paint with the brush  
Women naked in my mind as I paint with the roll  
The warmest summer ever and I've to work all the time  
The worst of all summers: I simply can't feel fine  
The mind goes by itself, even running through time  
Back to the eighties when women were busty and sexy  
And in Europe Joey Tempest was at his peak  
And in Asia John Wetton was at his peak

Hard dreaming makes you lose your mind  
Hard dreaming makes you insane  
You dream of the future and the future never comes  
You get stuck in a present that only seems wrong  
There is nothing for you  
It only seems wrong, there's nothing for you

It's too warm to work  
So at some point I wrote these very words  
And texted some of them  
To an engineer who plays the guitar with me  
He also once used to be a postman  
He knows where people live  
And I'm pretty sure he knows a lot of secrets about them  
Are some of them useful for blackmailing?  
Some secrets could be worth very much money...  
So let me give you the picture of it once again:  
It is so fucking warm and there I am on a stepladder  
It's a hard life to live when you depend on your job  
Joey Tempest doesn't know me but this doesn't bother me  
The heat fucked my mind so well  
Beethoven Is now on my playlist  
And this summer is so warm...

The warmth makes you lose your mind  
The orchestra makes you insane  
Spock, Tom Waits and Kurt Cobain  
Are now singing in your brain  
The words of Luke Skywalker that you'll never understand  
There's nothing left for you  
You'll never understand that there's nothing for you...

Eno Jakomin, 2011