

Lyrics follow after album info:

Album info **When the Dust Has Settled**

Songs

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All songs by Væring except Night Wanderer by Væring & Lundin, Under a Painted Sky by Væring & Balke, Much Braver by Væring & Danemo, Tonight by Væring & Lundberg.

Produced by Joakim Milder & Trine-Lise Væring Copenhagen, April 2000

Band:

Trine-Lise Væring - vocal
Carsten Dahl - grand piano
Johannes Lundberg - double-bass
Peter Danemo - drums

Also appearing on: violin - Anne Egendal viola - Bjarne Boie Rasmussen viola - Gert Inge Andersson cello - Lars Holm Johansen saxophones, clarinet & bass flute - Frederik Lundin nylon & 12-string acoustic guitars - Trine-Lise Væring Photos by: Peter Funch

Recorded during 5 days in April 2000 at Sun Studio, Copenhagen by Bjarne Hansen and Johan Hoyer. Mix and additional recordings in June at Studio Bunkern in Gothenburg Sweeden by Johannes Lundberg.
Mastered by Lehnert Kjeldsen.
Cover by Anne Solmer
Photos by Peter Funch

Label: **Stunt Records 2000**

LYRICS:

Night Wanderer

Music and lyrics by Væring & Lundin

Dull is the word he'd use
grey is the colour I'd choose
to describe how he lived

Jumped on the train one day
finally he's on his way
to the city of his dreams

But now that at last he was there
it's like he no longer cared
could have been anywhere

Thought of the girls he'd meet
late night discussions he'd lead
with bohemian friends

Showrooms and abstract art
forthcoming smiles, "take my card"
they said, he said, "who? me?"

But now that he knew what to say
he thought, "have I been betrayed
I could have said anything"

Dark timbre in her voice
thought how could he be her choice
her companion for life

Knew her pace, how she'd stride
how she'd move, how she'd try
to avoid him at first

But now that at last she was his
he said, "is that all it is
it could have been anyone"

Who I Am

Music and lyrics by Væring

I am just a crawfish
who's trying to move forward
in a sideways world
in a sideways world

I am just an empty bottle
offering my juices
to anyone
almost anyone

I am just a lucky coin
who's out to make a profit
in a wishing well
in a wishing well

I've answered all your questions
been as truthful as I could
I've told you who I am
now tell me who you are

I am just a simple word
where long words they were needed
for some fancy talk
some fancy talk

I am just the wooden leg
of Captain Hook the pirate
I get kicked around
I get kicked around

But frankly I shall speak the truth
I'll tell it to the faces

of the satisfied
of the self denied

I've answered all your questions
been as truthful as I could
I've told you who I am
now tell me who you are

I am just a shabby chair
offering a seat
to a tired soul
to a tired soul

I am just a little girl
who's likely to grow older
in a teenage world
in a teenage world

I am just a snowflake
melting on your windscreen
on this wintry day
on this wintry day

I'm trying not to notice
that I'm being pointed at
by crooked fingers

I am merely what's her name
who'd like to be remembered
for who she is
just for who she is

October Song

Music and lyrics by Væring

The people are back
and the streets have come to life
I'm eating an apple
with my pocket knife

Life as we know it
September passed and then
we're back in business
October is here again
wrapped up in colours
in red and brown and gold

The winds stir the leaves
and they stick to my shoes
I'm feeling happy
with my autumn blues (just give me)

Street lights in the afternoon
and a quilt on the bed
rush-hour and red tail lights
go on now go ahead
bring a season in colour
in red and brown and gold

I'm wearing my favourite
sweater today
the pastel coloured dresses
they have all been put away (I'd trade them in for)

Wet boots in the hallway
wine and casserole
a new release from Portishead
and a Sunday stroll
though a season in colour
in red and brown and gold

Time to get up now
it is too cold to sit
I should hurry on home
I go window-shopping instead (I can't help it)

Life in the fast lane
and ambitious plans
the mandatory autumn cold
with videos at hand
it's a season in colour
it's red and brown and gold

Thoughts on Losing & Winning

Music and lyrics by Væring

The times I lost my head
lost money was gathered debt
I even lost my sense of humour

Once lost my self-control
but really on the whole
they only got what they deserved

Lost every game of chess
once I lost consciousness
even my watch is losing time

Yet I have won you over
I've earned a soul to love
I've gained your full attention
I'm just one stroke above

I lost all sorts of things
you know what really stings
it is the thought of losing you

Once lost my self-respect
lost heart lost track of it
in fact I wore it on my sleeve

I've lost some battles too
lost face and ground it's true
sometimes I thought I'd loose my mind

Now that I've won you over
I shall be back for more
I'd like to move in closer

to raise my total score

I'd go through hell and then
I'd lose it all again
as long as you are mine for keeps

No reason to disclaim
love is a loser's game
and so I'm perfect for the part

The Princess

Music and lyrics by Væring & Lundin

We always knew
that she wasn't common-place
as if she belonged
in a fairy-tale
somehow we sensed
we were never part of her reality
she never said so
but we sort of knew
anyway

'Cause she lived in a fantasy world of her own
and she never minded much being alone
'twas a God-given fact
nothing she played
wasn't something she'd act

We'd all pretend
thought she wanted us to
that she made perfect sense
well it just wasn't true
we'd play along
we didn't really know what else to do
'cause she was a princess at heart
who were we
to tell her?

That she lived in a fantasy world of her own
what good if we hand her our pillow of stone
the cruellest of facts
the sordid details
of life, who wants that?

'Cause inside her fantasy world we are told
the cheapest of glitter is turned into gold
it's a God-given fact
nothing she plays
ain't something she'd act

She's hand in glove
with the stars of daytime TV
it's how we know
that her mind still is free
we bring her fruit
and they lock the door behind us as we leave
she is still pretty
and we always knew

in her own way
she was smart
but we never noticed
when she was falling apart

'Cause she lives in that fantasy world of her own
she never complains about being alone
it's a God-given fact
nothing she plays
nothing she'd act

Yes she lives in a fantasy world of her own
and never complains about being alone
it's a God-given fact
it's nothing she plays
ain't something she acts
anyway

Under a Painted Sky

Music and lyrics by Væring & Balke

She knows they're watching, hears them gasp
perched high up-on the elephant's back
while in a tiny dress
with great finesse
she's juggling
torches and other things
you can imagine

Although they watch him carefully
he makes all sorts of things disappear
to think his tall black hat
can hold all that!
some dozens of
rabbits and turtle doves
and silken scarves

But when the lights are low
they plan to leave the show

He makes them laugh, he makes them cry
he goes through hell and back for their smile
while his is painted on
that's how it's done!
some funny hat
that they'll be laughing at
tonight as always

And as they hold their breath and sigh
she makes sure everyone feels a chill
against a painted sky
' way up high
she's balancing
along the wiring
across the tent

But now that lights are low
they swear to leave the show

Under the Sun

Music and lyrics by Væring

Cloudless sky
days on end
easy now

Strangest string of thoughts
roaming in my head
limbs at leisure
upon a sandy bed

Lick my face
graceful sun

Have your cone of light
pointed right at me
barefoot as I stand
at the edge of the sea

Looking out

There's a small white cloth
glad to entertain
it's bobbing up and down
on endless cellophane

I'm so keen on that libertine life
in the sun I've got nothing to hide away
I laugh at the sky
I don't notice the seagulls cry

Breathing in
breathing out
idle thoughts

Little beads of sweat
are trickling down my side
there's moisture on my brow
no cure can be applied

Dozing off
to the sound

Of unruly voices
stirring up the sea
mother father child
a happy family

Through my sun-specs
all their faces come out green
in their private bliss
my glances pass unseen

They're so keen on that libertine life
in the sun they've got nothing to hide away
they laugh at the sky
they don't notice the seagulls cry

Soothe me now
scornful sun
ease me up

let your precious beams
work me over good
carry me to sea
oh how I wish you would

Much Braver

Music and lyrics by Væring & Danemo

It may not show just how much I'm thriving
I seem to feed on your obtrusions
you may not see the progress I'm making
under your reign, your persuasion

You challenge me, I punish you for it
I'm safer when I keep my distance
but like I said I need your obtrusions
I'm lucky you are much braver than I ever was

'Cause you come to me with open arms
your lavish heart, your gift for persuasion

Still I tell you to stay away
turn my back, got foul things to say
try to run, try to winkle my way out of there
burn the bridges we crossed before
trip you up when you're back for more
like a snail I return to my house

I take it back we'll do it all over
you're all I need, why can't you see it
it's just my luck you happened to be there
I never took you for granted

I seek you eyes, my hand on your shoulder
we take a walk, we walk in silence
know I should wait, but still I approach you
I feel so left out, so lonely when you're out of reach

Then you come to me with open arms
your lavish heart, your gift for persuasion

I'm a master who knows his trade
once you blink I evaporate
my performance is good, it's a clean get-away
when you swing I'm inclined to dodge
meet a man who's afraid to touch
but you know, it's a habit I'm trying to lose

You're the branch that I'm clinging to
I'm the prince with the crystal shoe
don't give up on me now that we've come all this way
I will open my heart to you
there's a flood ready to break through
you're a saint that you're still being patient with me

Tonight

Music and lyrics by Væring & Lundberg

Pauses at the door
tapping his pockets
in search of his keys
his mail is still on the floor
it's blocking the way
of the opening door
slowly he takes off his coat
and leaves it on a chair

Silence fills the rooms
as he unties his shoes
he walks barefoot
'round the empty house
while listening to
the humming of the fridge
it comes and goes

Resting in the dark
he studies the many
shades of gray
the headlights of the cars
draw moving figures
upon the wall
chances are
she won't come back tonight
at all

Honestly

Music and lyrics by Væring

Honestly I regret it now
pretend I never said it, we
Graciously let it slip our minds
like grown-ups
of the grown-up kind

this sudden urge for honesty
was untimely I agree

Easily yes, I know I can
forget one slender-handed man

Surely it doesn't change a thing
'cause we won't ever let it
Usually I just look away
But there's one more thing
I'd like to say

this sudden urge for honesty
was untimely I agree

Easily yes, I know I can
forget some slender-handed man

some man

Readily you would answer me
said you never guessed it
Finally we just left it there
my words
hanging in the air

this sudden urge for honesty
was untimely I agree

Only I wish you'd longed for me
that's what I was hoping for
you see