



In the 25th Hour

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Publisher: Nullviernull/Baerensong

I cleaned the ashtrays
Sorted the papers - pile by pile
Half-written letters, unfinished lyrics
Into a file

I sharpened every pencil
Soft, middle, hard, red, black and green
Now the table's perfect
And the perfect time to begin

I look around – everything's so tidy and so clean
My table - and endless space
The pencils pointing at me and the blank sheet looks so mean -
No rhyme and not one phrase!

In the 25th hour
Coming out - coming in
When nothing is perfect
The perfect time to begin

I put new strings on my guitar
That waited in the corner for so long
The AC-30 needs new tubes
I wanna sound loud and strong

Now a cold drink from the kitchen
And a listen to the answering machine
Now everything is perfect
The perfect time to begin



Here all around – everything's so peaceful and so calm
Now it's already afternoon
My guitar lies so cosy in my arm
No melody and not one tune!

In the 25th hour
I don't know where I've been
When nothing is perfect
The perfect time to begin