

A black and white photograph of Hilde Louise Asbjørnsen. She is seated in a dark, high-backed chair, leaning back with her legs crossed. She has short, wavy blonde hair and is wearing a dark, long-sleeved blouse with a high collar and a dark tie. Her lips are painted a vibrant red. The background consists of large, vertical panels, some of which appear to be painted murals or tapestries depicting various scenes, including a sailboat and a landscape. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting her face and hair against the darker background.

HILDE LOUISE ASBJØRNSEN

Red Lips, Knuckles and Bones

SongWays



Photo by Jørgen Norby

HILDE LOUISE ORCHESTRA (from left to right):

Double Bass: Jens Fossum · **Drums and percussion:** Hermund Nygård

Main vocals: Hilde Louise Asbjørnsen (and Svein Erik Martinsen on «Red Lips»)

Keys: Anders Aarum · **Guitars:** Svein Erik Martinsen

Additional vocals: Anders Aarum, Jens Fossum, Svein Erik Martinsen and Hermund Nygård

Tenor Saxophone: Knut Riisnæs (special guest, not on this picture)

1 RED LIPS

Lyrics: HLA · Music: HLA / Aarum

When I put my red lips on
I can do just anything
I can start a hurricane
I can make a grown man sing

When I put my red lips on
I can wear my black flat shoes
I can use my full left brain
I can ramble where I chose
And I could hurt a fly
I could hurt a fly
I could hurt a fly

I can make a round trip, I can do a tail whip
I can flip the whole shit, I can do a full split
I can do it all alone
I can party my own

When I got my red lips on
You can hardly see my eyes
I can start a rising tide
Knockin' over ancient lies

When I got my red lips on
I can carry heavy stones
I can climb a mountain side
I can bend a old mans bones
And I could hurt a fly
I could hurt a fly
I could hurt a fly

I can make a round trip, I can do a tail whip
I can flip the whole shit, I can do a full split
I can put those greedy hands
back into their own damn pants

When I got my red lips on
I could hurt a fly
I would hurt that fly

2 NEVER KNOW YOU TOO WELL

Lyrics / Music: HLA

You know me so well
You've seen every winter and spring
You can tell from the the shades in my eyes
Every note that I'll sing

High storms and full moons
Nights when I stumble up hill
Early dawns when we're quiet alone
and the seasons stand still

You know when I'm running too fast
And you warn me before I go down
You seem to know what to say
when I need to get up off that ground
But you will never ever know me too well

Your playful embrace
Anger that turned into scorn
I know every path that you conquered
and those you still secretly mourn

We're never at ease
Time swings, we sway to and fro
Our love seems to move with the beat
from some rhythm below

You still get those moments at night
When your stories are hard to entwine
Some secrets are better off kept in the sky
where they live on like mine
And I will never ever know you
And you will never ever know me
Too well

3 A SWING OF ITS OWN (INTRO)

Lyrics / Music: HLA

Now times are changing rapidly but what can we do?
Our beauty fades with gravity but what can we do?
And bubbles tend to burst, the fact is undeniable
The melting of the poles is quite reliable
But what can we do?
What can you do?

4 A SWING OF ITS OWN

Lyrics: HLA · Music: HLA / Aarum

Swing me to the moon
Swing me through the gloom
Anywhere you turn
I am willing to learn
Treat your heartache like gold
And we'll never grow old
Keep the city awake
Clap your hands till they ache

Swing me through the night
Do it 'cause it's right
Swing me through the day
Take me far, far away
Every knuckle and bone
Has a swing of its own
I can't help it but sing
When you play me that swing

And if you don't know how this fever burning
You got to walk closer to the sun
You got to lift your eyes, turn every stone
You'll find a swing of your own

Swing me to the stars
Swing me through to Mars
Never let it end
I don't want to descend
Keep me on the wing
Don't be clever, just swing

5 WATER WALL

Lyrics / Music: HLA

You wait
You wait
For some earthly force to lift these rocks
These rocks
These rocks
Off your chest

Could fate
Would fate
Change the worn out tracks that trapped
Your mind
Your mind
Your mind
From the light

The bliss of unsoiled morning air
When every braided road lies bare
Untouched by daylight's rising fear
That slowly grows and blocks your view

When the sun hits the water fall
You will see straight through it all
In you spine there's a soft recall
This is just a water wall

The bliss of unsoiled morning air
When every braided road lies bare
Untouched by daylight's rising fear
Will keep your head above in air

When the sun hits the water fall
You will see straight through it all
In you spine there's a soft recall
This is just a water wall

6 MAKE SOME SHINE

Lyrics: HLA · Music: HLA / Aarum

Out on that limb again
Ice melted thin again
And this silly road
It is just my own
But it speaks to me
And it pulls me on

I'll be walking on the side where the sun shines
I can make do with some bright times
You can chose the shade and pull blinds
Or gamble on the upside to skylines
And if the sun should stop shining for a while
I will have to make some shine on my own time
I will have to make my own kind of sunshine

You'd do this differently
And it stays a mystery
Why I fall asleep
With this constant call
I got this one chance
And I'd risk it all
Just like any passionate affair
You can preach, but hearts in love won't hear

I'll be walking on the side where the sun shines
I can make do with some bright times
You can walk the shade and pull blinds
Or gamble on the upside to skylines
And if the sun should stop shining for a while
I will have to make some shine on my own time
I will have to make my own kind of sunshine

7 DON'T FIGHT THE UNDERTOW

Lyrics / Music: HLA

Some cling to old stones
Birds fly over the ocean
In search of new homes
A boarder's only a notion
Incredible colors unfold in his eyes
Empowered and shaped by the palm of our lies

And he says
Sway with the ocean
Find the rhythm of a wave
Dream a horizon
Crossing shores is brave

Don't fight the undertow
It will bring you in
Sway with the ocean
To aspire's not a sin

Asleep for too long
Tucked in chase away splendor
Enchanted and wrong
Too content to remember
There wasn't the option of leaving by choice
The tale of our history reverbs in his voice
And he says

Sway with the ocean
Find the rhythm of a wave
Dream a horizon
Crossing shores is brave
Don't fight the undertow
It will bring you in
Sway with the ocean
To aspire's not a sin

There's a siren that goes off at night
Calling souls in the sea to the light
If you listen you'll hear how it rings
Watch the surface they're dancing on wings

Some cling to old stones
Birds fly over the ocean
In search of new homes
A boarder's only a notion

8 THE MAN HAD A GUN

Lyrics / Music: HLA

A Sunday Stroll Story of four little men
With exceptional talent for climbing
Unbearably brave, with young hearts to defend
They'd pick any battle and fight till the end
If their tooth fairy treehouse was in danger

The park became forrest with treasures unknown
As they flew, overtaking the hilltops
But that day the forrest had guests of its own
On the ground, in the sun, saddled, poor, safe and sound
Were the black, prowling eyes of Any Stranger

Don't go in there
All that we feared is alive behind birch trees and pine
Don't go there, this is the moment
We've seen it
The man had a gun

They stumbled on evidence
Crippling bare, on the forrest floor, warm from the sunshine
The red, golden cartridge was thrown in the air
Away from the scene, down the slope, from the stare
Ran the four little men, escaping danger

Mother, don't you dare
Don't go in there
All that we feared is alive behind birch trees and pine
Don't go there
Nothing can save us, we've seen it
The man had a gun

A Sunday stroll story of four little men
With exceptional talent for climbing
Unbearably brave with young hearts to defend
They buried a sparrow and fought till the end
As their tooth fairy treehouse faced the danger

Don't go in there
All that we fear is a live behind birch trees and pine
Stay out here, this is the moment
You've seen it
The man had a gun

9 PINK PUSH WAGON

Lyrics / Music: HLA

We're surely running out of time
Fresh proof is tumbling down in line
Our heroes leaving one by one
The moon it self will soon be gone

Our humble voices beg for more
Joining that muted, marching corps
War pigs still draining childhood dreams
Short trading heartbeats and sunbeams

He kicked his colors on white walls
He blew our cover, shed it all
The circus clown got off the streets
Danced to his own beat
Danced to his own beat

Small girl alone on subway loud
Big helmet, eyeballing that searching crowd
Will she get on that pacing train
Or make her own pink power game

My Pink Push Wagon is a horse
If he believes he'll tear down doors
He'd never settle, he'd rebell
Grab that megaphone and yell

We need a Pink Push Wagon
To kick us off this hill
A private Pink Push Wagon
To serve this world a Pill

He kicked his colors on white walls
He blew our cover, shed it all
The circus clown got off the streets
Danced to his own beat,
danced to his own beat

My Pink Push Wagon is a horse
If he believes you he will tear down doors
He'd never settle he'd rebell
He'd grab that megaphone and yell

10 LAZY AFTERNOON

Lyrics: John La Touche
Music: Jerome Moross

11 RETURN TO START

Lyrics: HLA · Music: HLA / Aarum

You can't start over in the middle of a highway
Or in the middle of a traffic jam
Where people try to run each other over
You can't escape while in the middle of an escalator
You can not run when someone's clinging to your hand

You can't get moving looking at a burning building
You must wait it out until the smoke has cleared
Before you march on into the horizon
You can't kiss full of words you can't explain
You can't love, really love someone stuck on a running train, but

Try taking that first step
Start off with one small step then
Pause and smell the air
Perfection in one step
Embracing that small step then
Wait, return to start

You remember vaguely that moment heaven sent
That feeling of content
When every single answer and solution that you thought of
Turned out God Damned Perfect

We all lack something, we don't come with perfect endings
There is no recipe
Or an automatic update
So don't think, even for a minute, that you'll pass that test
Next time around your brain is all out dated, but

Try taking that first step
Start off with one small step then
Pause and smell the air
Embracing that first step
Perfection in one step then
Wait, return to start

12 RICH

Lyrics: HLA · Music: HLA / Aarum

Please, come in
Don't bother to take your shoes off
I just polished these palisander floors
And they're three hundred years old
But it's perfectly OK
Cause you see in these times
It doesn't matter anyway

Please, come in
I'll carry that leather suitcase
I'm a small woman and
I just scrubbed and cleaned for 33 days in a row
But I'm strong as a dinosaur
So I prefer it that way
You know in these times
It doesn't matter anyway

Would you like a drink you've never heard of?
I like to call it «Velvet on the Rocks»
Now, the recipe's a secret, but I'll tell you
It contains one third of an unbelievable storyline
That knocks Fellini off his seat
It makes the sun burn through that screen
It makes who ever drinks it scream
It's true – Oh, really?
That's what you heard too
Please, finish it off
I never liked left overs
Never did, leftovers just make me feel hungry and poor
And my father used to say,
It's all in the habits.
You know habits shape your soul and what people think of you
Now I don't give a shit about that soul
But I like people to think of me as rich
And constantly full

Rich and constantly full
Constantly full
Never hungry
Never in need of anything
Anything at all
We already got it
Because we're rich

Never really felt that way
But it's what I want them to say

Please, come in
I'll carry that leather suitcase



HILDE LOUISE ASBJØRNSSEN Red Lips, Knuckles and Bones

1 **Red Lips** 3:10 · 2 **Never Know You Too Well** 3:47
3 **A Swing Of It's Own** INTRO 1:08 · 4 **A Swing Of It's Own** 3:03
5 **Water Wall** 4:56 · 6 **Make Some Shine** 3:26
7 **Don't Fight The Undertow** 3:32 · 8 **The Man Had A Gun** 4:50
9 **Pink Push Wagon** 4:15 · 10 **Lazy Afternoon** 4:09
11 **Return To Start** 3:46 · 12 **Rich** 6:30

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