**story of a man who turns back time (Johannes Neu 2020)**

all the stars above, he is lying under the moonshine

a cold clear night alone, it seems his last resort

remembering the time goes by, the option’s gone to say goodbye

resisting in the world, he’s standing still

thinking that he had no luck, give in to be thunderstruck

craving for a chance for him to change

all the stars above, like decisions in a lifetime

the wind, the whispering trees, is blowing his mind away

fears grow high again, like rising wind in the nightfall

reality seems gone, he’s reaching for the moon

remembering the girls he had, relationships, they’re all gone bad

he can’t believe, that she is going to die

false decisions in a row, what have he done, he have to grow

there could be a way to turn back time

he grew up in a little town, this lonely child is feeling down

got problems if there were many people around

did wet the bed and wet his self, what is real, he lost his health

every time he got this fear that something’s going wrong

and than there comes the days at school, he always acted like a fool

one night he was trapped in a dark cellar

a pumpkin man sneered at him and told him that he’d wait for him

“come to me, dissemble me, ‘cause I want to die”

his mother’s simply over strained, the father lost his job and faith

the child is feeling small in this big world

searched for trust in fantasy, imaginations getting real

speaking to a brother which no other one can see

but after all he gets a wife, together they could stand the life

trying to get pregnant, get a child

ended in miscarriage, ended disconnectedness

he’d always knew he have no luck and he’s the one to blame

he died this day, his father’s gone away

he forced his son to shoot his brain away

she died alone, his mother’s hone away

she killed herself and invited him that day

after he tried suicide, psychiatry where he can hide

he stands alone, trying to get up

feeling lost in memories, his brother’s here, why can’t they see

what is real and what is not, to understand himself

in the station met a girl, beautiful and like a swirl

love could be a bridgework out if here

but in here brain a tumor grows, few weeks too late to cut it out

is she infected with bad luck? He needs to turn back time

he cries today, his girl is going away

she’s going to die and he is forced to stay

so it can’t go on, he needs to change this way

what have he done, that his luck is all away

“oh brother please help me, so I can’t go on,

I need now a light to see, I’ve my back to the wall”

“go back to our hometown in the archive of town hall,

it’s a time machine you can go to, at the end of the walk, there’s a door”

“oh brother I can’t believe it, that this is for real,

is there an option to fix it, in which time I’m released?”

“the date specifications of the files on the wall,

just push on the right rack and than you have to go through the door”

all the stars above, they are lying under the moonshine

a cold clear night with here, the love lies in her eyes

the luck is on his way, a rising wind in the nightfall

everything has changed, he reached the moon

after he went through this door, into the past, he left the floor

realizing that there’s only one thing to change

he saw her eyes in front of him, her lips like wine, her perfect skin

to change too much means that they’d never met

to turn back the time, to see the sign, that love is all he need

to turn back the time, to see the sign, that her love is all he need

to send a message to his love, what she have to do and that’s enough

and everything comes to a perfect end

it was never true that he had no luck, give up on yourself is the only fuck

it was worth the things he passed for this love

to turn back the time, to see the sign, that love is all he need

to turn back the time, to see the sign, that her love is all he need