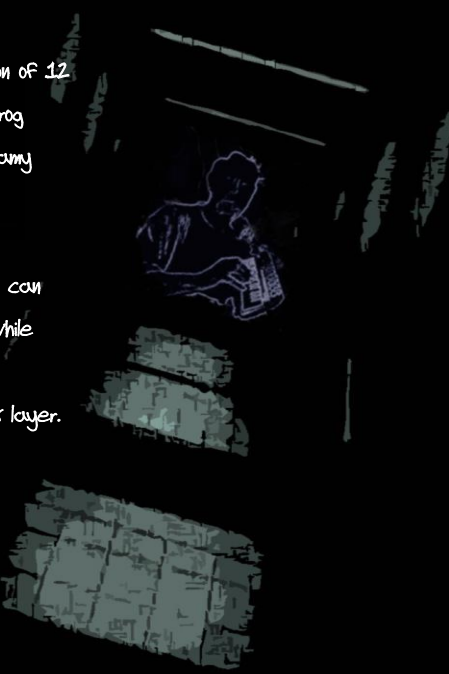


# A TRUE MAN'S HOME

A true man's home is a collection of 12 pop-rock compositions. Rock and prog songs are alternated with dreamy and catchy pop songs.

Digestible tunes and sing-alongs can get you off on the wrong foot while interpreting the brooding lyrics, giving the album an overall dark layer.

With this booklet words enter your head even better ...



# A TRUE MAN'S HOME

## TRACKLIST

- |     |                         |      |
|-----|-------------------------|------|
| 1.  | A true man's home       | 3:45 |
| 2.  | Struck by a flash       | 3:53 |
| 3.  | Does it matter anyway   | 6:11 |
| 4.  | Flat line               | 4:11 |
| 5.  | Try another turn        | 3:59 |
| 6.  | Soldier of my bare soul | 4:17 |
| 7.  | My abyss                | 4:19 |
| 8.  | Reply to my call        | 4:22 |
| 9.  | In my heart             | 3:19 |
| 10. | Clouds get in your way  | 3:59 |
| 11. | So hurt                 | 3:32 |
| 12. | Thicker than blood      | 3:55 |

Total playing time: 49:53

# A TRUE MAN'S HOME

## A TRUE MAN'S HOME

Music & Lyrics by Hans Geurts; Instruments & Vocals by Hans Geurts

Like Truman Burbank,  
sailing the ocean,  
way out of sight

As far as eyes can see there is one void  
Without a clue rowing towards the sun  
Firm in the faith, not looking back,  
cast an eye to the light

A true man's all alone  
trusting his compass of life

Don't listen to shallow people  
Don't let ignorance get in your mind  
Don't be in a phoney vicinity  
Leave this world behind

Rowing to the unknown,  
trusting that he's not alone  
searching for a true man's home

The end of the stage is in sight, a wide open door  
Look to what's coming, not what's been  
Leaving the ship, open the door, let in the light

# A TRUE MAN'S HOME

## STRUCK BY A FLASH

Music by Hans Geurts, Lyrics by Tass Hardin; Instruments & Vocals by Hans Geurts

There is nothing left that we can do  
There is nothing here for me and you  
There is nothing left but dust of the implosion  
The night is not responsible  
But in the night we are invisible  
In the night we are... oh... disillusion...  
Struck by a flash !  
It came from out of the shade  
Struck by a flash !  
It came from out of the shade  
Sinister event or elevation  
Caught by light or caught by expectation

Is it really white  
is it really white or is it blue  
Voices calling out we cannot hear  
Voices speak of love and silencing the fear  
We cannot hear  
we cannot hear  
we cannot hear the truth  
Struck by a flash !  
It came from out of the shade  
Struck by a flash !  
It came from out of the shade

# A TRUE MAN'S HOME

## DOES IT MATTER ANYWAY

Music by Hans Geurts, Lyrics by Tass Hardin, Instruments & Vocals by Hans Geurts

Sometimes I wake up in the middle of the night  
thinking man, something here sure ain't right  
my alarm is set at six o'clock for the next round  
but one day all that's gonna be left of me is  
some dirt in the ground

A few drops of seed  
nine months of weed  
and she was put on this earth  
born a woman indeed  
she is the perfect breed  
to give some children birth

To become parts of the engine that's gonna  
make our planet blow

no not me, I'm not gonna feed and  
watch my children grow

I'm endowed with the talent only humans have  
yes, I'm referring to my brain, ain't that some laugh  
these few grey pounds we can't exist without  
make us differ from the beast, we should be really proud

I need to know right now, tell me what is the reason  
is there anything or anyone to justify this treason  
what's the use for any child to live and grow older  
when the world he's living in is every day growing colder  
and what if you had known just the slightest bit  
would you have volunteered  
for all life's pain and suffering shit  
or am I now talking weird

# A TRUE MAN'S HOME

A few drops of seed  
nine months of weed  
and she was put on this earth  
born a woman indeed  
she is the perfect breed  
to give some children birth

Wouldn't it be great if only we could be  
unicellulars again just for one day  
24 hours just drifting down the water  
not being able to consider any other way  
but I have a mind that's continuously  
fed up with the strangest ideas  
inflicting all this damage to my heart  
how I'd rather disappear

So I'm laying here awake at night  
alone in this big bed  
no one here to hold on tight  
and cool down my boiling head

I haven't decided yet for my very last round  
shall I have them put me six feet in the ground

So when my day comes I lie there softly  
and surrender to the nibbling of the worms

A few drops of seed  
nine months of weed  
and she was put on this earth  
born a woman indeed  
she is the perfect breed  
to give some children birth

Or let them build up a fire  
and have lightning crashes  
the flames grow higher and higher  
as they turn me into ashes

Does it matter anyway ...

# A TRUE MAN'S HOME

## FLAT LINE

Music & Lyrics by Hans Geurts; Instruments & Vocals by Hans Geurts

Man is telling man  
Man is following man  
Man is cloning man  
Man is becoming man  
For the power and the glory  
of average people to survive  
All colours are gone  
the world's fading to grey  
After thousands of years  
man will at last end in a flat line

But...  
I like it when I'm up  
I climb mountains and ride the sky  
I hate it when I'm down  
I revel in self-pity and curse mankind

I'm crossing the borderline  
I don't feel grey, want to stand up  
I feel sometimes sad and mostly fine  
The only thing I don't wanna see is a flat line

Okay, I'm a man of highs and lows  
it's not always easy to comprehend  
Crossing borders since I've been born  
in a world where flattening is the trend  
Why is it me who's told he's mad  
What's wrong having ideals in my head  
I can't understand the common herd  
supporting the downfall of this world  
Follow the leader, don't go astray  
Just bless the flat line in full grey

# A TRUE MAN'S HOME

But...

I like it when I'm up

I climb mountains and ride the sky

I hate it when I'm down

I revel in self-pity and curse mankind

I'm crossing the borderline

I don't feel grey, want to stand up

I feel sometimes sad and mostly fine

The only thing I don't wanna see is a flat line

Man is cheating man

Man is deceiving man

Man is chasing man

Man is killing man

For the power and the glory  
of average people to survive

All colours are gone  
the world's fading to grey

After thousands of years  
man will at last end in a flat line

But...

I like it when I'm up

I climb mountains and ride the sky

I hate it when I'm down

I revel in self-pity and curse mankind

I'm crossing the borderline

I don't feel grey, want to stand up

I feel sometimes sad and mostly fine

The only thing I don't wanna see is a flat line



# A TRUE MAN'S HOME

## TRY ANOTHER TURN

Music by Hans Geurts, Lyrics by Tass Hardin; Instruments & Vocals by Hans Geurts

What can you do  
when nothing seems bright  
And what can you say  
when someone knocks on your door  
Open your arms  
and say hello to a new day  
Try another turn  
and you'll discover a new way

Do you feel down and out  
And darkness fills the room  
Wanna cry wanna howl  
like a wolf in the night  
Just open your arms  
and say hello to the new day

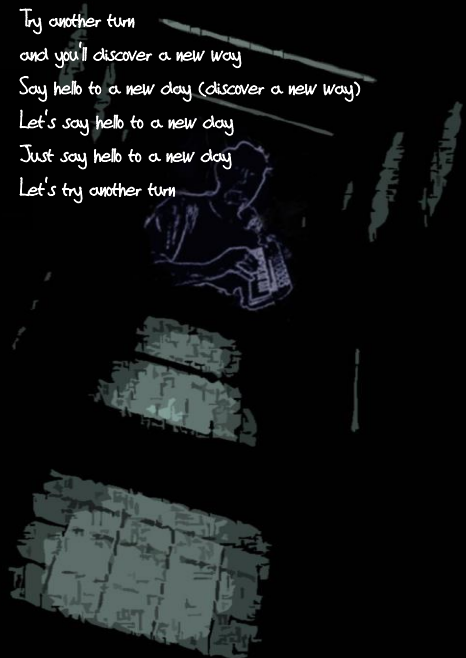
Try another turn  
and you'll discover a new way  
Say hello to a new day (discover a new way)  
Let's say hello to a new day  
Just say hello to a new day  
Let's try another turn

The dead end you see  
is only in your mind  
You're misled by yourself  
leave that fool behind  
Open your arms  
and say hello to a new day  
Try another turn  
and you'll discover a new way

# A TRUE MAN'S HOME

Do you feel down and out  
And darkness fills the room  
Wanna cry wanna howl  
like a wolf in the night  
Just open your arms  
and say hello to the new day

Try another turn  
and you'll discover a new way  
Say hello to a new day (discover a new way)  
Let's say hello to a new day  
Just say hello to a new day  
Let's try another turn



# A TRUE MAN'S HOME

## SOLDIER OF MY BARE SOUL

Music by Hans Geurts, Lyrics by Tass Hardin; Instruments & Vocals by Hans Geurts

I can feel it when you touch me  
I can hear it in your whisper  
But as soon as you speak out loud  
and your mind is in control  
everything comes down on my bare soul

I would travel the world and beyond  
If you'd ask me to accompany  
But as soon as you speak I know you won't  
and my mind gets in control  
to be the soldier of my bare soul

Am I just your fantasy  
Your dream come true  
Just to last as long as no one knows  
Tell me who are you

You say it's just on a bad day  
You let your mind get in the way  
You say it's just thoughts taking hold of you  
Driving you crazy making you blue

Telling me better to prepare  
Telling me better to take care

I give all I have and all that I am  
I try so hard to understand  
But as soon as you speak of all your doubts  
and your mind loses control  
everything comes down on my bare soul

# A TRUE MAN'S HOME

I try day after day to hold on to you  
I try to listen to your heart when I'm alone  
But as soon as I hear you speak these words  
my mind gets in control  
to be the soldier of my bare soul

Am I just your fantasy  
Your dream came true  
Just to last as long as no one knows  
Tell me who are you

You say it's just on a bad day  
You let your mind get in the way  
You say it's just thoughts taking hold of you  
Driving you crazy making you blue

Telling me better to prepare  
Telling me better to take care

And that's when we are miles apart  
I'm so sorry I don't have enough strength  
to trust either you or my heart

You say it's just on a bad day  
You let your mind get in the way



# A TRUE MAN'S HOME

## MY ADYSS

Music & Lyrics by Hans Geurts; Instruments & Vocals by Hans Geurts

Pain and disappointment, grief and anger  
all gathered in a sludgy pool  
Losing faith and hope, no ray of light  
slippery walls giving no hold  
The abyss glares at me,  
showing the result of all the things  
that have been said and done

Climbing up, falling down  
No way out, keep spinning around  
Dark and muddy, so impervious  
My head explodes, my soul's a mess  
I keep looking in every corner of the circle  
for the door that brings light in my eyes

Diverging clouds of heavy memories  
instead of a bright sky with hope  
Rain, thunder and lightning  
I don't know how long I can still cope  
Is there anybody out there,  
with a torch or sign for me?  
Please, please, please  
help me with my misery

It sticks like a leech, gets grip on my system  
what can I do to unravel the slip knot  
So many curly nerves eating a way out  
Who created hell on earth, me, myself or God?

# A TRUE MAN'S HOME



*It's time for system bleeding,  
I've got to turn off the spinal tap  
Let me descend the abyss  
and see who or what is really me*

*Climbing up, falling down  
No way out, keep spinning around  
Dark and muddy, so impervious  
Face the thoughts, feel the emotions  
Spinning around in a deep dark circle  
Will there be a time that brings light in my eyes*

# A TRUE MAN'S HOME

## REPLY MY CALL

Music & Lyrics by Hans Geurts; Instruments & Vocals by Hans Geurts

I talk my talk like I always tend to do  
Heads are turning, people stare into the blue  
Words leave my mouth, all clear it seems to be  
There's something wrong, I can speak but cannot hear

There's a deafening silence all around me  
People are talking but I don't hear a thing  
Lips are moving but sounds are dying  
One black hole, there's nothing coming through

I yell, I squeal, I shout, I scream  
But no one hears my cries, is it a dream?  
There's talk and whisper all around  
But why don't I hear any sound?

Is there anything wrong with me  
Tell me why you don't hear and see  
Please give me answers and clues  
Don't leave me behind in the doom

Somewhere I was set aside  
Somehow I was left behind,  
Is there a pledge, a covertly vow  
to make me break or let me bow  
Why don't I get any answers  
Get a reply to my call  
Why don't I get any answers  
Please reply to my call

# A TRUE MAN'S HOME

Lips are moving but sounds are dying  
One black hole, there's nothing coming through

I yell, I squeal, I shout, I scream  
But no one hears my cries, is it a dream?  
There's talk and whisper all around  
But why don't I hear any sound?

Is there anything wrong with me  
Tell me why you don't hear and see  
Please give me answers and clues  
Don't leave me behind in the doom

Somewhere I was set aside  
Somehow I was left behind,  
Is there a pledge, a covertly vow  
to make me break or let me bow

Why don't I get any answers  
Get a reply to my call  
Why don't I get any answers  
Please reply to my call



# A TRUE MAN'S HOME

## IN MY HEART

Music by Hans Geurts, Lyrics by Tass Hardin; Instruments & Vocals by Hans Geurts

In your eyes I see the fear  
Then again hope for life is near  
We dare not speak but yet we do  
Now we realize there's no clue

I wear your bracelets I wear your ring  
I wear you forever in my heart and sing

The mirror shows us both the past  
We've always known nothing will last  
Not even you not even me  
Now we realize and it's so clear to see

I wear your bracelets I wear your ring  
I wear you forever in my heart and sing

Houses decline while your river will flow  
Whatever tomorrow your spirit will grow  
I dare not think but yet I do  
Now I realize there's no clue

I wear your bracelets I wear your ring  
I wear you forever in my heart and sing

In your eyes I see myself and I fear  
Then again we know we'll always be near  
Forever lasting rays of shining light  
Whatever tomorrow it will be all right

I wear your bracelets I wear your ring  
I wear you forever in my heart and sing

# A TRUE MAN'S HOME

## CLOUDS GET IN YOUR WAY

Music by Hans Geurts, Lyrics by Tass Hardin; Instruments & Vocals by Hans Geurts

Put on a cd, turn on the bass  
Drinking a beer while tears run down your face  
You twist the numbers and suddenly you're small  
But this time make sure that you don't fall  
You need to recall all details again  
Cause some things haven't really changed since then  
You're convinced the wallpaper's never been so blue  
When salvation army marches in to rescue

Did you know that the sun shines bright every day  
Let me tell you baby, it doesn't matter,  
it really doesn't matter  
If sometimes clouds get in your way

So don't feel any pity not for me not for you  
You might not think so but you will see through

Somehow you feel the essence and you won't forget  
It's what makes you strong for the road that lies ahead  
Sometimes you need to remember all again  
Some things haven't changed since then  
You're convinced the wallpaper's never been so blue  
When salvation army marches in to rescue

Sometimes you need to remember all again  
Some things haven't changed since then  
For clouds are only suggesting  
It's what lies behind that fills the heart  
Sometimes clouds get in your way

Did you know that the sun shines bright every day  
Let me tell you baby, it doesn't matter, it really  
doesn't matter, if sometimes clouds get in your way

# A TRUE MAN'S HOME

## SO HURT

Music & Lyrics by Hans Geurts; Instruments & Vocals by Hans Geurts

I can only guess what's going on in other peoples mind  
I'm no Freud or Jung to explain what's all behind  
Life and hereafter, it is all going through my head  
What will be true or false after I am dead  
Will there be conception, will there be an idea  
of all the efforts I made, how I felt over the years

There was trouble, there were a lot of mistakes made  
Can't turn back the clock, vindication comes too late  
But does it have to be as if I'm the only one to blame  
I can only hope 'n pray that others also feel the shame  
Will there be any remorse on the other side  
Will there be grief about any useless fight  
Will there be conception, will there be an idea  
Will my life fizzle out or end in a glee

Crocodile tears, shed in a daze  
cannot mend a torn down base  
My heart of stone, built over years  
cannot be thawed by crocodile tears  
With eyes wide open nothing was seen  
not hearing or feeling the way I have been  
so hurt

Will there be any remorse on the other side  
Will there be grief about any useless fight  
Will there be conception, will there be an idea  
Will my life fizzle out or end in a glee

Chorus once more ...

# A TRUE MAN'S HOME

## THICKER THAN BLOOD

Music & Lyrics by Hans Geurts; Instruments & Vocals by Hans Geurts

I never could have imagined  
the way things turned out to be  
Calling for judgment by people who stand so close to me  
Balancing right and wrong, it all was perfectly clear  
Still there was doubt, there was anger  
and there was sometimes fear

How many years, how many tries have passed  
All efforts were in vain, my story didn't last  
Fighting injustice, searching for righteousness  
no one cared, it was just me and my Nemesis

Blood and water, water or blood,  
Water is thicker, much thicker than blood  
Water and blood, blood or water  
Blood should be thicker but it ain't the law

Water and blood, blood or water  
Blood and water, water or blood,  
Ignoring my senses, praising new law  
Water is thicker, much thicker than blood

I lost my next of kin in a fight for getting things right  
They don't wanna see or hear  
what's eating me every night  
Alone in the dark with shadows from the past  
Calling out for justice, how many years did it last  
My head's always on the run, trying to sort it out  
Will they ever get a sense what it is all about  
Blood or water?

# A TRUE MAN'S HOME

Is there a way out of here  
Is the dark sky getting clear  
Is the rule of law changing soon  
Am I damned to be the man on the moon

It's dealing with the devil  
For me to leave behind  
my thoughts and feelings  
Keep them forever inside  
Or will there be a moment  
that people understand  
Realize the situation  
is getting out of hand

How many years, how many tries have passed  
All efforts were in vain, my story didn't last  
Fighting injustice, searching for righteousness  
no one cared, it was just me and my Nemesis

Blood and water, water or blood,  
Water is thicker, much thicker than blood  
Water and blood, blood or water  
Blood should be thicker but it ain't the law

Water and blood, blood or water  
Blood and water, water or blood,  
Ignoring my senses, praising new law  
Water is thicker, much thicker than blood

# A TRUE MAN'S HOME

- This album was recorded, mixed and mastered by Hans Geurts at Twomusic Studio.
- Special thanks to Mele Loos, Marco Hoogland and Wouter Veltmaat.
- Album as well as songs are available on CD Baby and most online providers and radio channels.

[WWW.GASHUNTERS.COM](http://WWW.GASHUNTERS.COM)

A TRUE MAN'S HOME

GASHUNTERS

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