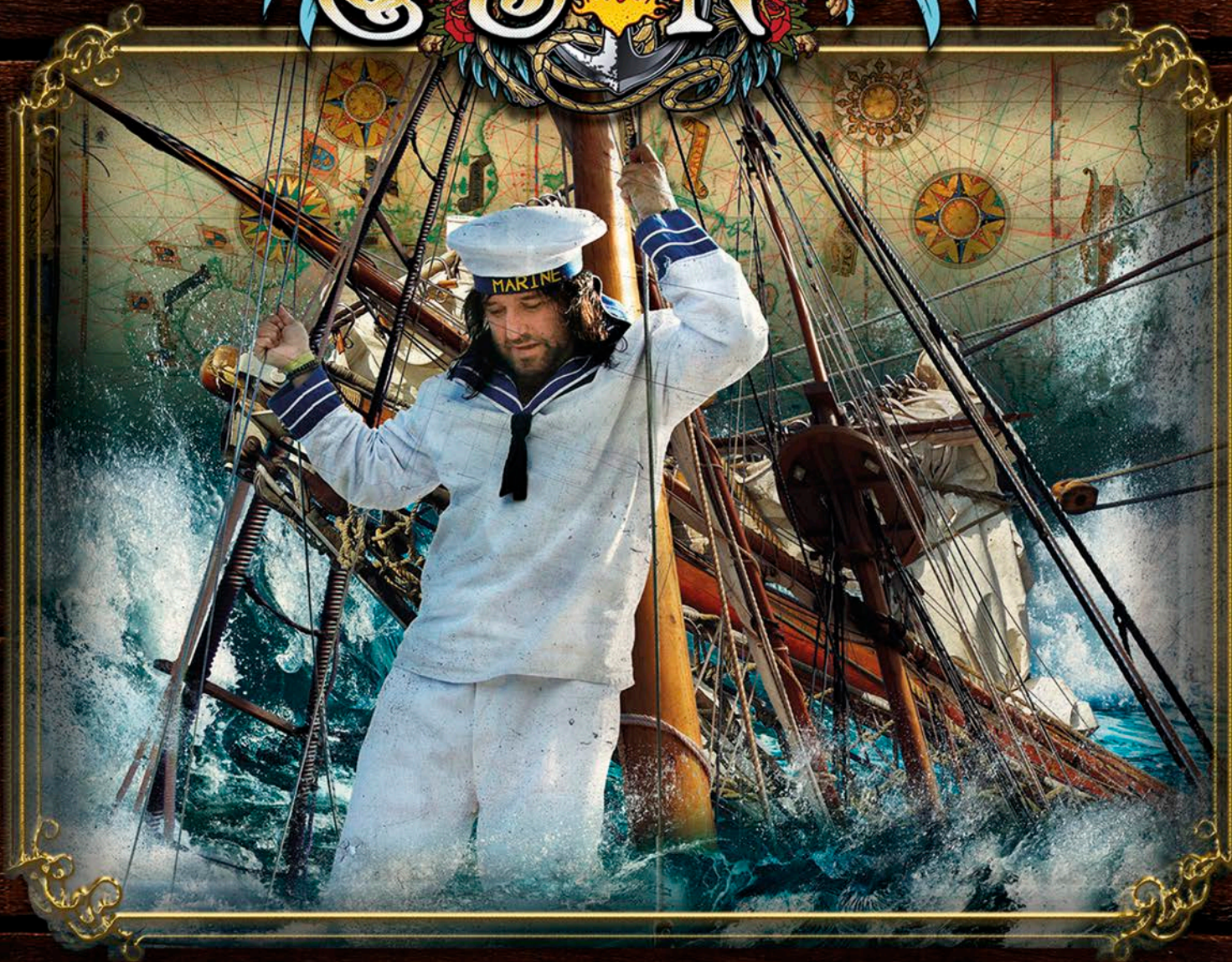


Åge Sten Nilsen



SMOOTH SEAS



(Don't Make Good Sailors)

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01. Pipe Dreams
 02. Smooth Seas
(Don't Make Good Sailors)
 03. Trumpets And Trampolines
 04. Sundance Kids
 05. Living Miracle
 06. Heaven On Hold
 07. Mediterranean Sky
(feat. Linda Kvam)
 08. Where The Good Times Grow
 09. Wild Card
 10. Wolf & Butterfly

All songs written by Åge Sten Nilsen

Produced, engineered and mixed
by Freddy Holm at Kleiva Studio

Executive producer: Åge Sten Nilsen

GRAPPA MUSIKFORLAG

GRAPPA

Pipe Dreams

(Music & Words
by Åge Sten Nilsen)

Piano, viola, violins, cello: Freddy Holm
Percussion: Magnus Buer Hansen
Bass: Atle Rakvåg
Background vocals: Åge Sten Nilsen
String arrangements by: Freddy Holm
Arranged by: Åge Sten Nilsen & Freddy Holm

Time's too proud to wait
Life is always changing
Nothing stays the same
Everything is ageing
Forever and a day
Existing in our pipe dreams
Hit me just like lightning,
when you turn to me
with that look in your eye

What's to come
and what's to pass?
I walk the shaky ground
Empty handed, feeling stranded
Lost and never found
I slip and slide
I Toss and turn
as moonlight tuck me in
Sleepless worries of the losses
my black soul will bring

Back and forth until the end

Time's too proud to wait
Life is always changing
Nothing stays the same
Everything is ageing
Forever and a day
Existing in our pipe dreams
Hit me just like lightning,
when you turn to me

Smooth Seas (Don't Make Good Sailors)

(Music & Words by Åge Sten Nilsen)

Acoustic guitars, lap steel, mandolin, organ: Freddy Holm
Drums and percussion: Magnus Buer Hansen
Bass: Atle Rakvåg
Background vocals: Åge Sten Nilsen, Atle Rakvåg, Freddy Holm
Arranged by: Åge Sten Nilsen & Freddy Holm

Not on Richters scale of pain
The hurt you feel when all's in vain
A soul revealing the betrayal
The center of the hurricane

And there's just no way out
'Till you see what life is all about

Smooth seas don't make good sailors
You see maydays, not angels
work in mysterious ways

Smooth seas don't make good sailors
All our mistakes and failures
there to be embraced

Keep your head deep in the sand
The world's too dark to understand
No sign of light and God is blind
yo the earthquakes of you life

And you don't hear the sound of drums
telling you your war is won

Smooth seas don't make good sailors
You see maydays, not angels
work in mysterious ways

Smooth seas don't make good sailors
All our mistakes and failures
there to be embraced

Smooth seas don't make good sailors
All our mistakes and failures
there to be replaced

From what I've done
From where I've been
there ain't no turning back
Tried to keep my own hands clean
yet this is where I'm at
Playing hide and seek
with echoes from a different song
There ain't a map in this old world
to say where I belong

Forth and back until the end

Time's too proud to wait
Life is always changing
Nothing stays the same
Everything is ageing
Forever and a day
Existing in our pipe dreams
Hit me just like lightning,
when you turn to me
with that look in your eye



YOU SEE MAYDAYS NOT ANGELS
WORK IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS

TRUMPETS AND TRAMPOLINES

(Music & Words by Åge Sten Nilsen)

Acoustic guitars, lap steel, kazoo, organ: Freddy Holm

Drums and percussion: Magnus Buer Hansen

Bass: Atle Rakvåg

Arranged by: Åge Sten Nilsen & Freddy Holm

Trumpets and trampolines
Daisies and gum
Bitter sweet memories far gone
Why do you keep coming back
You don't live here no more
No trumpets, no trampolines
what for?

All this time
Slept in the back of my head
as if to say you're on your own,
dear friend
Lived my life making my own fate
and then here you are
Back On my door
Back from the dead

Trumpets and trampolines
Daisies and gum
Bitter sweet memories far gone
Why do you keep coming back
You don't live here no more
No trumpets, no trampolines
what for?

Left behind
What did you expect to find here?
Hope and wine?
A garden of laughs and cheers?
Every night you knock on my door
to get in, as if you say do not forget
where you came from

Trumpets and trampolines
Daisies and gum
Bitter sweet memories far gone

Why did you leave me here,
all by myself?
Now trumpets and trampolines
won't help



Sundance Kids

(Music & Words by Åge Sten Nilsen)

Acoustic guitars, lap steel, bass: Freddy Holm

Piano: Ola Aanje

Drums and percussion: Magnus Buer Hansen

Arranged by: Åge Sten Nilsen & Freddy Holm

There's a top of a hill that I go to
when life digs a hole in the ground
There's a place in the sun that I'm off to
when my dark clouds are bringing me down,
to sparkle and shine every moment
my troubled soul's out of town

And you don't mind all the take-off's of mine
fly dragonfly

You have a spot in the sky where you find peace
when it's too much noise in you head
Acres of land you grow your love crops on
when your roses are dead

And I don't mind
we're one of a kind
and you're my love

And we go anywhere our needs go
Anywhere the love flows
It's vivid in our song
Yeah We fly higher than the night sky
Higher than the white bride
It's vivid in our souls
And we love everything
with real love
to make us sing and feel love
to leave the dark behind

You and I
We're the sundance kids

Like fallen feathers caught by a gust of wind
we learn to fly once again
Our Belief in something more's the air beneath our wings
right 'till the end, yeah
We need eachother like yang needs the yin
No need to pretend cause we won't back down
Though we're lost we are found
Our love



Living Miracle

(Music & Words by Åge Sten Nilsen)

Cello, acoustic guitars, lap steel : Freddy Holm

Piano: Ola Aanje

Bass: Atle Rakvåg

Drums and percussion: Magnus Buer Hansen

Arranged by: Åge Sten Nilsen & Freddy Holm

My father often told me
be carefull what you wish for
One day it might come true
and you'll be damned

Upstream dirty waters
Made it to the frontline
Marching with the league
to where greed feeds 'ya lies

Like: "I'm living in a miracle"
and "I'm a Living miracle" ahh ha
"Living in a miracle"
"I'm a Living Miracle"

Ignorant manoeovers
to justify the conscience
But the sad face in the mirror
revealed the charade

Dirty little liar
Woke up from a daydream
to realise how broken things can be made

Cause we're living in a mirade
and I'm a Living Miracle
We're all living miracles
and I'm a living miracle

Mirades, why Do they really happen?
What are they really made of?
Who's stands behind?

Mirades, fight for your attention,
an everyday sensation to make us all get by?

Mirades, In us and around us,
above us and below us

To bring meaning to our lives

Living in a mirade
and I'm a living miracle
Living the mirade

Heaven On Hold

(Music & Words by Åge Sten Nilsen)

Acoustic guitars, lapsteel, mandolin, piano, organ: Freddy Holm
Drums and percussion: Magnus Buer Hansen
Bass: Atle Råkvåg
Background vocals: Åge Sten Nilsen
Arranged by: Åge Sten Nilsen & Freddy Holm

There's something in the air tonight
Something 'bout the way it feeds
Heavy smoke
An open fire
And it's getting hard to breath
I wake up in a state of emergency

There's Something in the rear tonight
Screaming out so quietly
Coming up from behind
Blacking out the perfect dream
And it goes
Uuuh uuuhh uuuhh
Lost in the thought "she might"
And it goes
Uuuh uhuh uuuhh
Heaven on hold tonight
Your head goes
Uuuh uuuh uuuhh
Black or white
Heaven on hold tonight
There's something in the air

There's nothing you will hear tonight
that won't be with you 'till the end
Once the silence break you might
sink deeper down the drain

And it goes
Uuuh uuuhh uuuhh
Lost in the thought "she might"
And it goes
Uuuh uhuh uuuhh
Heaven on hold tonight
Your head goes
Uuuh uuuh uuuhh
Black or white
Heaven on hold

HEAVY SMOKE
AN OPEN FIRE
IT'S GETTING HARD TO BREATHE

Mediterranean Sky

(feat. Linda Kvam)
(Music & Words by Åge Sten Nilsen)

Lead vocals: Linda Kvam & Åge Sten Nilsen
Violins, viola, cello: Freddy Holm
Piano: Tom Rønningsveen
Bass: Atle Råkvåg
Background vocals: Åge Sten Nilsen
String arrangements by: Freddy Holm
Arranged by: Åge Sten Nilsen & Freddy Holm

Should have crossed that ocean
Seen the sun go down
in that blue horizon that we'd just found
Seen the seven wonders
Walked on holy ground
Now this wasn't part of our plan

We would stick together
Fall asleep as one
French kiss each morning
Go where no one's gone
We'd share each moment
after years astray
This wasn't part of the plan
It sure wasn't part of our plan

But May told lies
June never came
neither did July
Eclipse of the bright Mediterranean sky
Now summer won't find you
No summer without you
Only dark winter nights

All the sacrifices
All the good years lost
Thought we knew the outcome
Thought we knew the cost
Made a deal with heaven
Made a deal with God
But this was no part of the deal
No this wasn't part of the deal

May told lies
June never came
neither did July
Eclipse of the bright Mediterranean sky
Now summer won't find you
No summer without you
March was right
The long cold winters
are hard to get by
Eclipse of the bright Mediterranean sky
But soon I will find you
Walk right beside you
Through the dark winter nights

Where The Good Times Grow

(Music & Words by Åge Sten Nilsen)

Violin, viola, cello, acoustic guitars, piano: Freddy Holm
Bass: Atle Rakvåg
Drums and percussion: Magnus Buer Hansen
String arrangements by: Freddy Holm
Arranged by: Åge Sten Nilsen & Freddy Holm

Can you hear a new day call your name
Sparkling moments waiting to be made
The sun is up and time is on your side
But your golden memories must have
made you blind

"Where have all the good times gone?"
You wonder where the good times have gone
Seems the more you hype your glorious past
the less you feel the greener gras
cause here and now is where the good times grow

Heydays come in green and white and blue
In a thousand different shapes and colors too
So hard to reckonize with both eyes shut
It's time to carry on and let the good times rock

"Where have all the good times gone?"
You wonder where the good times have gone
Seems the more you hype your glorious past
the less you feel the greener gras
cause here and now is where the good times grow

Here and now in you and me
Can you feel the good times grow
Here and now is where the good times grow



Wild Card

(Music & Words by Åge Sten Nilsen)

Fiddle, acoustic guitars, banjo, organ, mandolin: Freddy Holm

Bass: Atle Rakvåg

Drums and percussion: Magnus Buer Hansen

Background vocals: Åge Sten Nilsen, Freddy Holm, Atle Rakvåg

String arrangements by: Freddy Holm

Arranged by: Åge Sten Nilsen & Freddy Holm

How does it feel to deal with wild cards
Someone who's always on the run
Someone who'll always keep you waiting
for her man to get back home
So get back home

On these long and dusty highways
there's a price for some to pay
As four wheels head on to the sunset
Leaving hearts behind to ache

This one goes to every widdow
of the six stringed cavallery
Living tranded in the shadow
of the world they thought they'd see

How does it feel to deal with wild cards
Someone who's always on the run
Someone who'll always keep you waiting
for her man to get back home

And the kitchen needs improvement
And the roof leaks like a sieve
And you just can't pay the mortgage
But there's no way you're gonna leave

Cause your promise was forever
Yeah, for better and for worse
And no matter where he's going
He's got your smell on his T-shirt

So how does it feel to deal with wild cards
Someone who's always on the run
Someone who'll always keep you waiting
for her man to get back home

And how do you make it through the cold nights
knowing he's dancing on the stars
How does it ferl to need a wild card
when he needs his guitar more than the Queen of hearts





Wolf & Butterfly

(Music & Words by Åge Sten Nilsen)

Violins, viola, cello, acoustic guitars, banjo, organ, mandolin: Freddy Holm

Bass: Atle Rakvåg

Drums and percussion: Magnus Buer Hansen

Background vocals: Åge Sten Nilsen, Freddy Holm, Atle Rakvåg

String arrangements by: Freddy Holm

Arranged by: Åge Sten Nilsen & Freddy Holm

Turn of the moon
Cause I've seen what she can do
The way she leads me to the edge
I'm so confused
I want to be your velvet ocean
I want to be your lullabye
But she won't cut me loose
someone turn off the moon

Who am I, wolf or butterfly
Jewels of mine
Wolf & Butterfly

There's no relief
I clutch at the last beat of my dream
Where ever it appears
I'm on that field
So who am I to play with angels
I only seem to make them bleed
But if I could I would refuse
to turn off the moon

Produced, engineered and mixed by Freddy Holm at Kleiva Studios
Executive producer: Åge Sten Nilsen

Mastered by Morten Lund

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Åge Sten Nilsen uses YAMAHA acoustic guitars,

Shure microphones and in-ear systems provided by BENUM.

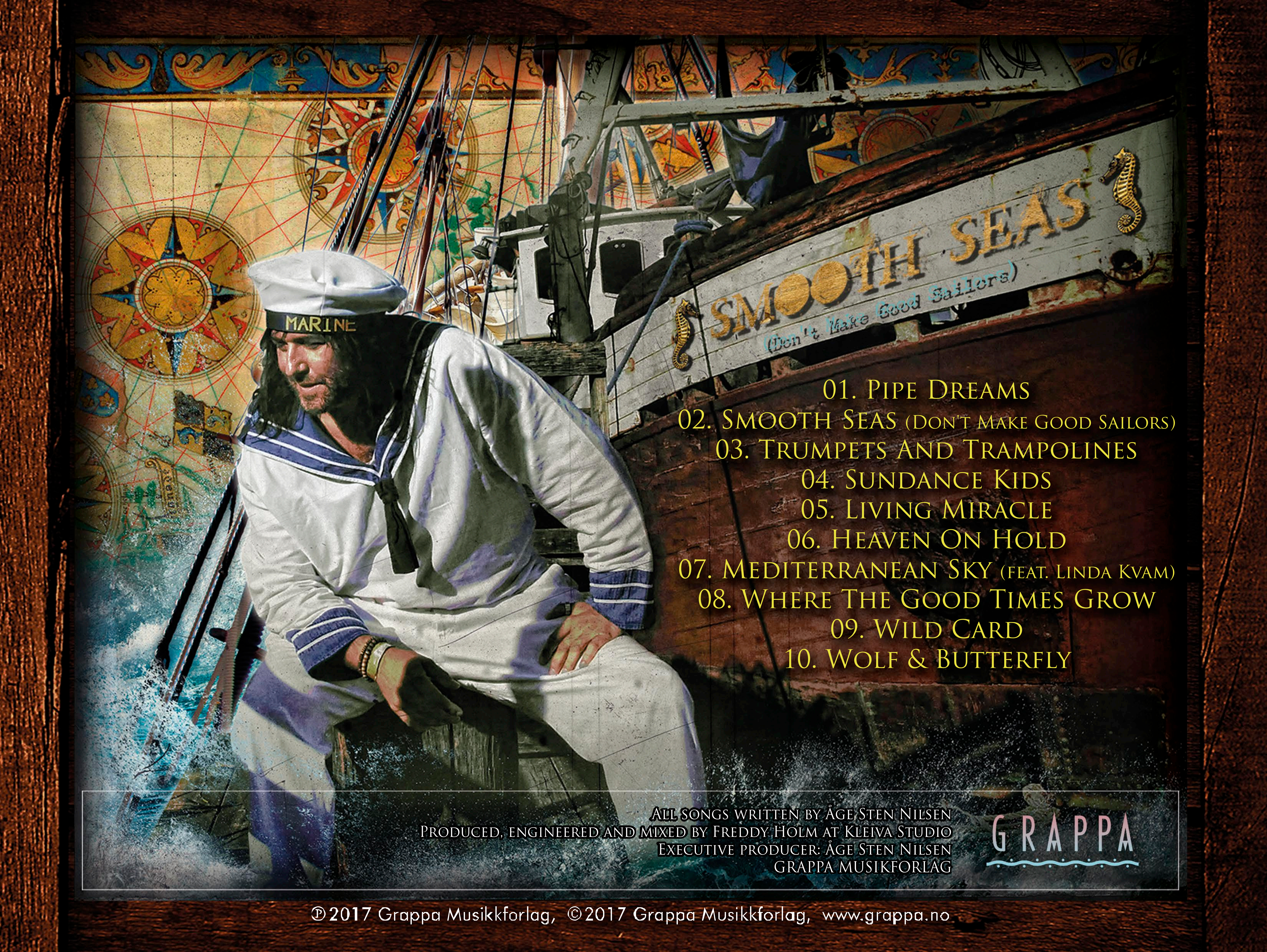
I would like to thank everyone who made this album possible and turn out the way it did. The extraordinary musicians Ola Aanje, Atle Rakvåg, Magnus Buer Hansen and Tom Rønningsveen. The "not-from-this-planet" producer, stringmaster and "magician" Freddy Holm. It's a dream come true to be back with you in the musical universe we explored way back on my first album. A bit older, a bit wiser. Helge Westbye at Grappa, for taking my solo work under Grappa's wings and for giving me total freedom to express myself the way I need to. My manager Eivind Brydøy for guiding me safely into new territories. My booking agent and advisor Svein Bye at Artistpartner for never giving up on me and keeping up the spirit. My showpartner and good friend Gusty Utterdahl or with me for over 10 years and for being my soul mate and my "road map" in my professional life. My "brother" Dan Reed for inspiring me to find my inner music and for joining me on our "Acoustic Stories" tour. That was really the spark my friend. My "uncle" Tony Carey for being quite a musical mentor for me since we got together for the Rainbow project. Last but not least my parents Gunnar & Synnøve, my daughters Oda & Tele and the love of my life LEE, for giving me love, joy, patience and honest criticism.

A big thank you and hello to my brothers in AMMUNITION; Jon Pettersen, Victor Cito Borge Smaavik, Erik Mårtensson, Lasse Finbråthen and Magnus Ulfstedt, my promotion assistant and in-house live photographer Anita Søderlind Andersen, my FOH and stagehand Rune Magnusson, the multitasking Cecilie Steen, my merch associate Marius Nilsen, my long time friend and colleague Christian Nystrom (it's a joy to have you on board as a photographer and video producer), my best friend through all my grown up life Runar Jansen, my buddy and guardian angel John Richard Rekstad and all my private and professional friends, colleagues, associates and my dear, dear fans. You know who you are, and you are NOT forgotten!!

Love From Åge Sten Nilsen





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01. PIPE DREAMS
02. SMOOTH SEAS (DON'T MAKE GOOD SAILORS)
03. TRUMPETS AND TRAMPOLINES
04. SUNDANCE KIDS
05. LIVING MIRACLE
06. HEAVEN ON HOLD
07. MEDITERRANEAN SKY (FEAT. LINDA KVAM)
08. WHERE THE GOOD TIMES GROW
09. WILD CARD
10. WOLF & BUTTERFLY

ALL SONGS WRITTEN BY ÅGE STEN NILSEN
PRODUCED, ENGINEERED AND MIXED BY FREDDY HOLM AT KLEIVA STUDIO
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: ÅGE STEN NILSEN
GRAPPA MUSIKFORLAG

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