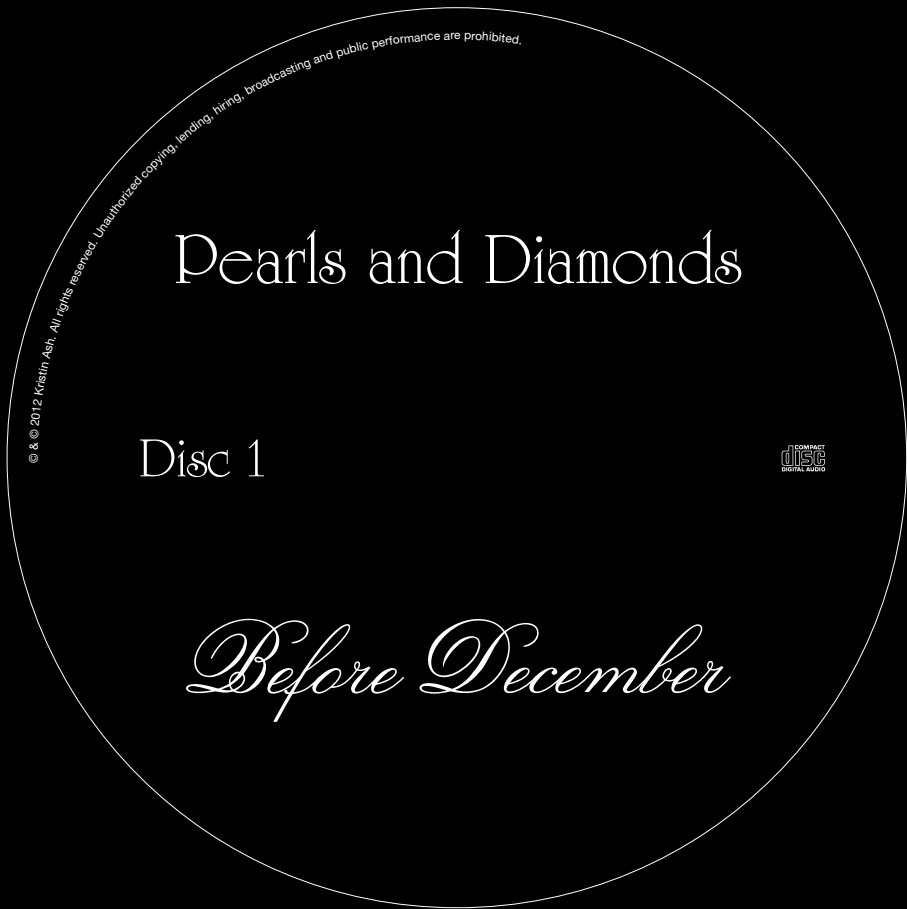


Before December  Pearls and Diamonds

Before December
Pearls and Diamonds

www.before-december.com
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A la España con amor

Disc 1

- # 1 • Chasing Cars - Lyrics & Music : Gary Lightbody
- # 2 • Angel - Lyrics & Music : Sarah McLachlan
- # 3 • Addicted to love - lyrics & Music : Robert Palmer
- # 4 • I shall believe - Lyrics & Music : Sheryl Crow, Bill Bottrell
- # 5 • Madrid - Lyrics & Music : Nilda Fernandez
- # 6 • Canción Del Mariachi (Morena De Mi Corazón) - Lyrics & Music : Antonio Banderas y Los Lobos
- # 7 • I am I said - Lyrics & Music : Neil Diamond
- # 8 • Tonight I wanna cry - Lyrics & Music : Keith Urban, Monty Powell
- # 9 • Too much love will kill you- Lyrics & Music : Brian May, Frank Musker, Elisabeth Lamers (M&T)
- # 10 • Le vent l'emportera - Lyrics & Music : Bertrand Cantat

Disc 2

- # 1 • Yellow - Lyrics & Music : Coldplay [Guy Berryman, Jon Buckland, Will Champion, Chris Martin]
- # 2 • Just breath - Lyrics & Music : Eddie Vedder
- # 3 • Bad case of loving you - Lyrics & Music : Moon Martin
- # 4 • All this time - Lyrics & Music : Tedder , Kutzle
- # 5 • En mis besos - lyrics & Music : Cafe Quijano
- # 6 • No me importa nada - Lyrics & Music : Luz Casal
- # 7 • What can i do - Lyrics & Music : The Corrs
- # 8 • Play me - Lyrics & Music : Neil Diamond
- # 9 • Plages de l'Atlantique - Lyrics & Music : Nilda Fernandez

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Bob



Chasing Cars

We'll do it all
Everything
On our own

We don't need
Anything
Or anyone

If I lay here
If I just lay here
Would you lie with me
And just forget the world?

I don't quite know
How to say
How I feel

Those three words
Are said too much
They're not enough

If I lay here
If I just lay here
Would you lie with me
And just forget the world?

Forget what we're told
Before we get too old
Show me a garden
That's bursting into life

Let's waste time
Chasing cars
Around our heads

I need your grace
To remind me
To find my own

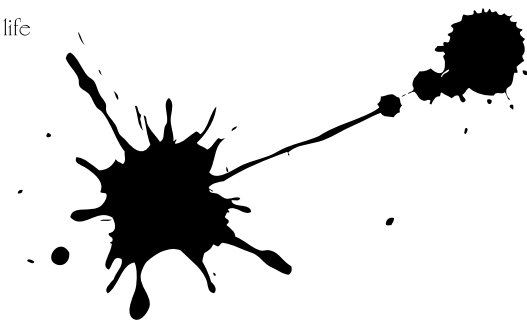
If I lay here
If I just lay here
Would you lie with me
And just forget the world?

Forget what we're told
Before we get too old
Show me a garden
That's bursting into life

All that I am
All that I ever was
Is here in your perfect eyes
They're all I can see

I don't know where
Confused about how as well
Just know that these things
Will never change for us at all

If I lay here
If I just lay here
Would you lie with me
And just forget the world?

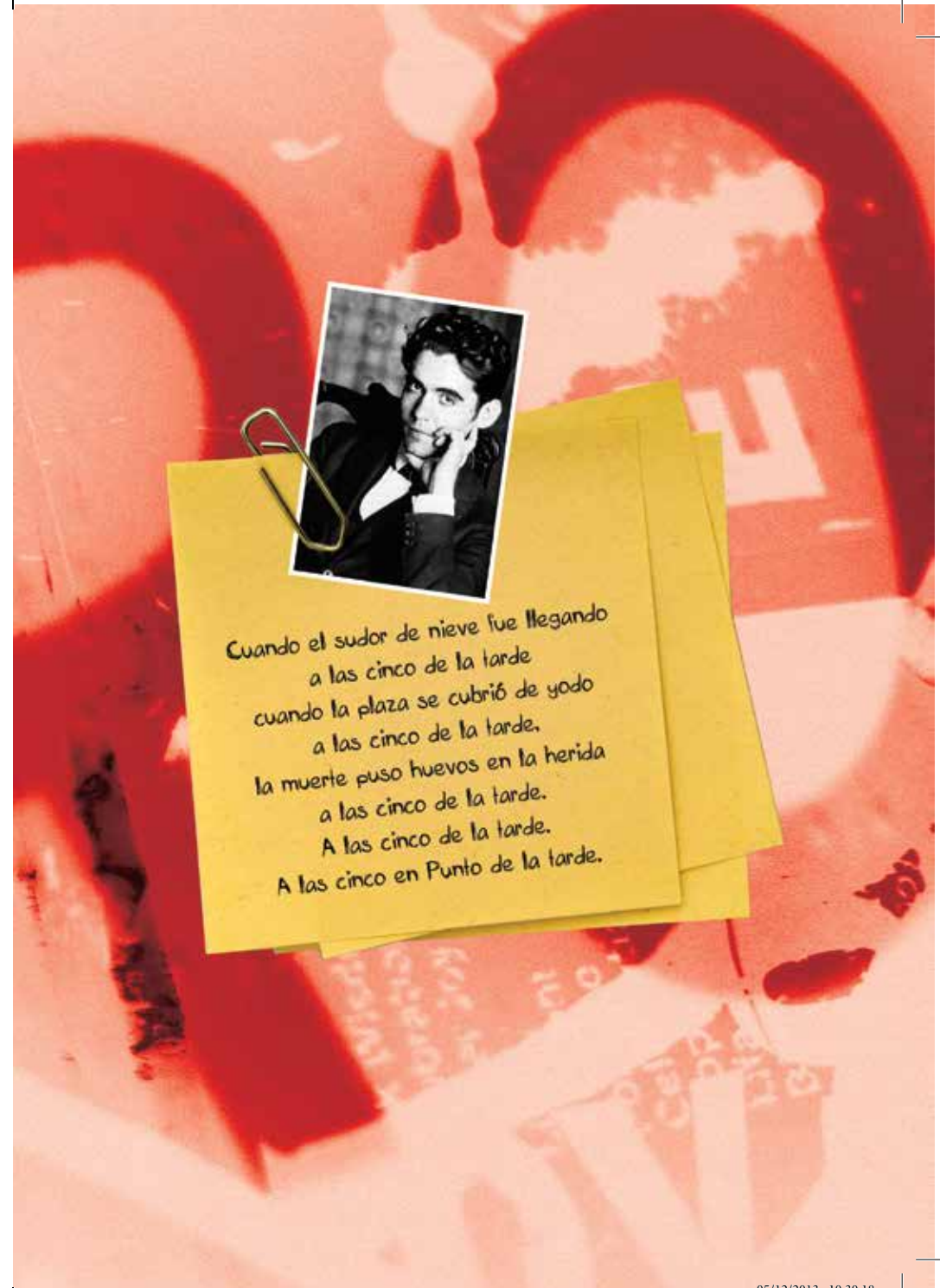


Canción de cuna
Poema de Federico García Lorca

*Ya te vemos dormida.
Tu barca es de madera por la orilla.*

*Blanca princesa de nunca.
¡Duerme por la noche oscura!
Cuerpo y tierra de nieve.
Duerme por el alba, ¡duerme!*

*Ya te alejas dormida.
¡Tu barca es bruma, sueño, por la orilla!*



*Quando el sudor de nieve fue llegando
a las cinco de la tarde
cuando la plaza se cubrió de yodo
a las cinco de la tarde,
la muerte puso huevos en la herida
a las cinco de la tarde.
A las cinco de la tarde.
A las cinco en Punto de la tarde.*

Cédric



Angel

There's always some reason
To feel not good enough,
And it's hard, at the end of the day.

I need some distraction,
Oh, beautiful release.
Memories seep from my veins.

Let me be empty,
Oh, and weightless,
And maybe I'll find some peace tonight.

In the arms of the angel,
Fly away from here,
From this dark, cold hotel room,
And the endlessness that you fear.
You are pulled from the wreckage,
Of your silent reverie.
You're in the arms of the angel,
May you find some comfort here.

So tired of the straight line,
And everywhere you turn,
There's vultures and thieves at your back.

The storm keeps on twisting,
Keep on building the lies
That you make up for all that you lack.

It don't make no difference,
Escape one last time.
It's easier to believe in this sweet madness,
Oh, this glorious sadness,
That brings me to my knees.



A las cinco de la tarde.
Eran las cinco en punto de la tarde.
Un niño trajo la blanca sábana
a las cinco de la tarde.
Una espuerta de cal ya prevenida
a las cinco de la tarde.

Addicted To Love

Your lights are on, but you're not home
Your mind is not your own
Your heart sweats, your body shakes
Another kiss is what it takes
You can't sleep, you can't eat
There's no doubt, you're in deep
Your throat is tight, you can't breathe
Another kiss is all you need

Whoa, you like to think that you're immune to the stuff, oh yeah
It's closer to the truth to say you can't get enough
You know you're gonna have to face it, you're addicted to love

You see the signs, but you can't read
You're runnin' at a different speed
Your heart beats in double time
Another kiss and you'll be mine, a one track mind
You can't be saved
Oblivion is all you crave
If there's some left for you
You don't mind if you do

Whoa, you like to think that you're immune to the stuff, oh yeah
It's closer to the truth to say you can't get enough
You know you're gonna have to face it, you're addicted to love
Might as well face it, you're addicted to love

Your lights are on, but you're not home
Your will is not your own
Your heart sweats, your teeth grind
Another kiss and you'll be mine
Whoa, you like to think that you're immune to the stuff, oh yeah
It's closer to the truth to say you can't get enough
You know you're gonna have to face it, you're addicted to love

Might as well face it, you're addicted to love

Lawrence



I shall believe

Come to me now
And lay your hands over me
Even if it's a lie
Say it will be alright
And I shall believe

I'm broken in two
And I know you're on to me
That I only come home
When I'm so all alone
But I do believe

That not everything is gonna be the way
You think it ought to be
It seems like every time I try to make it right
It all comes down on me
Please say honestly you won't give up on me
And I shall believe

Open the door
And show me your face tonight
I know it's true
No one heals me like you
And you hold the key

Never again
would I turn away from you
I'm so heavy tonight
But your love is alright
And I do believe

That not everything is gonna be the way
You think it ought to be
It seems like every time I try to make it right
It all comes down on me
Please say honestly
You won't give up on me
And I shall believe

Kristin



Picky



La Guitarra

Frédérico Garcia Lorca

Empieza el llanto
de la guitarra.
Se rompen las copas
de la madrugada.

Empieza el llanto
de la guitarra.
Es inútil callarla.
Llora monótona
como llora el agua
como llora el viento
sobre la nevada.

Es imposible callarla.
Llora por casas lejanas.
Arena del sur caliente
que pide camelias blancas.

Llora flecha sin blanco,
la tarde sin mañana,
y el primer pájaro muerto
sobre la rama
o guitarra !

Corazón malherido
por cinco espadas.

Madrid

Une tache d'ombre et dans le désert
Des traces de poudre et de safran
Des taxis blancs, de claquements de portières
Un vrai mélange de sentiments

Madrid, Madrid
Le prix que je paie
C'est encore quelques heures sans sommeil
Pour me souvenir de toi

Duerta del Sol station du métro
Sortie vers la Plaza Mayor
Je suis à l'heure je crois bien que j'en fais trop
Une vraie doublure dans un décor

Madrid, Madrid
Tu peux me faire signe
Tu peux brouiller mes mots sur la ligne
Quand je parlerai de toi

Bonsoir y buenos días
(et jusqu'au dernier détail)
Miroir si has de ser mi espía
(ses yeux derrière un éventail)



Madrid, Madrid
Les choses que je pense
Ont un petit air d'accordéon rance
Quand elle n'est pas avec moi

Bonsoir y buenos días
(et jusqu'au dernier détail)
Miroir si has de ser mi espía
(ses yeux derrière un éventail)

Toda una tarde en el Retiro
Echando piedras a un farol
Els meus amors se han derretido
Con tanta luz y tanto sol

Madrid, Madrid
Me pongo triste
Al ver lo bien que tu te vistes
Si se han a reir de ti

Une tache d'ombre et dans le désert
Des traces de poudre et de safran
Des taxis blancs, de claquements de portières
Un vrai mélange de sentiments

Madrid, Madrid
Me desesperas
De tanto mover las caderas
Sa van a reir de ti

Lucien





Cancion del Mariachi (Moreno de mi Corazon)

Soy un mujer muy honrada,
Que me gusta lo mejor
los hombres no me faltan,
Ni al dinero, ni el amor

jineteando en mi caballo
Por la sierra yo me voy
Las estrellas y la luna
Ellas me dicen donde voy

Ay, ay, ay, ay
Ay, ay mi amor
Ay mi moreno,
De mi corazon

Me gusta tocar la guitarra
Me gusta cantar el sol
Mariachi me acompaña
Quando canto mi cancion

Me gusta tomar mis copas
Aguardiente es lo mejor
Tambien el tequilla blanco
Con su sal le da sabor

Ay, ay, ay, ay
Ay, ay mi amor
Ay mi moreno,
De mi corazon

Me gusta tocar la guitarra
Me gusta cantar el sol
Mariachi me acompaña
Quando canto mi cancion

Me gusta tomar mis copas
Aguardiente es lo mejor
Tambien el tequilla blanco
Con su sal le da sabor

Ay, ay, ay, ay
Ay, ay mi amor
Ay mi moreno,
De mi corazon

Ay, ay, ay, ay
Ay, ay mi amor
Ay mi moreno,
De mi corazon





Luisito



I am I said

LA's fine, the sun shines most the time
And the feeling is 'lay back'
Palm trees grow, and rents are low
But you know I keep thinkin' about
Making my way back

Well I'm New York City born and raised
But nowadays, I'm lost between two shores
LA's fine, but it ain't home
New York's home, but it ain't mine no more

«I am,» I said
To no one there
An no one heard at all
Not even the chair
«I am,» I cried
«I am,» said I
And I am lost, and I can't even say why
Leavin' me lonely still

Did you ever read about a frog who dreamed of bein' a king
And then became one
Well except for the names and a few other changes
I you talk about me, the story's the same one

But I got an emptiness deep inside
And I've tried, but it won't let me go
And I'm not a girl who likes to swear
But I never cared for the sound of being alone

«I am,» I said
To no one there
An no one heard at all
Not even the chair
«I am,» I cried
«I am,» said I
And I am lost, and I can't even say why
Leavin' me lonely still



Tonight I wanna cry

Alone in this house again tonight
I got the TV on, the sound turned down and a bottle of wine
There's pictures of you and I on the walls around me
The way that it was and could have been surrounds me
I'll never get over you walkin' away

I've never been the kind to ever let my feelings show
And I thought that bein' strong meant never losin' your self-control
But I'm just drunk enough to let go of my pain
To hell with my pride, let it fall like rain
From my eyes
Tonight I wanna cry

Would it help if I turned a sad song on
«All By Myself» would sure hit me hard now that you're gone
Or maybe unfold some old yellow lost love letters
It's gonna hurt bad before it gets better
But I'll never get over you by hidin' this way

I've never been the kind to ever let my feelings show
And I thought that bein' strong meant never losin' your self-control
But I'm just drunk enough to let go of my pain
To hell with my pride, let it fall like rain
From my eyes
Tonight I wanna cry

I've never been the kind to ever let my feelings show
And I thought that bein' strong meant never losin' your self-control
But I'm just drunk enough to let go of my pain
To hell with this pride, let it fall like rain
From my eyes
Tonight I wanna cry

Too much love will kill you

I'm just the pieces of the girl I used to be
Too many bitter tears are raining down on me
I'm far away from home
And I've been facing this alone for much too long

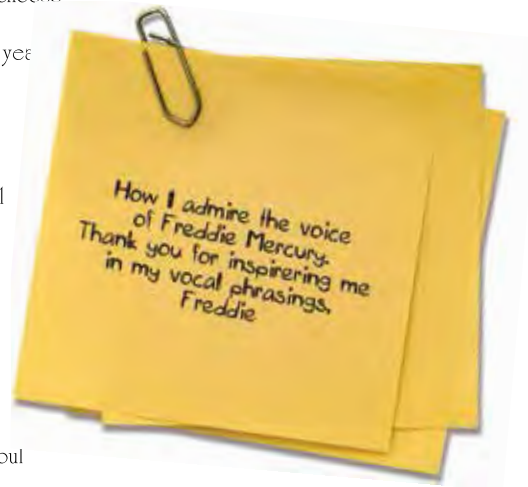
Oh, I feel like no-one ever told the truth to me
About growing up and what a struggle it would be
In my tangled state of mind
I've been looking back to find where I went wrong

Too much love will kill you
If you can't make up your mind
Torn between the lover and the love you leave behind
You're headed for disaster 'cos you never read the signs
Too much love will kill you every time

I'm just the shadow of the girl I used to be
And it seems like there's no way out of this for me
I used to bring you sunshine
Now all I ever do is bring you down, ooh
How would it be if you were standing in my shoes
Can't you see that it's impossible to choose
No there's no making sense of it
Every way I go I'm bound to lose, oh yee

Too much love will kill you
Just as sure as none at all
It'll drain the power that's in you
Make you plead and scream and crawl
And the pain will make you crazy
You're the victim of your crime
Too much love will kill you every time

Yeah too much love will kill you
It'll make your life a lie
Yes too much love will kill you
And you won't understand why
You'd give your life you'd sell your soul
But here it comes again
Too much love will kill you
In the end - In the end



Deseo

Federico García Lorca

Sólo tu corazón caliente,
Y nada más,

Mi paraíso, un campo
Sin ruisenior
Ni lirás,
Con un río discreto
Y una fuentejilla,

Sin la espuela del viento
Sobre la fronda,
Ni la estrella que quiere
Ser hoja,

Una enorme luz
Que fuera
Luciérnaga
De otra,
En un campo de
Miradas rotas,

Un reposo claro
Y allí nuestros besos,
Lunares sonoros
Del eco,
Se abrirían muy lejos,

Y tu corazón caliente,
Nada más,



Before December

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Baile

Poema de Federico García Lorca.

La Carmen está bailando
por las calles de Sevilla.
Tiene blancos los cabellos
y brillantes las pupilas.

¡Niñas,
corred las cortinas!

En su cabeza se enrosca
una serpiente amarilla,
y va soñando en el baile
con galanes de otros días.

¡Niñas,
corred las cortinas!

Las calles están desiertas
y en los fondos se adivinan,
corazones andaluces
buscando viejas espinas.

¡Niñas,
corred las cortinas!

Federico García Lorca



BEFORE
DECEMBER

Le vent l'emportera

Je n'ai pas peur de la route
Faudrait voir, faut qu'on y goûte
Des méandres au creux des reins
Et tout ira bien

Le vent l'emportera

Ton message à la grande ourse
Et la trajectoire de la course
À l'instantané de velours
Même s'il ne sert à rien

Le vent l'emportera
Tout disparaîtra
Le vent nous portera

La caresse et la mitraille
Cette plaie qui nous tiraille
Le palais des autres jours
D'hier et demain

Le vent les portera

Génétique en bandoulière
Des chromosomes dans l'atmosphère
Des taxis pour les galaxies
Et mon tapis volant dis?

Ce parfum de nos années mortes
Ceux qui peuvent frapper à ta porte
Infinité de destin
On en pose un, qu'est-ce qu'on en retient?

Le vent l'emportera

Pendant que la marée monte
Et que chacun refait ses comptes
J'emène au creux de mon ombre
Des poussières de toi



Yellow

I came along
I wrote a song for you
And all the things you do
And it was called yellow

So then I took my turn
Oh what a thing to have done
And it was all yellow

Your skin
Oh yeah your skin and bones
Turn into something beautiful

You know you know I love you so
You know I love you so

I swam across
I jumped across for you
Oh what a thing to do

Cause you were all yellow
I drew a line
I drew a line for you
Oh what a thing to do
And it was all yellow

Your skin
Oh yeah your skin and bones
Turn into something beautiful
And you know
For you I'd bleed myself dry

It's true
Look how they shine for you
Look how they shine for you
Look how they shine for you
Look how they shine for you
Look how they shine

Look at the stars
Look how they shine for you
And all the things that you do







Just breathe

Yes, I understand that every life must end, aw-huh...
As we sit alone, I know someday we must go, aw-huh...
Oh I'm a lucky girl, to count on both hands
the ones I love...

Some folks just have one,
yeah, others, they've got none, huh-uh
Stay with me...
Let's just breathe.

Practiced are my sins,
never gonna let me win, aw-huh...
Under everything, just another human being, aw-huh...
Yeh, I don't wanna hurt, there's so much in this world
to make me bleed.

Stay with me... You're all I see.

Did I say that I want you?
Oh, if I didn't I'm a fool you see.,
No one knows this more than me.
As I come clean.

I wonder everyday
as I look upon your face, aw-huh.,
Everything you gave
And nothing you would take, aw f
Nothing you would take
Everything you gave...

Did I say that I need you?
Oh, did I say that I want you?
Oh, if I didn't I'm a fool you see...
No one knows this more than me.
As I come clean, ah-ah...

Nothing you would take...
Everything you gave.
Hold me till I die...
Meet you on the other side.



Bad case of loving you

Whoaaaaa

The hot summer night fell like a net
I've got to find my baby yet
I need you to soothe my head
Turn my blue heart to red

Doctor, doctor give me the news
I've got a bad case of lovin' you
No pill's gonna cure my ill
I've got a bad case of lovin' you

A pretty face don't make no pretty heart
I learned that, buddy, from the start
You think I'm cute, a little bit shy
Momma, I ain't that kind of guy

Doctor, doctor give me the news
I've got a bad case of lovin' you
No pill's gonna cure my ill
I've got a bad case of lovin' you
Whoaaaaa

I know you like it, you like it on top
Tell me , momma, are you gonna stop?

You had me down, 21 to zip
Smile of Judas on your lip
Shake my fist, knock on wood
I've got it bad, and I've got it good

Doctor, doctor give me the news
I've got a bad case of lovin' you
No pill's gonna cure my ill
I've got a bad case of lovin' you



All this time

Six on the second hand
Two new years resolutions
And there's just no question
What this man should do

Take all the time lost
All the days that I cost
Take what I took and
Give it back to you

All this time
We were waiting for each other
All this time
I was waiting for you

We got all these words
Can't waste them on another
So I'm straight in a straight line
Running back to you

I don't know what day it is
I had to check the paper
I don't know the city
But it isn't home

But you say I'm lucky
To love something that loves me
But I'm torn as I could be
Wherever I roam
Hear me say

All this time
We were waiting for each other
All this time
I was waiting for you We got all
these words

Can't waste them on another
So I'm straight in a straight line
Running back to you, yeah

Ohhh, running back to you
Yeahhhh

Oh, every time is so far
It's just so far
To get back where you are

All this time
We were waiting for each other
All this time
I was waiting for you

We got all this love
Can't waste it on another
So I'm straight in a straight line
Running back to you

I'm straight in a straight line
Running back to you, yeah
Straight in a straight line
Running back to you



Credits Before December:

Kristin Ash: Vocals & Backing Vocals, Vocals-Arrangements
Lawrence Lina: Acoustic & electric guitar
Daniel « Picky » Ledezma: Acoustic, flamenco & electric guitar
Luisito Aballe: Percussion, Arrangements
Cedric Gander: Drums
Lucien Beltrons: Piano
René Möckel: Strings Arrangements & his orchestra, Piano
Mauricio Salamanca: Saxophone
Giovanni Siveroni: Tpta
Bob Arnedo: Bass, Acoustic guitar, Backing Vocal, Arrangements
Patrice Dessauges: Fender deluxe 8 steel
Strings: Stéphanie Jungo
Delphine Richard
Pauline Cacond
Sébastien Breguet

Michel Gallone: Sound & Mix
Zägidrön : Live Sound
Photograph: Roger Reist
Make-up: Cinem
Hair: Marc Riedo, Aerni Group
Recorded at: Royal Studios, Lausanne, www.studios301.com
Mastering: Leon Zervos, Studio 301 Australia
Concept & Graphic design by Juan Vergara - www.vlv.ch
Produced: Kristin Ash

En mis besos

No sé si es demasiado tarde
Aunque no me importa;
Tantas palabras existen,
Que debiera ser posible
Decirlo todo, pero no es así.

Hoy descubrí que con todas las letras,
De una u otra forma unidas,
Creo que no sabría explicar
Lo que con un beso te digo:

Te digo lo sincero,
Te digo de ti que quiero,
Te digo de mi espera,
Te digo mereció la pena
Tanto lustro de aprender a decir
Con un simple beso.

Te digo lo sincero,
Te digo de ti que quiero,
Te digo de mi espera,
Te digo mereció la pena
Tanto lustro de aprender a decir
Con un simple beso



No me importa nada

Tú juegas a quererme
Yo juego a que te creas que te quiero
Buscando una coartada
Me das una pasión que yo no espero
Y no me importa nada

Tú juegas a engañarme
Yo juego a que te creas que te creo
Escucho tus bobadas
Acerca del amor y del deseo
Y no me importa nada, nada

Que rías o sueñes
Que digas o que hagas
Y no me importa nada
Por mucho que me empeñe
Estoy jugando y no me importa nada.

Tú juegas a tenerme
Yo juego a que te creas que me tienes
Serena y confiada
Invento las palabras que te hieren
Y no me importa nada

Tú juegas a olvidarme
Yo juego a que te creas que me importa,
Conozco la jugada
Sé manejar en las distancias cortas
Y no me importa nada, nada

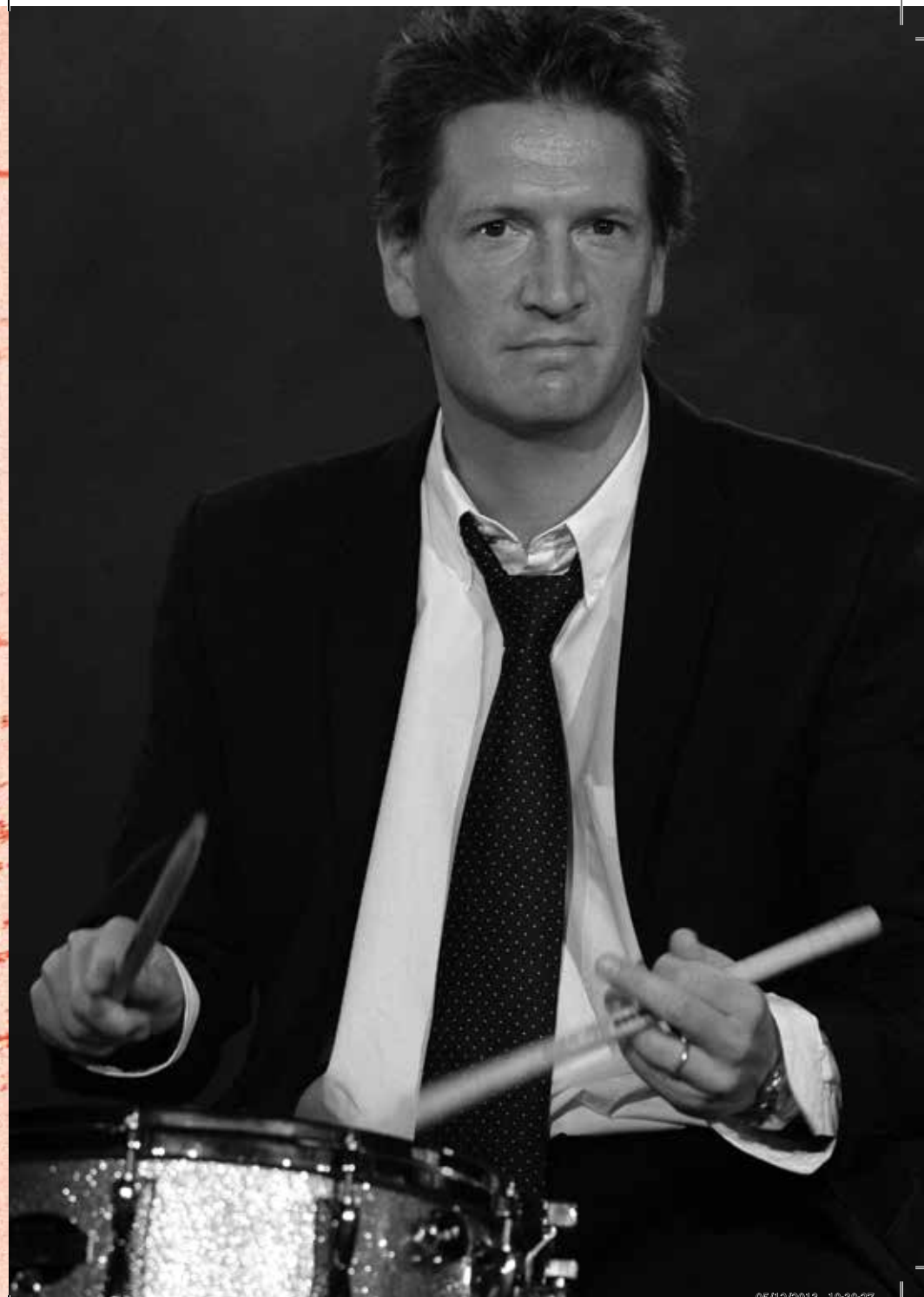
Que rías o sueñes
Que digas o que hagas
Y no me importa nada...

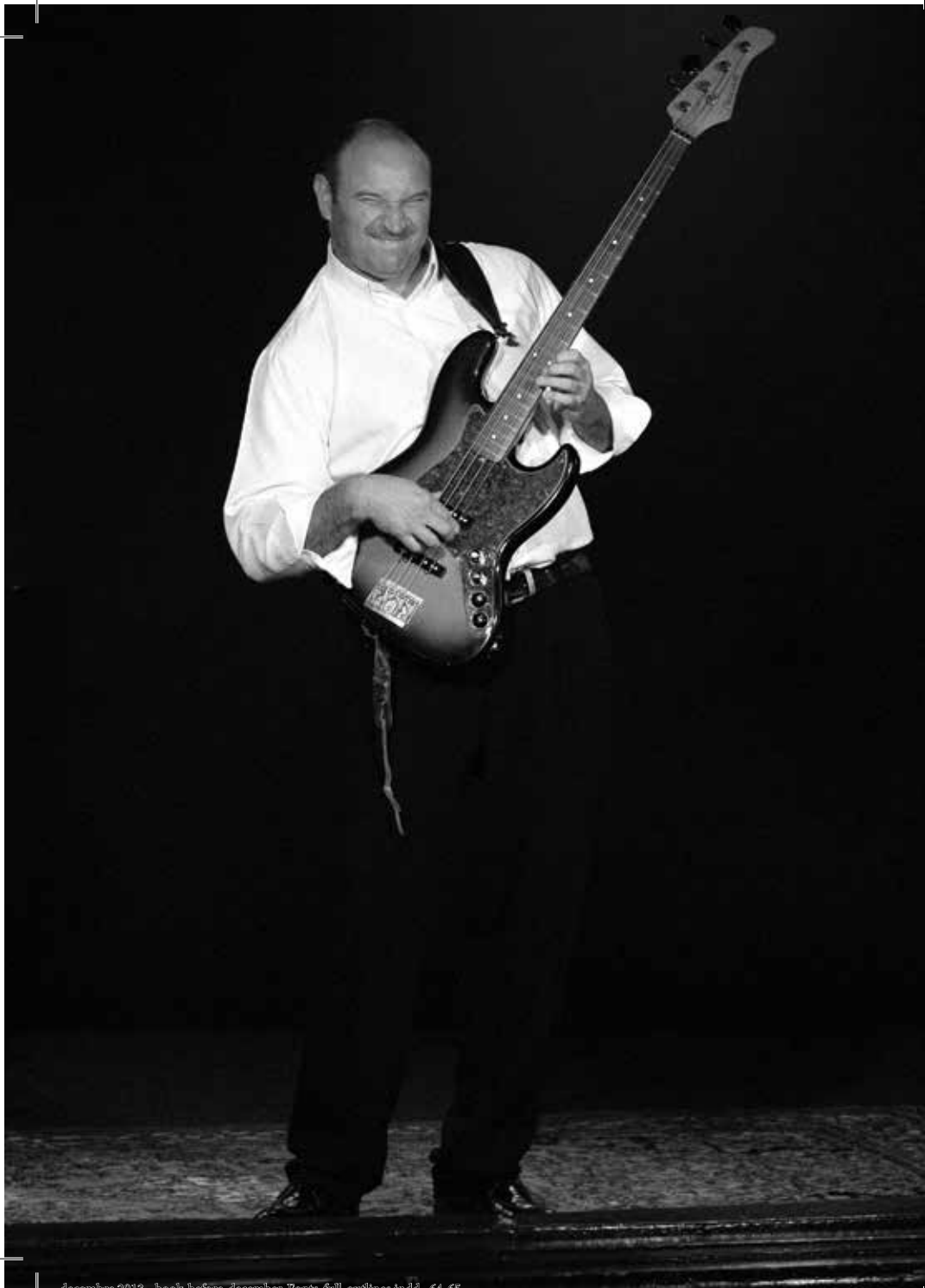


Agua, ¿dónde vas?
Riendo voy por el río
a las orillas del mar.
Mar, ¿dónde vas?
Río arriba voy buscando
fuente donde descansar.

F. García Lorca

Cuando el sudor de nieve fue llegando
a las cinco de la tarde
cuando la plaza se cubrió de yodo
a las cinco de la tarde,
la muerte puso huevos en la herida
a las cinco de la tarde.
A las cinco de la tarde.
A las cinco en Punto de la tarde.





What can i do

I haven't slept at all in days
It's been so long since we've talked
And I have been here many times
I just don't know what I'm doing wrong

What can I do to make you love me
What can I do to make you care
What can I say to make you feel this
What can I do to get you there

There's only so much I can take
And I just got to let it go
And who knows I might feel better
If I don't try and I don't hope

What can I do to make you love me
What can I do to make you care
What can I say to make you feel this
What can I do to get you there

No more waiting, no more aching
No more fighting, no more trying

Maybe there's nothing more to say
And in a funny way I'm calm
Because the power is not mine
I'm just gonna let it fly

What can I do to make you love me
What can I do to make you care
What can I say to make you feel this
What can I do to get you there

Play me

He was morning and I was night
Time I one day woke up to find
Him lying beside my bed I softly
Said come take me for I've been
Lonely in need of someone as
Though I'd done someone wrong
Somewhere I don't know where come
Lately

You are the sun I am the moon
You are the words I am the tune
Play me

Song he sang to me song he
Brought to me words that rang in
Me rhyme that sprang from me
Warmed the night and what was
Right became me

You are the sun I am the moon
You are the words I am the tune
Play me

And so it was that I came to
Travel upon a road that was
Thorned and narrow another place
Another grace would save me

You are the sun I am the moon
You are the words I am the tune
Play me



Plages de l'Atlantique

J'enfermerai dans ma hutte
Les semelles usées de mes voyages
J'entraînerai dans ma chute
La pluie de tous mes gros nuages
Quel soulagement pour mes veines
Quelle tranquillité pour mon sang
La nouvelle race inhumaine
Ne m' fait pas plus peur qu'un géant

J'emporterai dans mon arbre
Une photocopie de ton cœur
Je graverai sur un grand marbre
Une épitaphe pour mes erreurs
Quel soulagement pour ma bouche
Quelle tranquillité pour ma voix
Les générations qui se couchent
N'ont rien laissé de leurs dix doigts

Plages de l'Atlantique
Ou falaises de la mer Baltique
Je reviendrai sûrement un jour
Je reviendrai
Place de la Concorde
Ou de la Révolution d'Octobre
J' vous oublierai sûrement un jour
J' vous oublierai

Je coulerai dans mon épave
Tous les vieux plans du capitaine
Je consulterai l'astrolabe
Au lieu d'écouter les sirènes
Quel soulagement pour mon âme
Quelle tranquillité pour mon sort
Quand le violon monte une gamme
Le piano est toujours d'accord

J'enfermerai dans ma hutte
Les semelles usées de mes voyages
J'entraînerai dans ma chute
La pluie de tous mes gros nuages
Quel soulagement pour ma tête
Quelle tranquillité pour mon front
Dans la poussière des planètes
On trouvera toujours ton prénom

Lalala...
Je reviendrai sûrement un jour
Je reviendrai





Before December

Pearls and Diamonds

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