

A close-up portrait of a woman with short, dark, wavy hair. She is looking slightly upwards and to the left with a gentle smile. The background is a textured green fabric. The text "Simple Matters" is written in a white, cursive font across the top of her face.

Simple Matters

Mette Kirkegaard



Simple Matters

1. *Love is to Blame* **4:04** Mette Kirkegaard and thanks to Kostas

2. *Crazy Love* **4:08** Mette Kirkegaard

3. *Foreign Pines* **3:41** Mette Kirkegaard and Johann Wagner

4. *Heaven* **4:10** Mette Kirkegaard and thanks to Kostas

5. *I'm Alive* **4:59** Mette Kirkegaard and thanks to Kostas

6. *Memory Mile* **3:38** Mette Kirkegaard and Kostas

7. *Simple Matters* **3:24** Mette Kirkegaard and Kostas

8. *Tears in Blue* **4:13** Mette Kirkegaard

9. *Only the Good* **3:42** Mette Kirkegaard

10. *Angie* **3:30** Mette Kirkegaard

11. *Rün det gode* **3:46** Mette Kirkegaard

Love is to Blame

By Mette Kirkegaard
– with a special thanks to Kostas

I go back to all my dreams
Drifting back to New Orleans
Where I talked to an old wise man
And he sat and read my hands

In my heart he saw your name
In my eyes he felt the pain
Then he said ain't that a shame
You're just crazy you're not insane

You're just crazy
And love is to blame
You're just crazy
And love is to blame

Why do you still hold on
When you know that he is gone
You don't want to be free
But things aren't what they used to be

The world's crazy
Now ain't that a shame
We're all crazy
And love is to blame
The world's crazy
Now ain't that a shame

Time is the distance between two hearts
When one is left behind
And one moves on
Tomorrow when the sun comes up
You'll wake and find
Your eyes will see again
And darkness gone
Someone new is waiting
Somewhere down the line
Someone who will come
And change your mind

We're all crazy
And love is to blame
The world is crazy
Ain't that a shame
We go crazy
When love is just a game
We're all crazy and who is to blame



Crazy Love

By Mette Kirkegaard

I run into doors
Emptied situations
You've buried last fall
A yard of indecisions
Once you believed in our plans
Now we're so incomplete it's
Out of my hands

Your waterproof walls
Silent navigation
Drops me off at the backdoor
Luggage at the station
The longer it takes
After the break up day
The more it meant
At least so they say

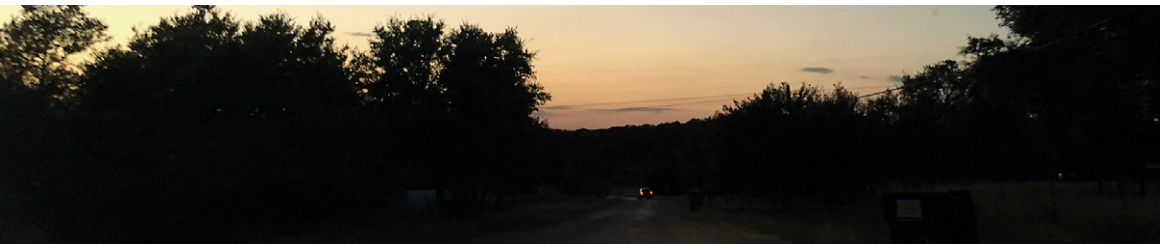
Then it must have been love
Crazy love
Then it must have been love
Crazy love

Well you've been hiding your mess
Well who wouldn't I guess
For what I learned from the sand
Punished for loving a man

Who didn't know
Where he was in heartland
He'll vanish too
Out of my hands

Then it must have been love
Crazy love
Then it must have been love
Crazy love
Then it must have been love
Crazy love

Well here I am
With no plan
Lost and empty drowning sand
He's gone crazy gone
He's gone crazy gone crazy gone
Out of my hands – out of my hands
Out of my hands





Foreign Pines

By Mette Kirkegaard and Johann Wagner

We drove out to the East coast
In a swirl of a summerskie
To the prairie winds and the poor towns
To the wet fields of the foreign pines

It ain't easy when you're living
Begging for bread out on your own
We struck a match for St. Francis
And then we waited for the storm

Oh Honey we were rambling and gambling
We were both falling on our shields
We were hungry and shameless
Like all lovers like to be

It ain't heavy to fall tender
Into the darkness of a wound
It reminds me of the wonder
The high of feeling good

We went searching for the thunder
But all we found was rain
We left your coat in the diner
Along with all the change

Oh Honey we were digging and ticking
We were both falling on our shields
We were hungry and shameless
Like all lovers like to be

Oh be my darling
Be my midnight
Be my grapes
And be my wine

Be my lantern
Be my stranger
Be my laughter
And my lies

Oh Honey we were rambling and gambling
We were both falling on our shields
We were hungry and shameless
Like all lovers like to be



Heaven

By Mette Kirkegaard and a special thanks to Kostas

Warm in the candlelight
The stars up in the sky
And I can feel the glow
Bringing me close to heaven

And if you need my love
Come here to me and stir it up
We'll climb the stairs, my love
Untill we reach the fire

And we can flie high again
Take to the sky again
I wanna feel my heart beat again
I wanna touch heaven

I wanna feel free again
Feel you in me again
Burn in the heat again
I wanna feel heaven

The rythm of the night
The shadows and the light
The waves come, eb and flow
I can't let you go – I wanna touch heaven

And we can flie high again
Take to the sky again
I wanna feel my heart beat again
I wanna touch heaven

I wanna feel free again
Feel you in me again
Burn in the heat again
I wanna feel heaven

So let us sip our wine
And we'll forget about time
Untill the light of dawn
Love goes on and on

And we can flie high again
take to the sky again
I wanna feel my heart beat again
I wanna touch heaven
I wanna touch heaven





I'm Alive

By Mette Kirkegaard with thanks to Kostas

I see the picture
On the table
What's left to say
The lukewarm coffee in a cup
Spilled juice
In your mama's cottage
What a way to start the day

You drew me into
Your frozen silence
Uncertain – and the fear unknown
Do you want me to stay?

I am what I am
I'm still warm inside
You don't understand
And I am what I am
And you're what you are

I am – a child
In a world of strangers
I'm love and life for you to hold
My love is torn and tattered
You left me there without a sound

Love's so hard to find
Such are the gifts of the cold
And the North star found me in time
I'm still alive, alive, alive

Brush the ashes from the tile
Watch the glow of the ambers
Shadows dancing in the night
You walk down the aisle
And the wind was so unkind

But baby, I'm alright
Yes, I will be fine
I can't see your fading skie
Many steps and many miles
You walked away from her ghost
But she followed you behind
Who was bleeding who was hurt
And who reached out to take your hand
You never made it through your mistake

You are what you are
But I'm still alive
I'm still alive, alive, alive
Inside
I am what I am
I'm still warm
Still a woman
Still a child

Memory Mile

By Mette Kirkegaard and Kostas

I'm walking late hours
Through empty streets
Another glimpse of you
Always a heartache you meet
An old man sitting in the midnight rain
Looking for the strength
To meet his luck again

You're like a memory mile I see
Coming back to me
You're like a memory mile I see
Always coming back to me

Hoping to get my life back
Still driving rented wrecks
Trying to break even
And take another step

Hey, I don't need a cure
To be on a life's leash
One thing is for sure
You're still out of reach

You're like a memory mile I see
Coming back to me
You're like a memory mile I see
Always coming back to me

I have an eye for weakness
That I can thank you for
I have an eye for weakness
You always opened that door

Just take what you need
Let go of the rest
I buried you cheap
It's all for the best





Simple Matters

By Mette Kirkegaard and Kostas

They have our favorite coffee
Down by the red mill
Have you stopped longing for me
Like shadows standing still

We could ride this horse forever
Never let our chances go
Simple matters
Not easy to see through
Simple matters
What's left of me and you

You leave me feeling lonely
Even when I am with you
Just like a little bluebird
In a dream I can't fly through

We sit at different tables
And stare at different views
Simple matters
Not easy to see through
Simple matters
What's left of me and you

I wish I could change
The ending of the dream
I wish I could change
But it always stays the same

Simple matters
Not easy to see through
Simple matters
What's left of me and you

Simple matters
Not easy to see through
Simple matters
What's left of me and you

I wish I could change
The ending of the dream
I wish I could change
But it always stays the same

Simple matters
Not easy to see through
Simple matters
What's left of me and you

Simple matters
Not easy to see through
Simple matters

- the dream I can't break through



Tears In Blue

By Mette Kirkegaard

I met an old dealer
On the highway today
He promised me love
If no cure then no pay

Now you'd be surprised
What I've been through

He's built a Death Valley
New woman as his bone
Still on the same rally
Where true hearts meet stone

Now you'd be surprised
What we'll go through

Im writing my bill
For you
A blank cheque I do
For you I always will
Write my tears in blue
For you

We're paying in blood
You set sail with our fears
When you change our odds
How tastes a different tear?

You wanted to go left
But then you'd pick right
You made more than debt
Tread softly tonight

Im writing my bill...

You sound like sweet lies
And show me a sign
You drive Hurting Path
Been there crossed that

Im leaving these days
And I hear myself say
Are there any mistakes
Who needs the wrong way?

Im writing my bill...

No don't be surprised
What I've come through
Cause I got through

Like a homeless fool
I'm paying the price
Of a man made monsoon

I'm writing my bill
For you
A blank cheque I do
For you I always will
Write my tears in blue
For you
For you
For you



Only The Good

By Mette Kirkegaard

It was dark and dreary
And there you came
Walked through that door
Saw the ashes

It was the time
You saw my tears falling
Couldn't lose anymore

Such was I mourning

You taught me to dare
You showed me I could love again
Dare to losing to life
Yet another good friend

I knew you as you've been
And for this you shall be known
Your dark moments disappear
On them I wont dwell

You taught me to dare

You showed me I could love again
Dare to losing to life
Yet another good friend

I will recall the good
This is where I stand
Everything else needs to burn
And rest in darkness

I will recall the good
This is where I stand
Now you have left with the tears
I'll stand firm

You taught me to love, my friend
A heart endures and awakens
Light opens op again

You let us break

You taught me to dare
You showed me I could love again
Dare to losing to life
Yet another good friend

I will recall the good
This is where I stand
I will recall the good
This is where I stand

*Costa Blanca Train, 2014
Translated from "Kun det gode"
by Mette Kirkegaard C.
Patrick Herzfeld add. words*

Angie

By Mette Kirkegaard

She's paid her debt
And she's back on wheels
Calling her lover to see
If they can start
What was meant to be
Oh angie
It's time dont you see she whispers
Some love
You just give some love

She said it's her chance for a new romance
Everything can change
Just breathe and accept
You might end in the right lane
Oh angie
It's time don't you see you just give
Some love
You just give some love

Why is it that you wanna say so much
Tell him that he should understand more
When all you've done is closing the last open door?

Oh Angie
It's time dont you see
You just give some love
You just give some love
You just give some love

I'm a clown to these things I feel
Always saying what I should not reveal
I can't hide my mind
And I stop too late

You just give some love
You just give some love
You just give some love

But is it enough
But is it enough
But is it enough
She's paid her debt and she's back on wheels



Kun det gode

By Mette Kirkegaard

Det var så mørkt og trist
Og der kom du
Gik ind ad den dør, så den aske
Det var den tid
Du så mine tårer falde
Ku' intet miste, og sådan blev det
Du lærte mig at turde
Du viste mig at jeg ku' igen
Turde tabe til livet
Endnu en god ven

Jeg kendte den du var
Og på det skal du kendes
De sorte stunder forsvinder i din last
Du lærte mig at turde
Du viste mig at jeg ku' igen
Turde tabe til livet
Endnu en god ven

Jeg mindes kun det gode
Der står jeg bedst
Alt må brændes
Al mørkets rest
Jeg mindes kun det gode
Der står jeg bedst
Nu du er gået med gråden
Så står jeg fast

Du lærte mig at elske ven
For hjertet kan holde til det meste
Lyset har åbnet op igen
Du lod os briste

Du lærte mig at turde
Du viste mig at jeg ku' igen
Turde tabe til livet
Endnu en god ven
Jeg mindes kun det gode
Der står jeg bedst
Jeg mindes kun det gode
Der står jeg bedst

Written in the Costa Blanca-train,
Alicante, 2014





About

Sometimes it takes time to put your feet back on the ground. I started work on this album in October 2013, shortly after my father passed away. I was experiencing a lot of confusion and grief, as well as a lot of love and a growing belief that certain events let the pain out and new life in.

I went to Spain, Italy. I went to Texas and Montana. Three years later, I finally recorded eleven new songs in Austin, Texas. There was one event in particular that made a huge impact on my songwriting: meeting the legendary songwriter Kostas from Montana, who was also enjoying a brief stopover at the House of Songs in Austin.

Later, he invited me to Montana, and the following year we sat on his porch, working on my new songs. I cannot thank Kostas enough for being the wise man he truly is.

Produced by Patrick Herzfeld, this album Simple Matters follows up the sound of Dry Wood, an EP recorded in Berlin in 2011. I owe a big thanks to German producer Brio for working on the EP Dry Wood with me. When he heard Herzfeld's incredible work, he liked the sound immediately and the way it complements the Nordic Americana sound on the EP.

It has been a long journey, but well worth the effort – because sometimes dreams do come true. In your darkest hour, it may happen that you find your strongest vision.



Production

LEAD VOCAL Mette Kirkegaard
BACKING VOCALS Mette Kirkegaard,
Patrick Herzfeld
GUITARS Matt Gracy (1, 2, 4, 6, 7)
Johann Wagner (3)
Mette Kirkegaard (5, 8, 10, 11)
BASS Morgan Patrick Thompson
DRUMS Mark Henne, Patrick Herzfeld (1, 6)
PERCUSSION Patrick Herzfeld (1)
PIANO Mette Kirkegaard (4, 9, 11)
SYNTH Patrick Herzfeld (5, 8, 10)
PRODUCER Patrick Herzfeld
RECORDED IN Signal Hill Recording Studios,
Austin, Texas, USA.
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*In memory of my father Evan
To shores of white sand*