



MABO

Beyond Velocity

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When I released Velocity a few years ago, I had no idea so many people would enjoy it. Most of the listeners seemed to be people my age, those who grew up in the 70s and 80s and still remember when radio stations played songs with melodies you could whistle on the way home.

Not much has changed since then. I still believe the 70s and 80s produced some of the greatest music ever recorded, and I still find myself listening to Synth-Pop, NDW and New Wave more often than anything coming out today. So naturally, this album follows a similar path.

Unlike Velocity, however, this project turned out to be much more personal.

As I worked on the songs, I realized that many of them were connected to different moments of my life. Some began as poems written years ago. Others were inspired by people I knew, dreams I had, places I lived, and questions that still occupy my mind today. Without planning it, this album became a collection of memories set to music.

I am not a professional musician, nor do I pretend to be one. I wrote the melodies, wrote almost all of the lyrics*, played the chords on my keyboards and synthesizer, played some trumpet, attempted a little singing, and mixed everything together in our humble home studio. My teenage daughter deserves special credit for helping me navigate the technology side of things. Without her, some of these songs would probably still be trapped inside my computer.

I made this album for myself, for people my age who still remember fixing a cassette tape with a pencil, and for younger listeners who have discovered that good music never really goes out of style.

These songs tell stories about immigration, friendship, love, loss, dreams, art, growing older, and occasionally aliens. In other words, they tell the story of a life.

I had a lot of fun making this album, and I hope you enjoy listening to it.

*Except Track 11, written by Dr. Chandi and used with permission

01
SPRING IS HERE
This song began as a poem I wrote years ago. As a visual artist, I often incorporate poetry into my abstract paintings. The poem accompanied a spring-themed exhibition and reflected my annual struggle with Canadian winters. Every year I wait impatiently for spring so I can escape the cold and get back into my garden.

Chirping birds and sunshine bright,
Flowers blooming, what a sight.
Packed away my winter coat,
No more scarf around my throat.

Winter boots are in the locker,
Let’s wear sandals, play some soccer.
Spring is here, oh what delight,
Having picnics feels so right

Look around, the sky is blue,
No more fighting off the flu.
Life is great without the snow,
Sunshine makes my garden grow.
Feel the warmth, the air is light,
Chirping birds and skies so bright.
Golden days and longer nights,
Everything just feels so right—
Hear the song, the world’s in tune,
Dancing into April, May, and June.

Windows open, fresh spring air,
Laughter drifting everywhere.
Bikes are rolling down the street,
Rhythm tapping in my feet.

Jackets gone, we’re feeling free,
Green returns to every tree.
Clouds are soft, the breeze is slow,
Watch the rivers start to flow.

Every day a brighter view,
Every dream feels closer too.

Life is great without the snow,
Sunshine makes my garden grow.
Feel the warmth, the air is light,
Chirping birds and skies so bright.
Golden days and longer nights,
Everything just feels so right—
Hear the song, the world’s in tune,
Dancing into April, May, and June.

Feel the light upon your face,
Winter’s gone without a trace.
Turn it up and sing along,
Springtime is our favourite song!

02
THE YEAR WAS '86
This song tells a true story. Ever since I was a child, I dreamed of moving to Canada. In 1986, that dream became reality. Forty years later, I sometimes ask myself if I would do it all over again. The answer is yes—although at my age, I would probably take a nap first.

The year was ’86, I was young and free,
A young man with a big dream in me.
Maps on the wall, planes in the sky,
Whispers of a world on the other side.
Across the ocean, far away,
Europe fading into yesterday.
One day I’ll go, I used to say,
I’ll find my future across the bay
No in-between, no second guess,
Just a heart full of restlessness.

When I was a boy, I had this dream,
Suitcase in my hand, bursting at the seams.
Coins in my pocket, hope in my eyes,
Chasing the lights of foreign skies.
Airplane wings or a silver rocket,
All my courage in my pocket.
I didn’t know just what I’d see —
But I believed in destiny.

Now I’m a grown-up man at last,
Still hearing echoes of my past.
Stepped off the plane, heart on fire,
fuelled by faith and pure desire.
Took that chance, crossed that sea,

Turned that boy into me.
Every doubt I overruled,
Dreamers don’t play it safe — they’re bold.

No looking back, no retreat,
Just new ground beneath my feet.
But forty years have passed since then
I’m older now and wiser too
Would I repeat his major step,
Sure, why not? But first, a nap.

When I was a boy, I had this dream,
Suitcase in my hand, bursting at the seams.
Coins in my pocket, hope in my eyes,
Chasing the lights of foreign skies.
Airplane wings or a silver rocket,
All my courage in my pocket.
I didn’t know just what I’d be —
But I believed in destiny.

From small-town streets to open skies,
From whispered hopes to realized.
Some dreams don’t fade, they just persist,
They wait for the right moment to exist.
I took the leap, I made it stick,
Young man back in ’86.

When I was a boy, I had this dream,
Now I’m living what it means.
Suitcase in my hand once more,
But I don’t need it anymore.
The ocean wide, the sky so free —
It led me right to where I’m meant to be.
The year was ’86...
And that dream still lives in me.

03
MORE THAN THESE WALLS
Inspired by Freddie Mercury's song “There Must Be More to Life Than This,” this track reflects on humanity and the world we have created. Are we capable of becoming better, or are we destined to keep repeating the same mistakes?

We build our towers to the sky
We count the days, we count the miles
We fill our rooms with flashing lights
But still we search through restless nights

We hear the noise, we hear the blame
The endless chorus, always the same

A thousand voices, loud and clear
Yet somehow no one seems to hear

There must be a road beyond the fear
A place where hearts can still be near
More than the anger, more than the noise
More than the battles, more than the choice

If we could see through each other's eyes
Maybe we'd find a better sunrise
There must be more than these walls we raise
There must be brighter days

A child is laughing in the rain
A stranger helps another with their pain
Small moments pass us every day
Like hidden stars that light the way

The world can seem so cold and fast
As if the future fears the past
But every hand that reaches out
Is stronger than a thousand doubts

There must be a road beyond the fear
A place where hearts can still be near

More than the anger, more than the noise
More than the battles, more than the choice

If we could see through each other's eyes
Maybe we'd find a better sunrise
There must be more than these walls we raise
There must be brighter days

Not in the gold
Not in the fame
Not in the numbers beside our names

It's in the light
We give away
It's in the love that remains

There must be a road beyond the fear
A place where hearts can still be near
More than the shadows that fill the night
More than the darkness without a light
And if we stand together somehow
The future can begin right now
There must be more than these walls we raise
There must be brighter days

Brighter days...

More than the anger, more than the noise More than the battles, more than the choice	Gelbe Stifte Schwarze Stifte Weiße Stifte Und andere Farben	Farbe für Farbe Linie für Linie	Oh-oh Lou, my dog Lou, Nothing that you do is true. Oh-oh Lou, what a view, life’s a mess — but fun with you.	Doesn’t listen, doesn’t care, chaos follows everywhere. But when he sleeps, so calm, so true, I forget what he put me through.	Morning light on empty streets He hears the rhythm of his heartbeat Every step just feels the same But everything changes when she came	Next time, I’ll cross the line But every Sunday slips away And next time never stays	Which roads would you take again, and which ones would you avoid? These questions inspired this song.
If we could see through each other's eyes Maybe we'd find a better sunrise There must be more than these walls we raise There must be brighter days	Farbe für Farbe Linie für Linie Kreis für Kreis Bild für Bild	Kreis für Kreis Bild für Bild	He steals the couch, he owns the night, stretched out proud like royalty might.	Oh-oh Lou, my dog Lou, crazy days and nights with you. Oh-oh Lou, still it’s true, I’d never trade my dog Lou.	A simple glance, a silent plea She’s standing there so close to me	Day by day, it fades to grey A dream he never dared to say One last look, one last goodbye Lost beneath a quiet sky	Last night I dreamed that it was over And death was standing at my door, so I let him in We talked until the morning light About this and that
04 BUNTSTIFTE No special talent was required to write this one. It is a typical NDW-style song inspired by the quirky German music I grew up with. Colour pencils also happen to be one of the tools I frequently use in my mixed-media artwork.	Farbe für Farbe Linie für Linie Tag für Tag Stift für Stift Ich habe viele Buntstifte In einer Schachtel	Tag für Tag Stift für Stift 05 MY DOG LOU Another poem that eventually became a song. It was originally written for a commissioned painting that incorporated both artwork and poetry. This track is dedicated to a faithful companion and friend.	I get a corner, that’s my seat, Guess who lost? Yeah — me, defeat. He snores so loud, the walls complain, dreams he’s flying like a plane. Little paws up in the blue, Captain Lou — just passing through.	06 NEXT TIME This song is based on an early childhood memory and my very first crush. I must have been around thirteen or fourteen years old when I first saw her. What made the experience unforgettable was that she reminded me of the mysterious girl who had appeared in my re-curring dreams for years—the same dreams described in Hopeless. The resemblance was not physical as much as emotional. Seeing her brought back that familiar feeling of peace, recognition, and connection that I had experienced so often in those dreams. Unfortunately, I was painfully shy and never found the courage to speak to her. Like many first loves, she remained a beautiful possibility rather than a real story. This song is dedicated to you, Heike.	Next time, I’ll say your name Next time, I’ll break the chain I feel the words inside my mind But I leave them all behind Next time, I’ll make it right Next time, I’ll cross the line But every Sunday slips away And next time never stays Soft choir echoes through the hall He tries to move but hits the wall She turns around, their eyes align Just for a second out of time He tells himself, “Don’t let it go...” But he already knows	Next time... next time... Next time, it’s all he says Living in tomorrows and yesterdays A thousand chances pass him by Still he never wonders why Next time was all he had Now it’s gone, and it’s too bad Every Sunday feels the same But she never came again Empty space where she once stood He never said the words he could Next time... has come and gone	Then he looked at me and asked: “If you could start all over again today, What different road would you have taken? Which parties would you have skipped, Which mistakes would you not have made?” I thought about it for a moment, then I said: I’d do it all again the very same way, Exactly the way it was And it would be just as good again, Of course it would Every time I think, “Hey, maybe this time really is the last time” But in the end I’m always ready to go again
Ich habe viele Buntstifte Ganz viele Farben Rote Stifte Blaue Stifte Und grüne Stifte Noch viel mehr Farben Ich habe viele Buntstifte In vielen Farben	urze Stifte Lange Stifte Neue Stifte Alte Stifte Ich habe viele Buntstifte Ganz viele Farben Rot und Blau Gelb und Grün Schwarz und Weiß Und alle Farben	My dog Lou ate half my shoe, left the laces, left the glue. Looked at me like, “Who, me? Who?” Yeah, right, Lou — I’m onto you. He barks at clouds, he chases air, fights the wind like something’s there. Runs in circles, same old tale, tries to eat his spinning tail.	Oh-oh Lou, my dog Lou, nothing that you do is true. Oh-oh Lou, what a view, life’s a mess — but fun with you. ou! — Sit down. No! — Not now. Hey! — Leave that! Too late. In the park he’s number one, thinks the world’s his private run. Jumps in puddles, mud and splash, turns a walk into a crash.	Next time, I’ll say your name Next time, I’ll break the chain I feel the words inside my mind But I leave them all behind Next time, I’ll make it right	07 LAST NIGHT I DREAMED What would happen if you knew your time was almost up and were given the chance to relive your life? What would you change?		Death left my room late that night And I made a brand-new deal with him

He'll give me a few more years
Before we meet again
And until then
I've still got a few more stories to tell

Because I'd do it all again the very same way,
Exactly the way it was
With every high and every crash into the valley

Every time I think,
"Hey, maybe this time really is the last time,"
But in the end
I'm always ready to go again

How many times have I driven
That highway toward hell?
Always hoping
I'd never truly arrive there

I'd do it all again the very same way,
Exactly the way it was
And it would be just as good again,
That's obvious

Every time I think,
"Hey, maybe this time really is the last time"
But in the end
I'm always ready to go again.

08 MY SUNSHINE
I wrote this poem more than twenty years ago for the woman who would later become my wife. At the time we lived over 4,000 km apart, and the distance often felt much greater than the number suggested.

The world feels small, yet I'm alone,
Where are you now, my sunshine's gone?

There's no use now, you're far away,
But you should know: I miss you every day.

Like precious gold a thief once took,
That's how I love you — more than words or looks
And even if time steals space from view,
My love stays warm, forever true.

The world feels small, yet I'm alone,
Where are you now, my sunshine's gone?

There's no use now, you're far away,
But you should know: I miss you every day.

Like precious gold a thief once took,
That's how I love you, more than words or looks.

And even if time steals space from view,
My love stays warm, forever true.

09 Galaxy Traveller
This song continues the story from “I Came in Peace” on my first album, Velocity. If intelligent life from another world visited Earth, what would they think after observing humanity for a while? Would they stay—or leave as quickly as possible?

I travelled many light-years,
To see this Earth.
What a disappointment
I did not know.

Why this mess,
I can't believe it.
Primitive and selfish kind.

What a disappointment,
I should have known.
I travelled many light-years,
To see this Earth

I think we skip this place
And find a better planet
Somewhere else....

10 NUTCRACKER
A song about Sonja, my punk girlfriend from the 1980s. She adopted her warrior nickname after seeing Grace Jones in the James Bond film A View to a Kill. first meeting is described in greater detail in my autobiography.

I never saw her coming, a punk girl in black
She came from behind and gave me a whack
I was standing by the speakers, staring at the floor
When she knocked me from my daydream,
wanting something more

She smelled like lemon, her hair was wild
Two bottles in her hands and a rebel smile
She handed one to me and said,"Let's have some fun"
I tried to find the words but my tongue came undone

My heart was racing to the drum machine beat
The room was spinning underneath my feet
She looked at me and laughed and then she said:

"Hi, they call me Nutcracker!"
I said, "Why's that?"
She said, "I've got a pretty good good squeeze."
Imagine that!

"Hi, they call me Nutcracker!"

She smiled so bright
I said, "Did you squeeze the lemons too?"
We laughed all night

The neon lights were flashing red and blue
She danced like nobody else I ever knew
I wanted to ask her for another song
But every clever sentence came out wrong

The DJ played the soundtrack of our youth
Synthesizers, cigarettes, and truth
The whole world disappeared into the crowd
And for the first time I was laughing loud

The bassline rolling like a midnight train
I knew I'd never be the same again
She took my hand and pulled me to the floor

"Hi, they call me Nutcracker!"
I said, "Why's that?"
She said, "I've got a pretty good squeeze."
Imagine that!
"Hi, they call me Nutcracker!"
She smiled so bright
I said, "Did you squeeze the lemons too?"
We laughed all night

Six months of summer, six months of dreams
Nothing is ever quite the way it seems

Then came a letter and a uniform
And life moved on beyond the storm

Sometimes when I hear those old synth sounds
I see her dancing as the lights go round
A lemon perfume in the smoky air
I close my eyes and she's still there

"Hi, they call me Nutcracker!"
Echoes in my mind
One crazy night in '82
That I left behind

"Hi, they call me Nutcracker!"
Still makes me smile
A punk girl and a shy young man
For a little while

Nutcracker...
Nutcracker...
Lemon perfume and neon lights...
Nutcracker...

11 HOPELESS
These are the only lyrics on the album that I did not write. The words were written by my friend Dr. Chandi and published in his book Deeper Emotions.

While the poem describes the loss of his wife, I discovered a different meaning within it. From early childhood until about the age of seventeen, I experienced recurring dreams in which the same curly-haired blonde girl would appear again and again. The feeling was difficult to describe. It was far more than familiarity. It felt like a deep love and connection, so strong and peaceful that I often wished the dream would continue. Unlike most dreams, I almost always remembered these encounters when I woke up. As I grew older, I tried to make sense of them. Were they simply recurring dreams? Fragments of an overactive imagination? Memories from a past life? Or perhaps something more spiritual? I still don't know the answer.

Whatever they were, the emotions remained with me long after the dreams stopped, and when I first read this poem, those memories immediately came back to me.

At night,
in darkness,
everything is still.
A soundless house,
mind and body calm.

In deep sleep
I do not want to wake,
afraid to miss a moment
so tender, so bright,
so full of love.

When I open my eyes
I cannot hold back tears
as you fade away
from a briefly perfect dream,
leaving me
hopeless.
again.