



THE DUTCH

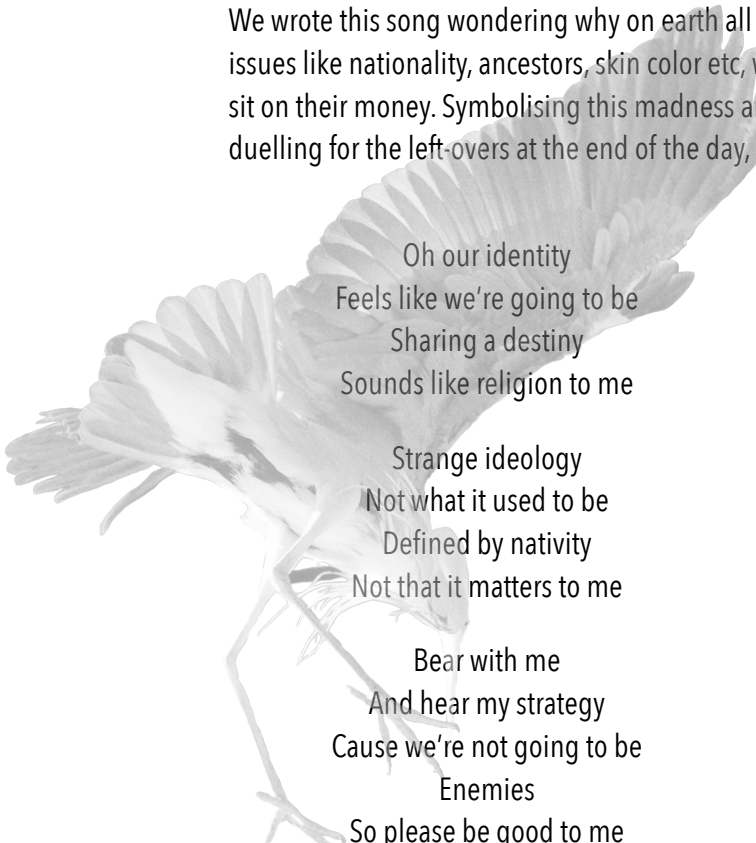
ENTER SANCTUARY

Lyrics and thoughts



Enter Sanctuary (feat. Fay Lovsky)

We wrote this song wondering why on earth all the Have-nots fight each other over identity issues like nationality, ancestors, skin color etc, while the Haves lean back, enjoy the view and sit on their money. Symbolising this madness are the herons of the Albert Cuyp market duelling for the left-overs at the end of the day, in a series of photos by Jantje Geldof.



Oh our identity
Feels like we're going to be
Sharing a destiny
Sounds like religion to me

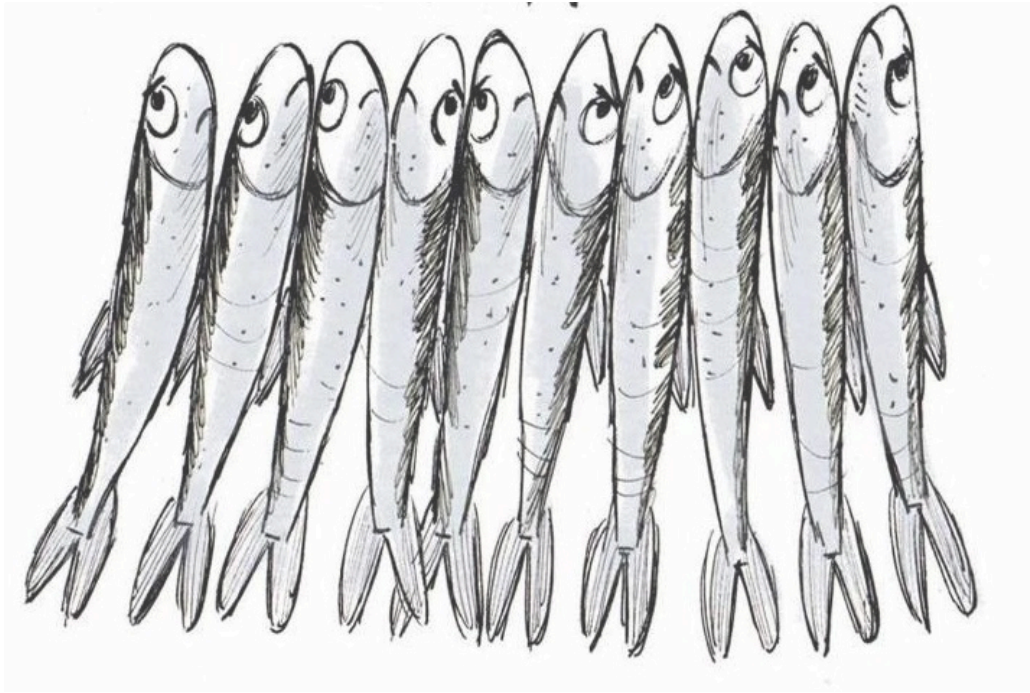
Strange ideology
Not what it used to be
Defined by nativity
Not that it matters to me

Bear with me
And hear my strategy
Cause we're not going to be
Enemies
So please be good to me
And enter sanctuary

You're not the chosen one
Born on a magical day
Claiming Jerusalem
Outsiders left to obey


Oh, that's peculiar
Just like the sound of your voice
Your mind's getting narrower
Feels like you're left with no choice

Bear with me
And hear my strategy
Cause we're not going to be
Enemies
So please be good to me
And enter sanctuary



6000 Sardines

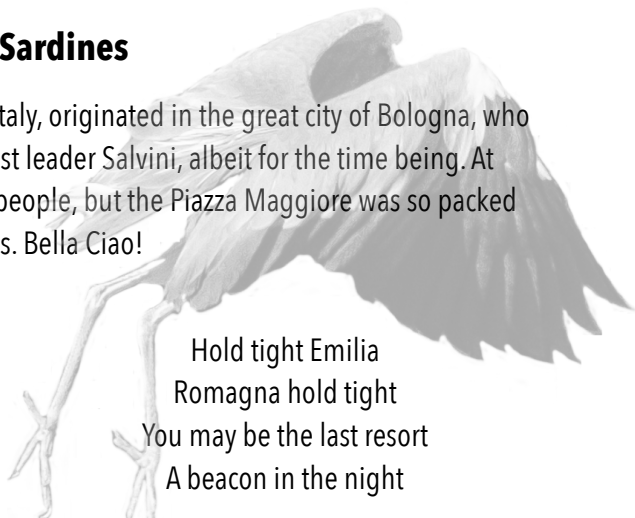
Is the name of the grassroots organisation in Italy, originated in the great city of Bologna, who succeeded in stopping the Lega and its populist leader Salvini, albeit for the time being. At their first demonstration they expected 6000 people, but the Piazza Maggiore was so packed that they named the movement 6000 Sardines. Bella Ciao!



Me and the rest of us
6000 sardines
Watching society
Go to smithereens

Little swines, porcupines
Philistines, simple minds
Orwell said the pigs are near
Animal farm is here

But those 6000 sardines
The most human of beings
With the left and the greens



Hold tight Emilia
Romagna hold tight
You may be the last resort
A beacon in the night

Little swines, porcupines
Philistines, simple minds
Orwell said the pigs are near
Animal farm is here

But those 6000 sardines
The most human of beings
With the left and the greens



In The Dark

We wrote this song during the first covid-19 lockdown, when everyone was juggling data, theories and figures and, let's be honest, just guessing what had happened. We thought it best to acknowledge we were pretty much in the dark. Better bide our time, read a novel or a poem, listen to good music and love each other. And so we did.

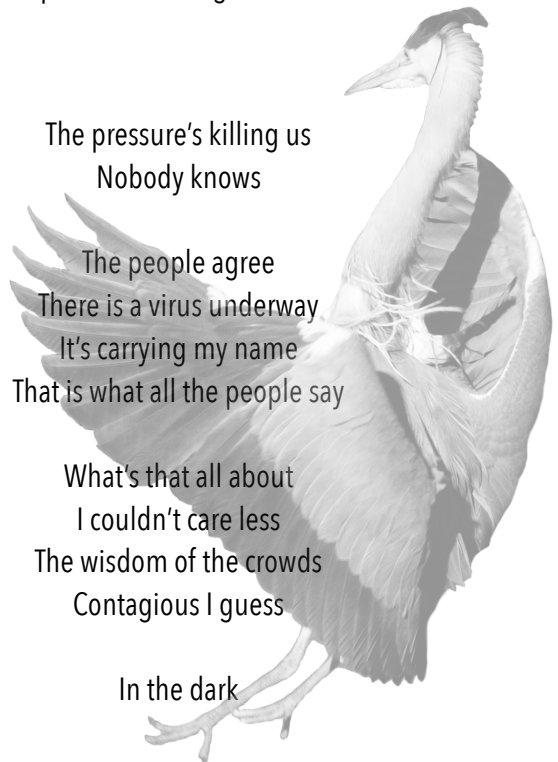
Nothing to do
I'm having a Wednesday in the park
I don't have a clue
I think I will stay here after dark

Nothing on my phone
It's dead by the way
I'm out here on my own
I'm planning to stay

In the dark

O blissful innocence
Where did you go

The pressure's killing us
Nobody knows
The people agree
There is a virus underway
It's carrying my name
That is what all the people say
What's that all about
I couldn't care less
The wisdom of the crowds
Contagious I guess
In the dark





Where Did Your Blood Flow

In 2019, the grandchildren of Jansje Punt recognised their grandma from a painting by Charley Toorop that was printed in the newspaper. Until then it was unknown who the working-class woman in the 1943 painting was. They told the Stedelijk Museum Jansje had been Toorop's housekeeper. During the Second World War, her three sons were put to work in Nazi Germany. Probably the reason she is looking so worried, standing in a bombed-out street in Rotterdam.

The city skies have turned to black
So many thoughts, you're losing track
The landscape's dark
It's welcoming no-one

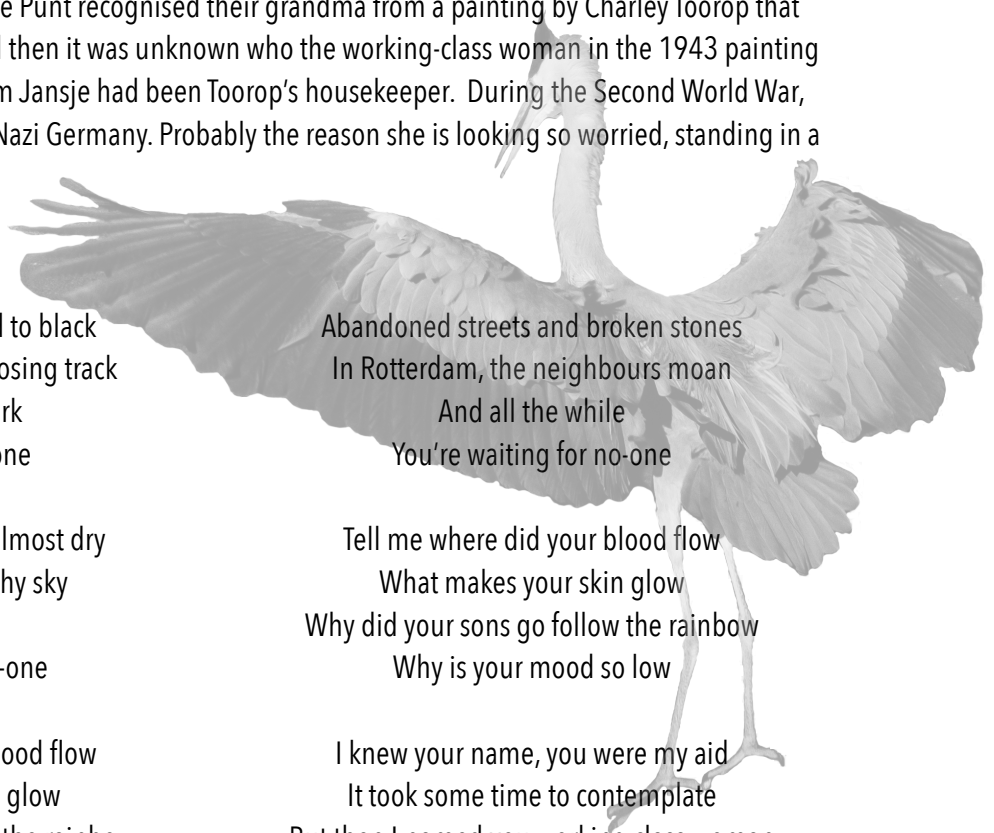
The clothes you wear are almost dry
Dissolving in the swarthy sky
Already gone
You're waiting for no-one

Tell me where did your blood flow
What makes your skin glow
Why did your sons go follow the rainbow
Why is your mood so low

Abandoned streets and broken stones
In Rotterdam, the neighbours moan
And all the while
You're waiting for no-one

Tell me where did your blood flow
What makes your skin glow
Why did your sons go follow the rainbow
Why is your mood so low


I knew your name, you were my aid
It took some time to contemplate
But then I named you working class woman





1968

Imagine all the hippies from 1968 recapturing San Francisco from the loathsome Silicon Valley millionaires who have penetrated our lives and turned the city into a capitalist sanctuary for Ayn Rand admirers. At the end of the song there's a little quote from Scott McKenzie's hippie anthem San Francisco.



Are you going to San Francisco
In the summer
We'll be hiking to the west coast
We'll be surfin' couches
We'll have flower weddings
In purple settings
Chocolate headings
Will be printed on the records
That we'll give to strangers
And we'll dance like it's 1968 again
Plastic Onos and U2 Bonos
In monokini's
Will be there on our arrival
And the people cheering
And we'll dance like it's 1968 again

Are you going to San Francisco
We're going to scare some devils
Like it's 1968

Are you moving to the valley
Start a business
With your libertarian values
It's so horrifying
We'll have you shamed like it's 1968 again

Are you going to San Francisco
We're going to scare some devils
Like it's 1968

Summertime
We'll be a loving pair



Run The Story

All lyrics by Hans Croon
All music by The Dutch
Albert Cuyp herons photos by Jantje Geldof

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