I was born in the middle of the sixties

really close by a big blue water

called the Baltic Sea

and it was bitterly cold outside these days

the cold war burned brightly and hot between east and west

I grew up on a little Farm

together with mother and father and sister and Grandparents too

and I thought it was the place simply named: **my Home**

a place simply named: **Family**

my Mom was a Teacher in a school

for to show young growing up people

how they can find their way in life

but she didn't find a way to do that same at home

my Dad worked hard all day long on that farm

and he gave his best - just like he could

no time for feelings or anything like that - just work and work

for a better existence - for a better life than before

**“one fine day - part one” by Harro Hübner 2021 (vocal & guitar)**

recorded, mixed and mastered by Jürgen Block at Block-Haus-Studio Lütte

*and a man he lived thousands of miles away*

*somewhere behind the great blue sea*

*he put out two records in the year I was born*

*and one fine day - he should affect me a lot*

and when I started elementary school at the age of six

a really new world had opened up for me

Music and Art, singing in a Choir - had made my little world much bigger and brighter

I was so fascinated - I never wanted to leave there again

later then - maybe I was around ten - they called me a: **big problem Child**

hyperactive, hyper-nervous and loud - doctors and therapists they all gave their best

but at the end they gave me just lots of **little helpers** - to calm me down

mom and dad just said - **what's the matter with the boy**

but I'd only tried to do what kids of this age normally do:

**be good enough** - **please everyone** and simply just: **to be seen**

they never really took the time to see who and how I really was

***-here a small note in relation to the previous lines:***

*at that time they forced me* ***from left to right***

*and tied my left Hand behind my back*

*I was born left-handed and was allowed to write with my left hand until the 4th grade*

*but then the forced re-aducation torture to become a right-handed person began*

and they wondered and shook their heads and asked again:

**what's the matter with this child**

but I wasn't how they thought - that or what or how I should be

and no matter what I tried or did - of course: it would never be enough

they couldn't or wouldn't take me as I am - and so I stayed: **unseen**

and the more I tried to be - how I thought that I had to be

was the more worse the things went on for me

and so the years went by and of course - it didn't get any better:

just more rebellious - just more disturbed: **this little young fragile innocent soul**

for sure - they had given me everything - what they thought I needed

lots of **sugar** and **candy** - and **many toys** on top too

but I still stayed: **unseen**

and slowly - deep inside myself - I began to change completely

I was always so **restless** - somehow always on a **search**

always somehow **on the run** and:

I always felt so **unwanted** and **misunderstood**

**insufficient** and always somehow **homeless** too

but my parents just said again and again: oh my God,

what's going on here - **what's the matter with that boy**

**what's the matter with that abnormal boy**

they didn't wanna see me - not really - never

but at the age of fourteen - or a bit more

I suddenly knew wich way I would go on in life ´cause: I got my first guitar

and a bit later I got some records - from the Man I´ve had told you before

and immediately - I was very deeply touched

about all the things he was talking and singing about

**“one fine day - part two” - by Harro Hübner 2021 (vocal, guitar & harmonica)**

recorded, mixed and mastered by Jürgen Block at Block-Haus-Studio Lütte

*and somewhere behind the big blue water*

*in an open countryside - called the Midwest*

*this Man and his songs touched me - oh very deep*

*inside my heart - inside my soul - yes he touched me - so very deep*

(and thanks god that he never became a carpenter,

although his Name -in my language- sounds like that)

**P.S. to “one fine day - part one & two”:**

here I talk about Bob Dylan = Robert Allen Zimmerman(n)

but of course: I felt and suspected very early - all the time and also later too

that something was **not quite right with me**

or - that I was simply different - compared to the crowd

and slowly I began to understand that: **I was made from different wood**

I wasn't there to parry and also not there to command

I just wanted to be free - make music and sing

not to be anyone's servant - and also not force anyone

but my life became more colorful and of course: more difficult too

I broke all the rules, felt like I was invincible, but also a kind of wrong too

but I had a couple of friends - who were made from **the same wood**

and the first ones **who really saw me** - and **took me as I was**

I graduated from school at the age of sixteen

and started an education - oh how funny - as a carpenter

not because I really wanted to - oh NO: **I was forced to**

but the next two years shouldn´t be the worst for me

I spent many hours by the Baltic Sea and asked myself: could this really be the end?

and I thought NO: this can´t be the end of the world

behind the horizon - there must be so much more out there!

but at that time I was living in **one of the largest Prisons** in the whole wide world

in a country they called **GDR** - but it was a land without Democracy

and at the time - when I was just eighteen - I was arrested for the first time

just because I had sang songs about peace and freedom

songs against war - against violence - and all forms of tyranny

***-a small note in that context:***

*the demagogues, rulers and the entire dictatorial system*

*they tried very early to* ***influence the people****, to* ***indoctrinate them***

*to* ***make them submissive*** *and* ***spy on everyone***

*it started even in the earliest childhood - in the so-called:*

***week-nurseries for babies****,* ***day-nurseries for little children****, in schools*

*and later in the companies and in all areas of life - always and everywhere!-*

but that wasn't the only punch that hit me at that time

there was this Guy - he was singing about Robert Johnson (Alexis Korner - “Party-Album” 1979)

and so the **Blues** - came into my life

and immediately - I felt very deeply connected to **him**

and slowly I began to understand what was buried so deep in me

I always had **a Kind of Blues** inside myself - all my Life

and one year later - I was just nineteen

I moved away - and left that place

this place that never really felt like -**my Home-** for me

for sure: my parents weren't really amused because:

they had really given me everything:

lots of **sugar** - all the **sweets** - and **million toys** on top too

and one last time they said: oh my God - **what's the matter with this Boy**

and of course:

I always came into conflict with the ruling regime

I didn't want to and couldn't subordinate

I didn't want to be dictated what I had to say or not

how and what I had to think and how I should behave and:

I didn't want to be patronized and locked up

and so I left the first part of my Life behind

and moved to a city - two hundred miles away - from so many bad times

**“1984” - by Harro Hübner 2015 - from the CD “the…” 2014**

*I was born early one Wednesday morn´ - thirty minutes to five*

*I curse that moment - the sky and I we started out crying*

*it was the fourteenth day of April - and the year - nineteen sixty-five*

*then I grew up - on a little farm*

*with a lot of bulls ´n cows ´n pigs ´n chicken ´n lies and - a lot of bullshit too*

*three generations - under one roof*

*I remember the fields - with wheat and rye*

*remember all the fields - with turnips and potatoes too*

*ooh yes a million - a million things to do*

*but when I was fourteen - and I got my first guitar*

*I thought it could be a good way - to leave the farm*

*later when I was nineteen - my little dream came true*

*and I started to - break all the old rules*

*and I moved to the city - moved to the city*

*moved to the big city - and left this old life behind*

*moved to the city - and I never ever worked - on a farm no more*