



Needlepoint The Diary of Robert Reverie

Robert Reverie
On the floor
All kinds of clouds
Will it
turn
silent
In my field of view
Grasshoppers
Beneath my feet
In the sea
Shadow in the corner

Mastering by Greg Calbi at Sterling
Sound, December 2017
Produced by Nikolai Hængsle



Bjørn Klakegg: vocals, guitars,
bass on "will it turn silent"
David Wallumrød: hammond
organ, clavinet, rhodes, juno-60,
prophet-5, arp pro soloist,
harmony vocals on "all kinds
of clouds" and "in the sea"

Nikolai Hængsle: electric
bass, guitars on "beneath my
feet", harmony vocals on
"beneath my feet" and
"in the sea"

Olaf Olsen:
percussives,
harmony vocals on
"on the floor" and
"in the sea"

Words and music by
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Arranged by:
Klakegg/Hængsle/
Wallumrød/Olsen

Recorded at Sugar Road Studio by
Roar Nilsen and Nikolai Hængsle,
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Mixed by Mattias Glavå at
Kungsten Studio, November 2017

Artwork by Rune Klakegg

Graphic design by Sindre Klakegg Bruflot
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Robert Reverie

Robert is a strange old man
Living on a farm alone
Sleeping in the barn. With cows
around him all night long..all night long..
that's where he belongs

But when he meets a woman
He bows his coaring head
He's looking straight ahead,
'cos he never knows just what to say

Robert's chopping trees, Robert's cutting hay
But strange old Robert doesn't know what to say
Amongst the trunks there walks a tall grey man
You will see a head that looms in the crown
of an aspen tree

Talking to the birds. It's what makes him feel free

Robert's lived alone too long. In his tiny world
His house is like a bursting drawer, full of socks,
foulsmelling and curled

If his neighbour knocks on his door, he'll close
it with a grin. He won't let them in.
And if he did they wouldn't get along

Robert's chopping trees, Robert's cutting hay
But strange old Robert doesn't know what to say

On the floor..

Please do not come close
Don't even talk to me
Don't open the door
I'm on the floor

I'm watching a fly
whirring around in the lamp
Tries to escape but freedom's out of sight
Its wings on fire, no one turns out the light

It feels as if
Something pulls me down
Churns inside
Slowly around

I'm falling endlessly
Leaving light behind
Into a darkness
Where I could as well've been blind



All kinds of clouds -

Im watching clouds. All kinds of clouds
They move like a parade in the sky
A hundred miles up high

Varied like a woman's face.

Fragile like a thought

Change shape like moods in a mind

And leave without a trace

One of them appears as a princess
made of fog

Turns into a rabbit and then into a frog

She veils the sun when you want the sun to shine

And let the light through when you need
a nap or two

In the end she grows huge. Darkens into violet

Approaches like a wolf towards a prey

While the blue sky turns to gray

Then she lets go. Thunder and lightning

Pouring all her raindrops over me

Till I'm forced to flee

Will it turn silent

If my eyes seek a tree

It's not necessarily because I'm hungry
'Cos when I look up at a tempting fruit

I might wonder

When will that apple fall

When will that branch let go

And if my eyes climb a peak

it's not always from an urge to conquer

They might wonder,

When will that snow let go

Will there be a warning

A rumble

Then will it turn silent

Quite silent

Time walks with a slow pace

It's not in a hurry to arrive

Just like at night on the open sea

You won't see the changes

Until there's moonlight

And suddenly there's land in sight

In my field of view

I'm just walking around without knowing why
Crossing streets not choosing left or right
Just passing by
My only wish is that I'm gonna have a day
with no plans at all

Don't want to laugh. Don't want to cry
I just want an empty minded stroll

I'm just walking around without knowing where
Crossing streets not choosing upwards or down.
I don't care

I don't imagine that I'll save the world
I have no dreams I believe will come true
I follow my feet, the direction's ahead
I just walk in my field of view

Maybe the waves of my mind
Will join the waves across the salt sea
Turn to rain on the other side
Like a message in a bottle sent by me

I'm just walking around without knowing why
Crossing streets not choosing left or right
Just passing by

And as I walk the world is spinning around
Faster than ever and common sense loses ground
Swirls up echoes from hatred voices
of bygone time

Applauding what I would consider a crime

Grasshoppers

I close my eyes letting sounds be my view
Flies are buzzing and bumblebees too
And I hear grasshoppers playing
I don't know what they are saying
But I don't say anything

Swallows are singing up high
From the lake I hear the loons cry
A cuckoo performs his thirds
As the proudest singer of the choir of early birds

Voices that come from the valley below
Seems to be happy,
But you never, you never, you never know

I just close my eyes to this audible view
My mind is the state
Where all these sounds are passing through

Beneath my feet

Remember we were wading in the water
And I could feel each and every stone
beneath my feet, beneath my feet

When I got cold and began to shiver
You looked at me and smiled and said that
I was sweet, that I was sweet

Unsteadily entwined, we went ashore
Left our feet in water
Stayed quiet for a quarter
Both of us knew

There will be stones in our shoes
But still I shiver when you look at me
with that smile

It's been like that for ever and a while

In the sea

Mary locks the light up behind her eyes
Inside she turns to water
Where bubbles look like stars from where she lies

She can feel the fish how they move their tails
Tickled by a school of silver herrings
And sifted through the soft baleens of whales

Mary falls asleep to the sight of a fishing boat...
that glides quietly on shallow water
At a peaceful pace

Oars make ripples mirroring her face

Then she's thrown towards the shoals
by the undertow.....

Left to dry by some fragile moonbeams
Until salt is all that's left of her dreams

Shadow in the corner

Every single second was a droplet of a stream
That draws her towards the falls,
Can't you see her how she crawls
While a hoodie hides her scream

The room became a river,
her disk a wobbly fleet
She tries to stop each second,
turn their small quick feet
But they ignore her prayers
Keep running in a line
like fearless hostile soldiers

There was nowhere she could go
And no one there to save her
No heroes anywhere
Just a shadow in the corner
who was pointing at her chair





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