

Simon: Hello. You have a German name, can you speak German?

Simon: I know about 50 German words after Googling Rammstein songs...

Simon: Ooh, can you form a whole sentence?

Simon: Yes! Mein Hertz Brent...

Simon: What's it mean?

Simon: My heart burns...

Simon: That's pretty impressive actually...

Simon: Well not really, rather than me forming the sentence myself, it's just the name of a Rammstein song.

Simon: Can you form a sentence that isn't a Rammstein song?

Simon: Speil Mit Hertz?

Simon: What's that mean?

Simon: Well, I THINK it means 'play with heart' but I will check an online translator.

Simon: ...

Simon: Yes! Bingo!

Simon: You'll be writing German poetry in no time. Your grammar wasn't perfect, but I certainly understood what you meant, as did the translator.

Simon: Yes, about that. The poetry SOUNDS like a good idea, but having Googled some Rammstein lyrics, I'm not sure I want to write any.

Simon: Why?

Simon: Their songs are mostly very dark. Their song 'Dalai Lama' sounds harmless enough, wise even, but it's about a plane crash!

Simon: Dalai Lama, plane crash, I think I see the connection!

Simon: Do you?

Simon: No.

Simon: Oh. I think it's because the Dalai Lama was afraid of flying...

Simon: Oh. Well you would be if the plane crashed...

Simon: Exactly. Not a true phobia as phobias are irrational. They have another song called 'Mutter' (Mother) that's about a baby being grown in a lab without parents. It's actually very deep, the baby ending up being very miserable to put it mildly. The song has a very important message: Don't grow babies!

Simon: I was thinking about growing a baby in a lab actually...

Simon: Well don't.

Simon: What about growing dinosaurs, is that ok?

Simon: Well dinosaurs are angry enough already, why make the problem worse?

Simon: Don't tell them they have no parents?

Simon: To do that, you have to work out how to speak dinosaur...

Simon: Not necessarily. You could draw a picture of the dinosaur with no parents and draw two other pictures of the dinosaur's 'mother and father'. Yes, the drawing would be a lie, but how would the dinosaur know?

Simon: In that case, fine, grow a dinosaur. I want Jurassic Park to be real, just like everyone.

Simon: Are all German lyrics like that?

Simon: Probably and that's what scares me!

Simon: Morbid people.

Simon: Which is where the phrase 'Morbid as a German' comes from. I coined it myself!

Simon: That's offensive, actually...

Simon: It is, isn't it. Sorry Germans.

Simon: Apology 53?

Simon: I don't know. Maybe. In the meantime, let's Google what their song 'Rosenrot' (Rose Red) means. It could be about roses, or it could be about killing everyone and making them bleed a colour comparable to roses. Yep, someone dies in the song.

Simon: Who saw that coming?

Simon: Their song 'Klavier' (Piano) is about killing a piano teacher...

Simon: Wow...

Simon: Yes, a Youtube comment said that 'the best thing about being German is

being able to understand Rammstein lyrics'. Are you sure? When I had guitar lessons it was a happy time, not any more.

Simon: But the song was about a piano lesson, not guitar.

Simon: Oh come on, you know a German song about guitars would be about killing everyone as well.

Simon: How about a song about an innocent instrument such as a recorder. Would that be about killing everyone?

Simon: Yes, the teacher gets clubbed to death by an infant with a recorder.

Simon: What would the song be called?

Simon: Blockflöte...

Simon: Would you like to lighten the mood?

Simon: Yes, have you ever looked closely at a cherry? Sometimes I think they're too aesthetically pleasing to eat. Put on display, maybe...

Simon: What do you mean?

Simon: Their skins, they're like elaborate paintings of different patterns! It's like repeatedly eating paintings by Bridget Riley.

Simon: Well, you have lightened the mood I guess, but I just don't agree...

Simon: I'll talk about Rammstein again, then...

Simon: -_-

Simon: Here's my own idea for a Rammstein lyric: Schenken benken.

Simon: Did you just make those words up?

Simon: Yes, that's what I thought too! Actually online translator says it means 'Give benches!'

Simon: Do you want to give German people benches?

Simon: No, but if I was on holiday in the country and I wanted a bench, I could enter a bench shop and say 'Schenken benken...'

Simon: No 'please'?

Simon: I don't know the German word for please...

Simon: Wow, an even ruder version of you...

Simon: Yeah, cool. I go to Germany ask for a bench and get kicked out, a much better blog than my most recent one about doing basically nothing at all...

Simon: You have to think about your reputation!

Simon: What reputation?

Simon: Good point. Some of your writings are fairly incriminating...

Simon: Remember when I was talking about left brainers preferring good lyrics and right brainers preferring tunes?

Simon: Yes?

Simon: What if there is a left brainer out there who knows as few German words as I do? Would he still like Rammstein? He'd be like 'I recognise the words 'hertz', 'speil' and 'klavier' and you know what? I like them!'

Simon: Heart, play and piano?

Simon: Yes, great lyrics! What a band!

Simon: Do the lyrics have a deeper meaning?

Simon: Hm. Maybe the song is about someone's heart that is easy to play as a piano?

Simon: Someone who wears his heart on his sleeve?

Simon: Yes, exactly!

Simon: But a song with three words? How can someone really like it?

Simon: It's minimalism! It makes you think!

Simon: Well, you said you like minimalist art, but if you eat it do you really like it that much?

Simon: I like the way it tastes AND the way it looks...

Simon: You could sing about cherries if you like them so much. What's the song called?

Simon: Rosenrot.

Simon: But Rammstein have a song called that already. You pointed it out.

Simon: Rosenrot 2.

Simon: And do people die in the song?

Simon: Sure.

Simon: Brilliant. And is that all you have to say, today?

Simon: Yes, bye!