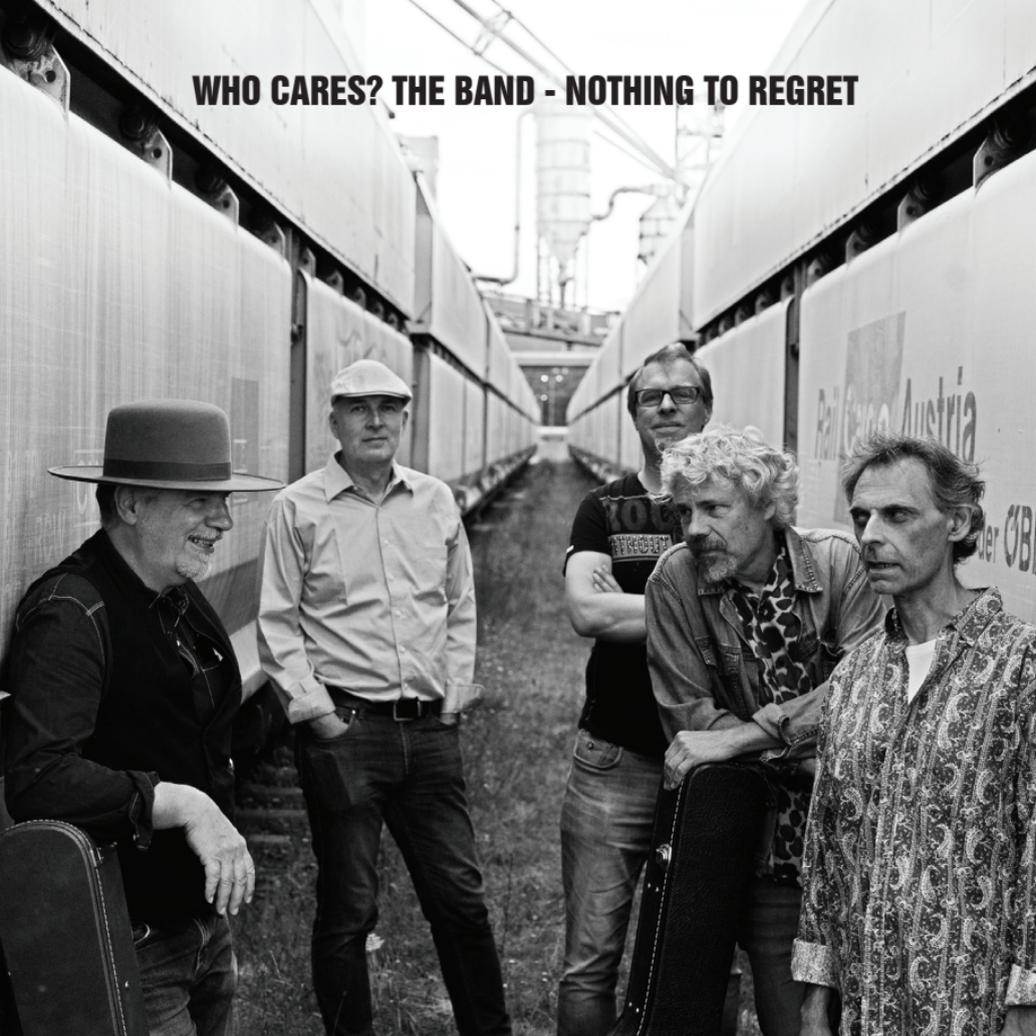


WHO CARES? THE BAND - NOTHING TO REGRET



You Were Right, I Was Wrong

Don't you look at me this way
There is nothing anyone can say
As if it's not enough that the sky is grey
So please don't you look at me this way

We had discussions all the night
We both thought that we were right
It was a very silly fight
Forget it now and hold me tight

I must admit
You were right and I was wrong
I must admit
I was blinded all night long
Oh, all night long

So sorry, I was so unkind
Don't know what I had in mind
I was stubborn, I was blind
So let's just leave it all behind

Sometimes it's hard to stay cool
You always have to obey the rules
Otherwise you are the fool
And that's in fact not really cool

I must admit
You were right and I was wrong
I must admit
I was blinded all night long
Oh, all night long

So tell me now what we should do?
Ain't no need to be so blue
If I old man would only know
What is the best that we can do?

I think it is very clear to see
There ain't no better place to be
And I hope you will agree
So take my hand and trust in me

I must admit
You were right and I was wrong
I must admit
I was blinded all night long
Oh, all night long

Roman Tröster - vocals, electric guitar

Karl Gedlicka - electric guitar

Peter Del Bello - acoustic guitar

Pedro Hernandez - bass

Willi Bo - drums

Summer Is Gone

The weather changed in the night
The first leaves are already brown
The clouds look like they weigh a ton
Cool winds blowing in town
I think summer is gone

The songbirds have all flown away
They're already down in the south
Leavin' us in the rain all alone
I'm gonna miss their morning songs
It looks like summer is gone

So many things I wanted to do
Like all the years in the past
So many plans I had with you
But weeks passed away too fast

The sun is sinking so soon
No more balmy summernights
The stars disappeared one by one
And I close my jacket real tight
That's it, summer is gone

It's the same thing year after year
The festivals they're all over
I missed them again one by one
How I wanted to be a summeroverer
But now summer is gone

So many things I wanted to do
Like all the years in the past
So many plans I had with you
But weeks passed away to fast

Roman Tröster - vocals, electric guitar
Karl Gedlicka - electric guitar
Peter Del Bello - acoustic guitar, harp
Pedro Hernandez - bass
Willi Bo - drums



Pedro Hernandez - bass on tracks 1, 2, 5, 10 & 11

Prisoner of Dreams

Runnin', runnin', runnin', runnin' down the stairs
Hundred floors down
To get away from sick affairs
Never gettin' down to the saving street
Runnin' like crazy, runnin' with burning feet

Drivin', drivin', drivin' the whole night long
Down the endless highway
With an endless song
Drivin' like a devil through this dark land
A hell of a ride that will never never end

Crawlin', crawlin', crawlin', through the wild moor
Finally I'm stuck
It's the end of my tour
I'm turnin' to marble turnin' to stone
It's gettin' colder, I freeze right to the bone

Wake me up my darling
Wake me up my gal
Help me out of my dreamin' hell
I'm a prisoner of dreams sufferin' in my cell

Lookin', lookin', lookin' in your mystic eyes
Wishing you will tell me
Some sweet and dirty lies
Can't help but staring at your forbidden hips
Can't help but longing for your hungry lips

Fallin', fallin', fallin', down the cliff so high
It is only fallin'
Nothing to do with flying
Never gettin' down to the deep blue sea
Where three little mermaids are waitin' for me

Wake me up my darling
Wake me up my gal
Help me out of my dreamin' hell
I'm a prisoner of dreams sittin' in my cell

Sinkin', sinkin', sinkin' like a lost ship
Thousand meters deep
There is no grip
In complete darkness there's nothing to see
Except a shiny white dolphin
Who is talkin' to me

Climbin', climbin', climbin' on a naked tree
Cannot reach the top
I cannot break free
Thousand weird stories under no one's command
Thousand weird pictures that I cannot understand

Roman Tröster - vocals, electric guitar

Karl Gedlicka - electric guitar

Peter Del Bello - acoustic guitar

Roberto Sensi - bass

Willi Bo - drums

Abandoned Place

Empty garden, empty room
Broken windows, creepy gloom
Wild wine grows over the collapsed walls
Sunken stories in empty halls
He hears voices from another time
Wrong choices, true crime

This old forgotten empty house
Is like a grieving face
And just like his old weary heart
It's an abandoned place

On the stairway to decay
Ghosts of children seem to play
Crumbling walls, rotten wood
He doesn't want to remember even if he could
The bedrooms paint is cracked and dry
He always wonders just why
Things turned out this tragic way
The price was high he had to pay

This old forgotten empty house
Is like a grieving face
And just like his old weary heart
It's an abandoned place

The bed where he once laid with his love
Is still there but spilled with dust from above
Cobwebs on the mirror, cobwebs on his mind
His good life seem to lie centuries behind
A rose grows around his old chair
Only thornes are growing in his hair
But for one brief moment he succeeded to smile
'Cause once it was good at least for a while

This old forgotten empty house
Is like a grieving face
And just like his old weary heart
It's an abandoned place

Roman Tröster - vocals, electric guitar
Karl Gedlicka - electric guitar, lap steel
Peter Del Bello - acoustic guitar, harp
Claudia Fenzl - violin
Roberto Sensi - bass
Willi Bo - drums

Carpe Diem

As I heard him sayin' that everything must die
I replied to him "You are damn right, Sam"
As I heard him sayin' that time's gonna fly
I thought to myself, oh yes, carpe diem!

Carpe diem
Carpe diem
Carpe diem

As I heard her sayin' that love's gonna end
I was afraid it could be true
It's the real love we've got to defend
I knew right away what I should do, should do

Love somebody
Carpe diem
Love somebody

As I looked into the mirror and I recognized
I'm gettin' older, real old I am
I thought about my life and I realized
No time to lose, oh yes, carpe diem!

No time to lose
Carpe diem
No time to lose

Roman Tröster - vocals, electric guitar
Karl Gedlicka - electric guitar, mandolin
Peter Del Bello - acoustic guitar, harp
Claudia Fenzl - violin
Pedro Hernandez - bass
Willi Bo - drums

Business As Usual

He's in big troubles
His life sucks
He needs some help
'Cause he had bad luck
The man on the counter
He doesn't care
Rules are rules, he said
No matter if it's fair
Business as usual

We need more sales
The big boss said
Government can help
Don't be afraid
Let's create some troubles
Somewhere down the border
And build a nice war
And then you'll get a nice order
Business as usual

Don't look so sad
Well, just because
That's how it is
And always was
Business as usual

He talks too much
And far too free
About such and such
That cannot be
The safety of his family
Should be a reason
To shut his mouth
For many seasons
Business as usual

Small thieves get caught
Big thieves run free
You pay the right people
So easy to see
You earn your money
And they look away
The police is your honey
Nothing more to say
Business as usual

Don't be annoyed
Well, just because
That's how it is
And always was
Business as usual

Roman Tröster - vocals, electric guitar
Karl Gedlicka - electric guitar
Roberto Sensi - bass
Willi Bo - drums



Eight glory days and fifteen concerts at the Ferrara Buskers Festival, August 2016.

Roman Tröster - vocals, acoustic guitar

Karl Gedlicka - electric guitar, mandolin

Peter Del Bello - harp

Roberto Sensi - bass

Willi Bo - drums

My Mind Is in Ferrara

I woke up very early in the morning
By the sound of the alarm
It rings without a warning
The sky is grey and the rain's blowin' in my face
The lightness of being
Disappeared without a trace

I have to pay the rent
And I got some hungry mouths to feed
To tell you the truth
My job ain't too bad, indeed
But somehow my hands
Well they miss my old "chitarrà"
I have to tell you something
My mind, my mind is in Ferrara

Ferrara, all the music in the street
Pretty people everywhere
What more do you need?

I have to get on back
To the real and boring me
Don't think too much
Of the life I lived in Italy
Phone calls and troubles
Stupid clients all the day
Is this really what I'm here for
I want to get away

It feels so wrong that I'm here and not there
I'm in the wrong place, my friend
And that's not really fair
I want to have my band around me
And in my hand my old "chitarrà"
I cannot change it, folks
My mind, my mind is in Ferrara

Ferrara, wine and pasta every day
We lived the "dolce vita"
A hundred buskers play

Ferrara, making music every night
Belle ragazze all around us
It all felt so right

Piazza Cattedrale, Via Contrari
Piazza Municipale, Via Garibaldi
Castello Estense, Piazza Savonarola
Via San Romano, Via della Luna
My mind is in Ferrara

Ferrara, wine and pasta every day
We lived the "dolce vita"
A hundred buskers play

Ferrara - making music every night
Belle ragazze all around us
And it all feels so damn right

Gentle As a Breeze

Gentle as a breeze
Comin' in from the sea
Mysterious as a spell
Of old Indians to me
Sensitive as nature
Whose balance is in danger
Attractive as a magnet
Exciting as a stranger
That's what you are

Pure as the essence
Of a precious drink
Warm as the light
Of the sun when it sinks
Inscrutable as a very dense mist
That's how you came to me
I had no chance to resist
My love

No shadow more, no ray less
I'm longing for your sweet caress
My love

You blew my mind
When you gave me that kiss
Got me off-a my feet
With your melancholy bliss
And when you fell down
In this sadness so deep
I just wanted to bring you
To a healing sleep
My dear

When the war is over
I bring you to a place
Where everything is easy
And there is enough space
For a life without troubles
Sadness and tears
And there will be no
Reasons for your fears
My love

No shadow more, no ray less
I'm longing for your sweet caress
My love

Roman Tröster - vocals, electric guitar
Karl Gedlicka - electric guitar
Peter Del Bello - acoustic guitar, harp
Roberto Sensi - bass
Willi Bo - drums
Jupp Prens - percussion

The Traveller

I took a journey long time ago
With low budget but youthful glow
I travelled light, careless and brave
Trusted my luck, always felt safe
I saw beggars out on the street
I saw beauties with bare feet
Saw poor kids with happy minds
And I saw suffering of all kinds
That's what I did
I travelled around
And I grew with it

But that was long, long time ago
I'm bound now, I miss it so
No matter, sun, wind or rain
I have to get out on the road again

I got cheated with a mean trick
Ate strange meals and I got sick
I did things I wouldn't do today
Slept in a park and drank 'till I swayed
I was invited, I won new friends
I was helped by friendly hands
My horizon widened with every day
Got new impressions on every way
That's what I did
I rambled around
And grew with it

But that was long, long time ago
I'm bound now, I miss it so
No matter, sun, wind or heavy rain
I have to get out on the road again

From Balinese dancers to Highland kilts
From Cuba's rum to Norway's hills
From the Brooklyn Bridge to the ancient Rome
I need to travel to love my home

From Barcelona to Bangkok Klongs
From Lisbon to Irish songs
From Mont Saint Michel to the Indian Sea
I was a tramp, my ways were free
That's what I did
I travelled around
And I grew with it

But that was long, long time ago
I'm bound now, I miss it so
No matter, sun, wind or heavy rain
I have to get out on the road again

Roman Tröster - vocals, acoustic guitar
Karl Gedlicka - electric guitar, mandolin, lap steel
Peter Del Bello - acoustic guitar
Peter Mehling - accordion
Roberto Sensi - bass
Willi Bo - drums

Nighttime in the City

It's nighttime in the city
Even the cats are asleep
A drunkard is bawling
The rats are going to creep

It's nighttime in the city
A couple is falling apart
A young man sitting on a bench
All alone with a broken heart

Another day passed by
Some souls began to sway
Some hearts broke, some hearts fly
Tomorrow will be a new day anyway

It's nighttime in the city
You lay awake the whole night
The wind whispers "Mary"
And something just doesn't seem right

It's nighttime in the city
A girl loses her innocence
In the moonlight she is pretty
Dogs are barking in the distance

Another day passed by
Many tragedies took place
So many reasons to cry
A new day might bring a new grace

It's nighttime in the city
Some dark deals going down
You know it's such a pity
The king has lost his crown

It's nighttime in the city
A woman is walking barefoot
Her high heels in her hand
Someone follows with a black hood

Another day is gone
So many games to play
Some are lost, some are won
Tomorrow will be a new day anyway

Roman Tröster - vocals, electric guitar
Karl Gedlicka - electric guitar, lap steel
Peter Del Bello - acoustic guitar, harp
Pedro Hernandez - bass
Willi Bo - drums

They Elected Him

He's new and he's young
Dynamic and smart
Got an eloquent tongue
And sometimes he's hard
He closed a route
Locked the border
That's enough, that's all good
Nothing more to order
He is in bed with fascists
His suit is slim
And they elected him

He protected us
From the refugees
The right-wing populists are
Allowed to talk as they please
He's smooth like a fish
Not sharp like a saw
Many mothers want him
To be their son-in-law
He's got no conscience
His suit is slim
But they elected him
Because he looks so good
He's so nice, they will elect him again

Well there's another guy
Who organized it all
TV and Press
Are under his control

His critics are accused
Of being terrorists
No one is amused
If he's on his list
An old school dictator
His intentions are grim
But they elected him

It's a sign of the times
Everywhere you look
Bad people in power
Got their folks on a hook
One wants to build a wall
And let his neighbours pay
How I wish he would fall
But he always gets away
Not much in his head
His IQ is slim
But they elected him
They really did
Can you imagine that?

They really did

Roman Tröster - vocals, acoustic guitar

Karl Gedlicka - electric guitar

Peter Del Bello - acoustic guitar, harp

Pedro Hernandez - bass

Willi Bo - drums

Nothing to Regret

After all these years we've been through
All these things we had to do
All these people that we knew
It seems that time moved so fast, it flew

And all the songs we did sing
All the joy they did bring
All the tunes that we played
All these memories start to fade
Here we are

Here we are, we sit and we think
Here we are, we remember and we drink
And we discover, well it wasn't bad
And there is nothing, really nothing to regret
And here we are

And all these places we have seen
On all these stages we have been
All the routines we have won
All these companions, we had some

And all the stories we could tell
They were told many times, you know them well
'Bout Bob, the Stones and The Band
Just like novels written in the sand
And here we are

Here we are, we sit and we think
Here we are, we remember and we drink
And we find out, well, it wasn't bad
And there is nothing, nothing to regret
Here we are

Roman Tröster - vocals, acoustic guitar
Karl Gedlicka - electric guitar
Peter Del Bello - acoustic guitar
Claudia Fenzl - violin
Peter Mehling - accordion
Roberto Sensi - bass
Willi Bo - drums

Who Cares? The Band:

Karl Gedlicka, Roman Tröster, Peter Del Bello, Roberto Sensi, Willi Bo

Additional musicians: Pedro Hernandez, Claudia Fenzl, Peter Mehling, Jupp Prenn



We want to thank all our friends and families who supported us all these years, who gave us the strength and motivation to carry on. Many thanks to Jupp for creating a relaxed and friendly atmosphere in the studio. Special thanks to Rainer, Hermann, Martin and Karl for the fun in the early years.

Finally, I want to dedicate this album to Hülya (she's still the one) - with love, Roman

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1. You Were Right, I Was Wrong 4:02
 2. Summer Is Gone 3:47
 3. Prisoner of Dreams 4:27
 4. Abandoned Place 4:50
 5. Carpe Diem 3:26
 6. Business As Usual 3:53
 7. My Mind Is in Ferrara 5:31
 8. Gentle As a Breeze 4:26
 9. The Traveller 4:38
 10. Nighttime in the City 4:25
 11. They Elected Him 3:56
 12. Nothing to Regret 4:35

All songs written by Roman Tröster, arrangements by Who Cares? The Band

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Produced by Roman Tröster

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