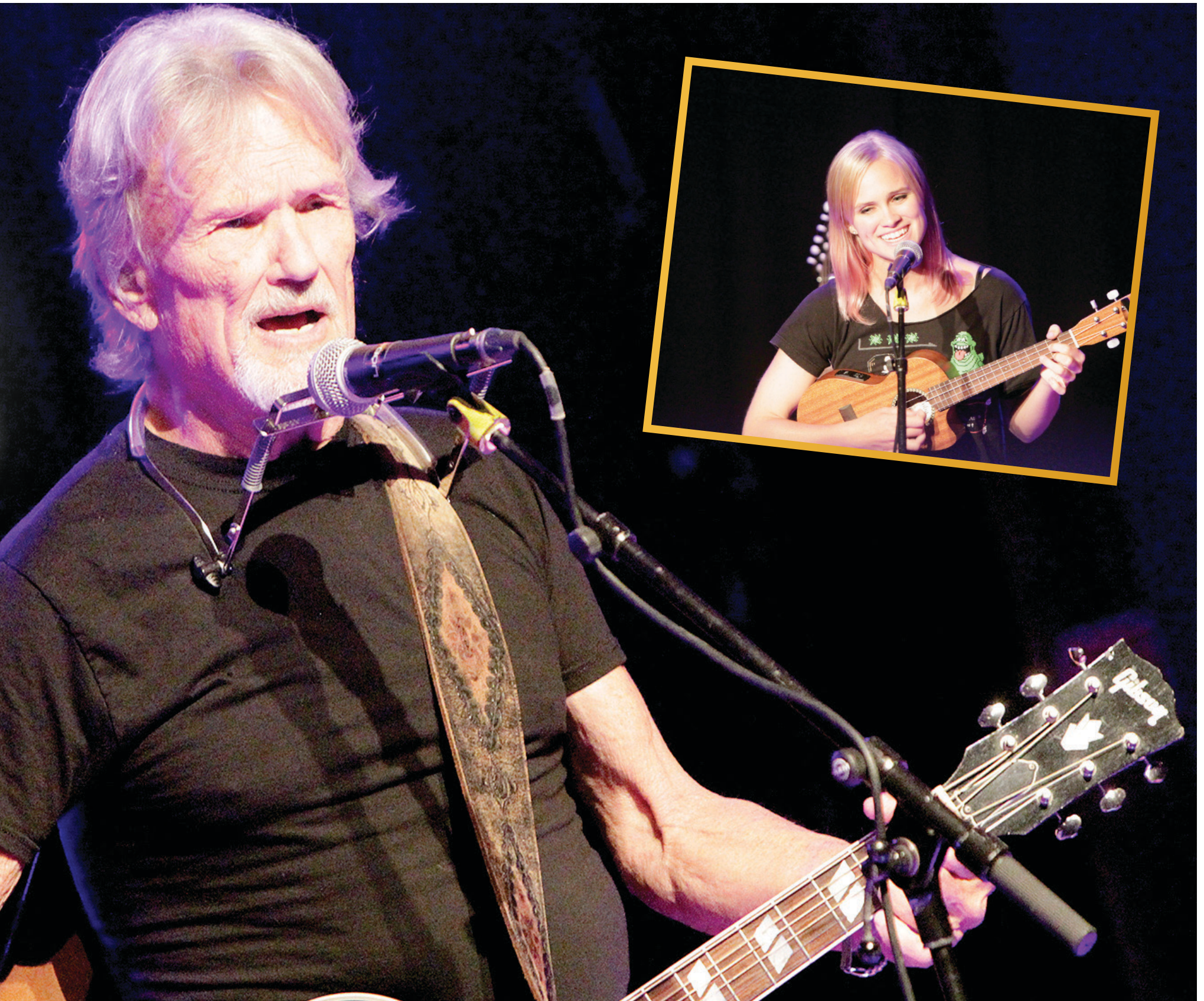




poppframleiðarunum, hvørs stöði her heima snillingar úr Nashville hava lagt, eina áminning um, at country einaferð snúi seg um at fortelja søgur – og ikki um musikalskt reyp.

Tað var rátt, ópolerað og við-brekið, so einasta gjørliga meining varð at hava samhuga. Ein stór løta fyri meg var, tá hann sang – ella rættari fortaldi – Sunday Morning Coming Down – eina lötumynd í lívinum hjá eini vilstari sál, sum fekk sær øl til bæði morgunmat og omaná. Hetta kundi fyri tað verið ein sjálvslýsing, eftirsum Kristofferson á yngri árum ikki spýtti í glasið.

Well, I woke up Sunday morning
With no way to hold my head
that didn't hurt.
And the beer I had for
breakfast wasn't bad,
So I had one more for dessert.
Then I fumbled in my closet
through my clothes
And found my cleanest dirty

shirt.
Then I washed my face and
combed my hair
And stumbled down the stairs
to meet the day.
I'd smoked my mind the night
before
With cigarettes and songs I'd
been picking.
But I lit my first and watched a
small kid
Playing with a can that he was
kicking.
Then I walked across the street
And caught the Sunday smell
of someone frying chicken.
And Lord, it took me back to
something that I'd lost
Somewhere, somehow along
the way.
On a Sunday morning
sidewalk,
I'm wishing, Lord, that I was
stoned.
'Cause there's something in a
Sunday
That makes a body feel alone.
And there's nothing short a'
dying

That's half as lonesome as the
sound
Of the sleeping city sidewalk
And Sunday morning coming
down.
In the park I saw a daddy
With a laughing little girl that
he was swinging.
And I stopped beside a Sunday
school
And listened to the songs they
were singing.
Then I headed down the street,
And somewhere far away a
lonely bell was ringing,
And it echoed through the
canyon
Like the disappearing dreams
of yesterday

Johnny Cash sang eisini hendan sangin, sum varð nummar eitt á U.S. Billboard Hot Country Singles í 1970.

Fólkaognin talar fyri seg sjálva

Kris Kristofferson hevur fleiri løg, sum hava verið nógv spæld í

Føroyum í eini 40 ár í útvarpi, til veitslur, dans og annað. Á tann hátt hevði hann tað lætt undir konsertini. Fólkk kendu tónleikin og murraðu við. Kendast munnu vera tey áður nevndu lögini. Men eitt nú Jody and the Kid, From the Bottle to the Bottom, Why Me og For the Good Times eru høgt í metum, tosa vit um greatest hits og fólkaogn. Fyrra settið var hetta:

Shipwrecked in the 80s
Darby's Castle
Me and Bobby McGee
Her Comes That Rainbow
Best of All Possible Worlds
Help Me Make it Through the
Night
Casey's Last Ride
Nobody Wins
Feeling Mortal
From Here to Forever
Loving Her Was Easier

Síðani kom ein steðgur uppá 20 minuttir. Eg helt, at Kris Kristofferson hevði endað konsertina, tí hann segði onki, tá hann rýmdi av

pallinum. Men áhoyrarar, sum eg tosaði við í steðginum, søgdu mær, at vit høvdu enn eitt sett til góðar:

From the Bottle to the Bottom
Duvalier's Dream
I'd Rather be Sorry
Jody and the Kid
Jesus Was a Capricorn
The Pilgrim
The Wonder
To Beat the Devil
Sunday Morning Coming
Down
Silver Tongued Devil
For the Good Times
Please Don't Tell me How the
Story Ends
Why Me

Miðskeiðis í seinna setti kom Kelly og hjálpti pápa sínum at syngja onkran sang. Tað lyfti orkustøðið munandi upp. Í síðsta lagnum komu dóttirin og sjeikur hennara upp at hjálpa hinum gamla við at syngja »Why Me«, meðan tey hildu um hvønn annan. Í kærleika.