

I wanted to tell myself stories, to make up a world for myself: a beautiful world... I don't like to read... the cinema leaves me unmoved, never takes me out of myself... art galleries are full of beautiful lies... I myself am a real lie... Instead, I've dreamed of fragrant fields, of millions of brightly coloured flowers and of soaring music... For so long I've walked down country lanes beside riverbanks, listening to the flowing water's magical music... I've strolled along beaches that were far too big for me, hands stuffed in the pockets of an anorak, dreaming of a pop music revolution that will probably never happen... How many new worlds have I invented in those moments? How many mythical harmonies have I composed? How many women have I kissed?

I wanted to tell them I loved them but I never really got around to it, except perhaps sometimes when I stopped playing games with the sensitivity that was always my deadliest weapon... Poor, stupid, impulsive Don Juan that I am, I've spent entire nights watching them sleep, envious of the soft rhythm of their breathing, finding myself incapable of such blissful tranquillity, and I've gone out to smoke cigarettes on unfamiliar balconies or in gardens that would never be mine.

I've loved beyond reason: everywhere, here and there, her and him, you and me. I've encountered the Night, the nights, the Chill, the chills, the first few rays of the rising sun, wooden benches looking out to sea, the deafening noise of a mountain torrent, alcohol, children, my children... As I've wandered I've worked on my personal voice... pop songs?

River's heartfelt thanks go out to:

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On this CD , River is:

Fabrice : Vocals, guitars , piano, keyboards, sampling, strange voices

With a little help from my friends:

Stéphane: Drums on “Happy Summer Nights”

Marianna : Lyrics of “Writing”

Cerise: Trumpet, tuba, and cello on “Harold the wonderboy”

“The stars are the windows of Heaven”