

Youth Group "Friedrichstrasse"

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Moved to Berlin, a new name.
In the ruins a place to start again.
The light fades on Friedrichstrasse,
Your heart beats faster.

In the fuck club it's hard core.
You've never felt like this before.
The experience of an old whore.
A new law.

I'm never going to leave.
The possibilities
Have left me on my own.
I'm never going home.

In the cubicle at 3.
Over the cistern you ask 'Is this me?'
In a language you've forgotten,
Gobbed on.

You're not a tourist, you talk with ease
And drink where they've drunk for centuries.
Sleeping until dark.
A frozen park.

I'm never going to leave.
The possibilities
Are blowing through my mind.
How can I leave this behind'
I'll make it on my own.
I'm never going home.

You're part of a secret that they keep and keep it so
high.
Whispered through long lashes at the back of the old
dive.
And you forgot the advice they gave.
Their petty noise is so far away.

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