

Zookeeper

"Snow In Berlin"

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There's a cold German in a bar in Berlin
With the blueprints of an architect still searching
through his pockets
For a dream maker or a chance taker
Or the will he should have written by now
But he's been thinking 'bout those ships sinking
For his whole half-lived private school life
At home silver spoons gleaming
In his eyes a vision dark as midnight in Berlin
Where we stand fearing it's all a bit much
(As great incubators ventilate
To compensate our every step and repay each breath)
And he sees buildings rising, sees mice climbing
Thinks of how the fall has come and gone
And all its color and calm now lay surrendered
To Salvation Army vendors
Life insurance witch doctors
All these poor men in rich men's clothes
And the snow in Berlin covering everything in white
dress
Making us all look like such creatures tonight
And that wall is going up and coming down again

And we'll celebrate like it's the first time (not just in our minds)

As that snow piles up and he begins to look so mysterious

Like, "Oh my God, I can see him now, that ghost rider

Saying, 'Hello, spider, you're in my web now

And I will see that you're never at ease'â€¦!"

And his eyes screaming for a soul to see him

Pull him out and free him from that pitiful rabbit suit

Just drops down right in the street and lies there

Getting lighter and lighter 'til it's static in every view

And the snow in Berlin covering everything in white dress

Making us all look like such creatures tonight

Just the snow in Berlin covering everything in white dress

Making us all look like such creatures tonight

Making us look like creation's lucky bride

Making us look like such beautiful things stood up tonight

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