

A Balladeer "Sirens"

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Damn, this is bad - this is so bad
I get out of the crash thinking no one survived
Big eyes from the backseat
To my surprise I see all three alive

You're losing blood in the grass there
On the side of the road in your striped summer dress
The boy runs off to see you
I pick him up but he must've seen some of your legs

I swear dear, you'll be alright
Now don't you go out on me here
I swear I hear sirens come close
That means help is near

The autobahn is reflecting
Rotting fruit in at least 30 something degrees
Nothing but chaos
All these questions, ignorance

FUCK THE POLICE!

I swear dear, you'll be alright
Now don't you go out on me here
I swear I hear sirens come close
That means help is near

Now you listen to me
I will bring you back home
Will you listen to me
I will bring you back home

Home

Back from the car-dump
I sit down with the boy on the edge of the bed
In a hotel room near Munich
Remembering what I said

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