

Briskeby "Berlin"

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I met my lover in east berlin
He came a-knocking, wouldn't let him in
A lousy morning, could have blamed last night
Wish I had a reason, wish I had a fight

It's not my style to moan about the past

Never ever did I want you gone
Never ever did I want you gone
Did I want you gone
I lost my lover in east berlin
The love I wanted, wouldn't let it in
I searched the city, I was looking for
I waited forever for the knocking on my door

It's not my style to moan about the past

Never ever did I want you gone
Never ever did I want you gone
Did I want you gone

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