

Fischer-Z "Berlin"

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These sore red eyes explore the room again.
The signed pictures of film stars who stayed here in
eras
that knew of no wall.
Berlin...Berlin... Berlin...Berlin...
Part of the old world lives
On this island in Germany
And still out there through the window at six in the
morning. The essence survives.
Berlin...Berlin... Berlin...Berlin...
Come they told me, down to the dark clubs at night

They'll surprise you , the one's who are asleep when it's
light
So outrageous, like tropical birds in a cage
Out from underneath their stones.
Berlin...Berlin... Berlin...Berlin...
Berlin...Berlin... Berlin...Berlin...
Young faces new ideals, in search of paradise
They merge into the history, the theatre of memories
that make up the feel of
Berlin...Berlin... Berlin...Berlin...

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