

Julien-K

"Breakfast In Berlin"

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I hear Berlin calling, it's calling all gods
As the fevers rise in this house of cards
We've been, running through the cities and running
through mud
Feel the fevers rise and the cities fall
I see the moon on the water and sweat on my brow
As the fever rises and the feeling's gone
But we feel
We feel so alive

Ah ah ah ah ah- ah ah ah- ah- ah-
Ah ah ah ah ah- ah ah ah- ah- ah- ah ah

Running through the streets looking rough-shot baby
As the haunting flares, light the way through the city
tonight

I hear London streets and the lights in the fog
And the various nights don't wake so long
We keep running and running, we can run so far
As Tokyo wakes, and the fever rises!

Ah ah ah ah ah- ah ah ah- ah- ah-
Ah ah ah ah ah- ah ah ah- ah- ah- ah ah

Running through the streets looking rough-shot baby
As the haunting flares, light the way through the city
tonight

Coffin white hands, we walk through the night
Electric cigarettes and blood on the knives
We can try to talk but the drinks and drugs
Make it hard to decide as the fever, fever, fever-

Ah ah ah ah ah- ah ah ah- ah- ah

And the fever
And the fever
And the fever
And the fever rises

Ah ah ah ah ah- ah ah ah- ah- ah-
Ah ah ah ah ah- ah ah ah- ah- ah- ah ah
[x2]

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