

Kurhaus

"On My Last Night In Europe"

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Uniform, overall, suit and tie
Nine to five, all your life, nine to five

Two more years they say
And you'll be like them

And in the end it's all just slavery
We work for money that we spend
On things we're told to need
Ask yourself is this what we are living for
I wait right outside the office door

I wait for you
With a backpack full of stars
Each one is a dream
That you are about to lose

In the name of love this must come to an end

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