

## Laakso "Hamburg Night"

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In the Hamburg night Iâ€™m walking at a time  
When just the strange ones are awake.  
I take a cab to the street where the action is,  
The one they warned me about.

An important DJ from Berlin speaks and orders drinks.  
She drinks and talks and talks until she walks away,  
No surprise I had to pay.

Someone calls me cutie, someone pulls my arm.  
Itâ€™s a transvestite two meters tall  
He pulls so hard I fall now he can take what he wants  
But someone screaming makes him change his mind.

Itâ€™s a Spanish speaking prostitute  
That's shouts at me youâ€™re cute  
So are you dear prostitute, weâ€™re quite the same  
But the difference is that I give myself away for free  
today.

I havenâ€™t had enough so I enter this rough  
Punkrock place again.  
I paint pizzeria walls, I decorate, she says.  
I feel our connection so does her boyfriend  
The supermale bartender.  
The bartender tells me ugly words in German,  
Still I understand.

I decide this to be the right time, I tie my shoes and  
leave.  
The stars might be all clear elsewhere  
But I need their guidance now.  
At the step of the door that I think is right  
I spend the rest of this Hamburg night.

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