

Regina Spektor "Dusseldorf"

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In Düsseldorf I met a clown
His nose, it was red
In Gelterkinden I forgot to frown
Then remembered again

In Paris I saw a big fish
Swimming slow in the Seine
It made me hopeful that someday our water
Will be breathable again

In Frankfurt I heard ein zwei drei
Counting cookies and no one was shot
In Berlin stopped by the polizai
For drunk driving and everyone smiled

In Prague I knew I'd been a witch
Burnt alive, a pyre of Soviet kitsch
It made me miss my Moscow mother
It made me miss my New York nothing

In Montpellier I stayed in a ch teau
A boy climbed into my bed and knew no boundaries
And in Amsterdam I got quite crazy
Might have been all the tulips and canals
Or it might have been all that hash, and in

Barcelona, buenos dias
Chocolate, le Picasso
And in Brussels, clean-cut hostel
And in London, me and the French existentialists

In Corsica I floated away
All the way to Marseilles
I should have held an after-party
For all the thoughts I didn't say

In Düsseldorf I met a dwarf
With bad breath and a really good tan
In Gelterkinden I remembered how to laugh
And I never ever forgot it again

