

De Heideroosjes

"The Porter"

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Now I know what the Moroccan guy meant,
And I sure know how I feels
When he gets kicked out of a club
By a bald muscled security-guy
"You don't belong here" he says straight-faced
And even gave me a dirty look

Power, power, power
It probably feels good when you despise me
You smile, smile, smile
There he stands, he gets a boner of it
Happy cause he can bark

It took some time before I understood
But he kept his anabolic arm in front of me
For a moment I thought of a bad joke
I asked for an explanation but he lisped: "And now quickly"

Of course I heard the stories
Allochthones and sneakers are kept out
But here I stood with good shoes and snow white
Because I have an obstinate haircut I got in trouble
Against so much stupidity I'm speechless
Why do I even want to go in this club?

Power, power, power
It probably feels good when you despise me
You smile, smile, smile
There he stands, he gets a boner of it
In the night, night, night
A piece of crap in shiny shoes doesn't trust me
But who here has the wrong head?
There he stands, happy cuase he can bark
You make me puke man!

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