

## Willem Christophe

### "Lost In Berlin"

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(Rodrigue Janois/Frédéric Lemerrier/Jean-Pierre  
Pilot/William Rousseau/  
Laurent Szuskin)

I lost myself, cheap love for sale in old Berlin.  
I joined the game, learned to pretend in old Berlin.  
In old Berlin, in old Berlin.

Forgot your face in a strange place they call Berlin.  
And I gave in to the devil within, down in Berlin, city of  
sin.

Meet me after dark, when pain fades out into the night.  
Take me somewhere else, no black or white, no wrong  
or right.  
Is it real, what is real ? This siren song's calling me.  
I feel as if I'm losing my mind.  
Is it real, what is real ? Can't resist the need to feel.  
No matter if it makes me lose my mind.

Meet me after dark, when pain fades out into the night.  
Take me somewhere else, no black or white, no wrong  
or right.

I sold my soul, caused my own fall in old Berlin.  
But I'll rise again, free myself of these chains.  
I'll love again, I'll be loved again.

Is it real, what is real ? This siren song's callin me.  
I feel as if I'm losing my mind.  
Meet me after dark, when pain fades out into the night.  
Take me somewhere else, no matter if it makes me  
lose my mind.

Meet me after dark, when pain fades out into the night.  
Take me somewhere else, no black or white, no wrong  
or right.

