

The Ramones

"Born To Die In Berlin"

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Intoxicated by the orchids abandoned in the garden
Demanding morphine curse my soul is burning
Stranded in the sweet wonderings
Breathing the pale moon silver
Torn painted lips tasting the last drops of life

Sometimes I feel like screaming
Sometimes I feel I just can't win
Sometimes I feel that my soul is as restless as the wind
Well maybe I was born a to die in Berlin

I sprinkled cocaine on the floor
When no one was watching
I closed my eyes and I let myself sleep
Creeps and dirty bastards, demons waitin' by my bed
There's no choice or difference, no one seems to
notice

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Well maybe I was born to die in Berlin

[foreign content]

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Maybe I was born to die in Berlin

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