

Amanda Palmer "Berlin"

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Your bicycle's chained to the fence outside
There's plenty of offers, but you won't ride
How you pedal in those is a miracle
A miracle

And you laugh at yourself
As you speed through the red lights

Oh, Berlin
Nobody knows where you've been

In the space where your brain and your heart collide
You're convinced there's a practical place that you can
hide
And you laugh at the bellhop
Hysterical
Hysterical

With your bag full of dresses and butcher's knives
Oh, Berlin
Nobody know's where you've been
But they all look so ugly and mean when you're sober
You've auctioned away all your crimson and clover
And Ronny leaves lines out and lights up the curtain
You know what you're doing, you know it for certain
The last thing I saw, they were reading your rights
If you're going to go down, then you're going down
fighting
As long as you're bent
And as long as they're watching
You're going to make rent
You go no other option

What?
Did you think you were worth my while?
Did you think I would cramp my style?
That if I had to say in it
That I'd sit here and bite my lip and listen
What?

What?
Do you think that I come off bored?

Paid a fortune to be ignored?
Did you think that I come here out
Of the goodness of my own heart?

To work in an assembly line of broken hearts?
Not supposed to fix them, only strip and sell the parts

It's hard to work
On an assembly line of broken hearts

Not supposed to fix them
Only strip them and sell the parts

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