

Jerusalem "Berlin 38"

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I was twenty-five in Berlin '38.
I had just bought a little store, and the war was close
Then I met her, Rebekah with her wonderful smile.
And I was in love, and she was in love - the future was
ours
We married soon, and Joseph and Sarah came.
We loved them so, our dream came true.

Clouds gathered dark, I couldn't understand it.
I simply didn't see it, I should have, but I didn't.

Under the star, my heart beats there - it was just
because of the star.
Next year in Jerusalem, next year in Jerusalem.

And late one night, I woke up from the noise in the
street.
People were shouting, people were running in the
stairs.
They knocked on the door, and then they came rushing
in
with guns and no compassion, they said;
"You have to come, one suitcase that's all, you must go
now"

We ran down the stairs.
Joseph wasn't fast enough, they kicked him and he fell,
and he was only three.
I picked him up, and took him in my arms.
They took us to the train, they packed us like cattle.
Rebekah squeezed my hand, she said;
"We must stay together no matter what happens"

How can I describe?
Cause when we arrived, they took Rebekah and the
children aside, and we all cried.
She looked at me, I'll never forget her eyes, she said;
"I'll take care of the children"
And then they were gone, gone....

Next year in Jerusalem, next year in Jerusalem.

We must not forget, we can Never forget.
Because of the star, we must not forget.

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