

Van Der Graaf Generator "In Babelsberg"

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The city's spread beneath my feet,
but not the one that I was after
while I've been pounding out this beat
the length of the Kudamm.
Street legends on the tourist map,
a fading script in Gothic,
out in the studio they're
rehearsing in drag for a lark.
Come on, let's get lost in the dark.

Tale another step, another move, another pace,
what isn't written in the manuscript is a note to play with
grace
and if I exit from this story in a way I might retrace
it will have fallen through the cracks when I come back
in any case
another time's another place.

The city's spread beneath my feet
from the top of the Mercedes tower
and I can see the darkness closing in
hour by hour.

But I can't take another step, no filling in, no cut and
paste,
a bankrupt process for the memory, this terrain is laid
to waste.

No, nothing's written in the history books
that doesn't leave a nasty taste

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