

# Berlin

## Dp-6

The mascaraed blond from the Berliner bar  
Rises at twilight, gets dressed in a daze  
Black leather crackles, cold water runs  
As she touches the walls of her memory maze  
The shadows of men she has known fill her day  
She's held half the world in her arms so they say  
But she wakes up without them with a hole in her heart  
And she puts on her clothes, lives her life behind bars  
Mascaraed blond from the Berliner bar  
Sighs at the skylight, gets lost in the haze  
Black leather crackles and cold water runs  
As she touches the walls of her memory maze  
Someone got stranded in no man's land  
Dancing in the spotlight to the sound of clapping hands  
Nobody knows whose side he was on  
It's a risk that you take in no man's land  
Nobody knows what made him decide  
To run for freedom and to certain suicide  
When they turn off the guns and his fingers uncurl  
He's clutching a photograph of a Berlin party girl  
Come in from your checkpoints on your lonely roads  
Come in from your ditches in your silent fields  
Where intensified light from a rifle sight  
Makes the darkness day and the day too bright, too bright  
We wake up without you  
With a hole in our hearts  
With a hole in our hearts  
You mad dog shaven head, bottle boy freaks  
In martens and khaki drunk on sake  
You stare at yourself in the cruel flush of dawn  
Terrified, sunken eyed, withered and drawn  
The butcher, the baker, the munitions maker  
The over achiever, the armistice breaker  
The free-base instructor, the lightning conductor  
The psycho, the sailor, the tanker, the tailor  
The black market mailer, the quick an the dead

The spotlight dancer, the quick and the dead  
The quick and the dead, the quick and the dead  
We wake up without you  
Yeah, we wake up without you  
With a hole in our hearts  
The mascaraed blond from the Berliner bar  
Rises at twilight, gets dressed in a daze

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