

# Alt Berliner Blues

## Corb Lund

She growls in barroom German  
As the smoke hangs from her lips  
She could attack her own Gestapo

With the way she moves her Hips No complaints about her service,  
Cuz she's good and she'd get rich

If these cheap, young, broke and trust fund ex-pat kids would learn to tip There ain't no better place to find you  
if you got yourself to lose, and all she wants is to get down with the Alt Berliner Blues Well she can still  
remember when they first went off the mark. The windows all got shuttered and theaters went dark She won the  
whole town over with her renaissance burlesque. Pelts of wolf and coyote, bearclaw necklace on her chest There  
ain't no better place to find you if you got yourself to lose, and all she wants is to get down with the Alt Berliner

Blues Well stumble over tourists at the remnants of the wall

Hung over from the Schapps and funky Prussian alcohol

Well it kind of feels like lots of US voices in the crowd

And the singers drowned in reverb and the drum machine's too loud You won't no better place across the whole  
of the EU

If all you want is to get down with the Alt Berliner Blues Herr Guild I hope you're happy with yourself and all  
your Freund, may your ???? and your hunger dissappoint ya A century of thirst outlasting two or three world wars  
and 100 year old beer halls that do not exist no more. There ain't nothing left but ghosts of many lifetimes worth  
of booze. Ain't nothing gonna get you gone like the Alt Berliner Blues.

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