

Dresden

Cold Chisel

The morning breeze is off and gone
The winding factory streets are clean
Old ladies put the kettle on
And all-night lechers pause and lean
On grey shop windows, everywhere
A deeper hum is in the air
Hotel room, drifter leaves no clues
He rides a freight-train out of town
And whistles at the icy rime
The cattle float like thistle-downs
And God is on the edge of time
Somewhere behind a siren wails
The freight-train soars above the rails
The traveller, hes hard as nails
As the train sweeps down the line
The salmon Seasons here to stay
And etched into each shoulder-bone
The mark of Cain is on display
As stone above each measured stone
Old Dresden burns above the breeze
The traveller, hes on his knees
Hes watching sledge-wings dip and play
So far above the holy throne
Dresden blues . . .

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