Berlin

Fischer-Z

These sore red eyes explore the room again
The signed pictures of film stars
Who stayed here in eras that knew of no wall, BerlinPart of the old world lives on this island in Germany
Still out there through the window at six in the morning
The essence survives, BerlinCome, they told me, down to the dark clubs at night
They'll surprise you, the one's who are asleep when it's light
So outrageous, like tropical birds in a cage
Out from underneath their stones, BerlinYoung faces new ideals in search of paradise
They merge into the history, the theater of memories
That make up the feel of Berlin

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