Berlin Rock City

RKL

I feel uptight on a Saturday night.
Nine O'Clock and the radios the only light.
I hear my song and it pulls me through.
Comes on strong, tells me what I gotta do.
I got to... Get Up!
Everybody's gonna move their feet.
Get down!
Everybody's gonna leave their seat.
Yeah, lose your mind in Berlin Rock City!
Getting late, I just can't wait.
10 O'Clock, you know I gotta hit the road.
First I drink and then I smoke.
Start the car and I try to make the midnight show, you know.
Get Up!
Everybody's gonna move their feet.
Get down!
Everybody's gonna leave their seat.
12 O'Clock. I gotta, gotta rock!
There's a truck ahead,
Lights starin' at my eyes.
Oh my God! No time to turn.
I got to laugh 'cause I know I'm gonna die.
Why?
Get Up!
Everybody's gonna move their feet.
Get down!
Everybody's gonna leave their seat.
Get Up!
Everybody's gonna move their feet.
Get down!
Everybody's gonna leave their seat.

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