Born To Die In Berlin

Nina Hagen

Junkies, whores and pimps
Devils around my bed
There is no choice and no difference
And no one seems to notice

Sometimes I feel like screaming
Sometimes I feel like I just can't win
Sometimes I feel like I was born
To die in your arm in Berlin

Intoxicated by the orchids
Abandoned in the garden
Demanding morphine for communion
Because my soul was burning

Sometimes I feel like screaming
Sometimes I feel like I just can't win
Sometimes I feel like I was born
To die in your arm in Berlin

Stranded in the sweet windings
Breathing the pale moon silver
Tasting the last drops of life
From a sweet transvestite's lips

Sometimes I feel like screaming
Sometimes I feel like I just can't win
Sometimes I feel like I was born
To die in your arm in Berlin

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by RAMONE, DEE DEE / CARCO, JOHN
Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/