

Berlin

Kyle Craft

Berlin, Berlin, she shines like a mirror ball
A hot day, protege
She puts her highest heels back on
Each dance could be the death of me
And I know she needs her money
And you know she digs her cat call
You know they'll be coming
To watch her put it on and take it offBerlin, Berlin, the star of the dark burlesque show
She lives for its madness
She swings herself around the pole slow
She slips out of a prom dress
And all the ladies wanna be her
And all the grown men wanna cry
But then I only wanna kiss you
Just once maybe twice
Then I could show you around
That is, if you'd wanna come
And I could play it cool
If I wasn't playin' it dumbBut Berlin she ain't the kind of woman
To have one boy she calls
She feeds from the touch of one lover
But can't resist the touch of them all
Oh Berlin baby, I know I'd never be the kind you'd like
I'll toss myself back into the corner
And I'll catch you every Sunday nightDollar bills, red lipstick on a cigarette butt
And trash-talk on her tongue
I tried making eyes but guess what
That man came on his microphone
He said "you're in for a real treat"
And just like that she left my side
She took the stage instead of taking me
And worked it all the live-long night
And I could show you the town
If I knew where to begin
And I could show you out
If I wasn't on my way inBut Berlin she ain't the kind of woman
To have one boy she calls
She feeds from the touch of one lover
But can't resist the touch of them all

Well, Berlin, baby, I know I'd never be the kind you'd like
I'll toss myself back into the corner
And I'll catch you every Sunday night
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>