

# Goodbye Garageland

## Die Toten Hosen

There's no Garageland no more,  
Only memories spread across the floor. To the sound of the guns of Brixton  
We were fighting complete control.  
We felt like we were prisoners  
In our save European home.  
We had 48 hours at the weekends  
To have a little riot of our own.  
The cities of the dead were burning bright  
And Johnny came marching home. There's no Garageland no more.  
We're left with memories lying on the floor.  
(Did you believe what they said?)  
Hear the sound of hate and war.  
Death or Glory - we survived it all.  
(No more riot on the Westway.) It seemed so good to be alive  
And to dream of better times.  
You gave us hope and we had enough rope.  
We were ready for the fight  
But rebellion turned to money.  
As soon as the sun went down,  
Up all night we were flying high  
'til we got the wake-up call.

Songwriters

STEVEN GEORGE RITCHIE, MATTHEW WALKER, ANDREAS FREGE, ANDREAS MEURER  
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by

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