

My Land

Die Toten Hosen

This is the street where people live in fear
of senseless crime and poverty.
And the colour of your skin decides
if you should pay the penalty. This is the city where only money talks,
of power gain and influence.
Where the poor stay poor, the rich stay rich
and we're still told it's coincidence.
it's the same old sad survival-dance
that we're all born with an equal chance.

But who could be so blind that they could never see that this is my land?

I can't pretend that it's nothing to do with me.

And this is your land,

you can't close your eyes to the things you don't wanna see. This is a country filled with greed and hate
and cops on the take are common place.

The next generation are condemned to waste
by bent politicians and magistrates.

This is a world at war for the liquid gold,
but there's still no cure for the common cold.

We raise our flags and battle cries
in the name of God and national pride.

And the lie we use to convince ourselves,
it's not our fault, it can't be helped.

Don't tell me we're so blind we cannot see

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