

# On the Museum Island

## Emmy the Great

On the museum island,  
At the end of the day,  
We had travelled for miles,  
We had come to escape  
All the space on the page  
That the newspapers gave  
Up to pictures and pictures of us.  
As we followed the coffin  
Of your famous father.  
Adjusting our skirts  
As we turned at the altar.  
And within every word  
That they'd written, was spelt out  
You'd taken your last ever bus.  
So skimming the surface  
Of all your new money,  
We skimmed the surface  
Of the air as we flew.  
We were out of the rain,  
We were thinking that maybe  
Berlin was the place to renew.

Well you know what they say  
About terrible hate  
It will breed something good  
When it's through.  
At the end of the day,  
By the Potsdamer Place  
And the Brandenburg Gate,  
It was you.

You have hardened completely  
By the end of this story,  
You have learned to look clear  
Through the flash of a bulb,  
When you hear your own name  
From the back of a crowd,  
You just straighten your gaze,  
No you don't turn around.

Oh but there was a time  
At the end of the day,  
We were both stood in line  
At the museum display,  
And you outshone the light  
Under which you were bathed,  
You could outshine the sky  
With the look that you gave,  
Oh so don't be afraid  
To look back and wave,  
Now that waving is all that you do.  
At the end of the day,  
By the Potsdamer Place,  
I am waving back at you.

So don't be afraid  
To look back and wave,  
Now that waving is all that you do.  
At the end of the day,  
By the Potsdamer Place,  
I am waving back at you.

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