

Black Market Dealers [Maschinen-Mix]

Funker Vogt

Bombed ruins form the skyline
Burnt places all around
People trading their possessions
A keepsake for some breadCrowded trains, full of people
Remindful of a cattle transport
Families get separated
On the way to their new homesStill the children search for cover
When they hear the airplanes
Their bags are always packed
Just with dolls, books and pencilsIt is the summer of forty-five
Black market dealers are in the streets
But we all feel so alive
Now we get again what we needIt is the summer of forty-five
Black market dealers are in the streets
But we all feel so alive
Now we get again what we needThe first black men they ever saw
Were among the foreign soldiers
Some of them were really kind
Bringing food and sometimes sweetsNo more sirens in the night
Which made you run into the basement
No more fear of foreign soldiers
Who came to search the houseIt is the summer of forty-five
Black market dealers are in the streets
But we all feel so alive
Now we get again what we needIt is the summer of forty-five
Black market dealers are in the streets
But we all feel so alive
Now we get again what we needIt is the summer of forty-five
Black market dealers are in the streets
But we all feel so alive
Now we get again what we needIt is the summer of forty-five
Black market dealers are in the streets
But we all feel so alive
Now we get again what we need

Songwriters

Kai Schmidt;Gerrit ThomasPublished by

NEUE WELT MUSIKVERLAG GMBH & CO. KG Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941.
Other patents pending.

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