## **Berlin**

## **Solillaquists of Sound**

The mascaraed blond from the Berliner bar Rises at twilight, gets dressed in a daze Black leather crackles, cold water runs As she touches the walls of her memory maze The shadows of men she has known fill her day She's held half the world in her arms so they say But she wakes up without them with a hole in her heart And she puts on her clothes, lives her life behind bars Mascaraed blond from the Berliner bar Sighs at the skylight, gets lost in the haze Black leather crackles and cold water runs As she touches the walls of her memory maze Someone got stranded in no man's land Dancing in the spotlight to the sound of clapping hands Nobody knows whose side he was on It's a risk that you take in no man's land Nobody knows what made him decide To run for freedom and to certain suicide When they turn off the guns and his fingers uncurl He's clutching a photograph of a Berlin party girl Come in from your checkpoints on your lonely roads Come in from your ditches in your silent fields Where intensified light from a rifle sight

> We wake up without you With a hole in our hearts With a hole in our hearts

Makes the darkness day and the day too bright, too bright

You mad dog shaven head, bottle boy freaks
In martens and khaki drunk on sake
You stare at yourself in the cruel flush of dawn
Terrified, sunken eyed, withered and drawn
The butcher, the baker, the munitions maker
The over achiever, the armistice breaker
The free-base instructor, the lightning conductor
The psycho, the sailor, the tanker, the tailor
The black market mailer, the quick an the dead

The spotlight dancer, the quick and the dead
The quick and the dead, the quick and the dead
We wake up without you
Yeah, we wake up without you
With a hole in our hearts
The mascaraed blond from the Berliner bar
Rises at twilight, gets dressed in a daze

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