

Brandenburg Gate

Metallica

I would cut my legs and tits off
When I think of Boris Karloff and Kinski
In the dark of the moon
It made me dream of Nosferatu
Trapped on the isle of Doctor Moreau
Oh wouldn't it be lovely
I was thinking Peter Lorre
When things got pretty gory as I
Crossed to the Brandenburg Gate
I was feeling snappy perhaps I'd been napping
And I'd just ate
A following heart can tear you apart
On a midnight to 8 shift
A graveyard romance can only give one chance
As the tombstones weave and breathe
Feeling happy when my heart got beating

On a Sunday afternoon
I dreamt of breezes going through the treeses
And stars were still illumed
I have three hearts that I keep apart
Trying to relate
To normal feelings and the nighttime reelings
And some absynthe drunk so late
The cook got drunk and all the whores they shrunk
Onto the size of dessert plates
But me I'm happy cause I got my little nappy
And some opium to set me straight
I'm just a small town girl who wants to give it a whirl
While my looks still hold me straight
Straight up to illusion and fantasy's fusion
Of reality mixed with drink
I'm just a small town girl who's gonna give life a whirl
Looking at the Brandenburg Gate

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