

The Peacock

Beirut

There's an answer for I'm cold again
Back in the sand just like those soldier men
And even once I fell down in the narrow lanes
On the ground I lay
And I would say
Infernal heat can't take the sound in here
Shake the trees see what falls out of them
In a city where nobody hears
A birds call fine fine winter's here again
Calls and sings Berlin, Berlin
Among the camp we're done with him
We'd shoot him down
But then but then
Where should I begin, begin
He's the only one who knows the words
He's the only one who knows the words
He's the only one who knows the words
He's the only one who knows the words
He's the only one who knows the words
He's the only one who knows the words
He's the only one who knows the words
He's the only one who knows the words

Songwriters

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