

Soviet Trumpeter

Katzenjammer

Bright the shine in my horn exiled and forlorn, a damp night in Berlin - yes
Soaked in alcohol I walk up to a doll and say "how you look good"
Rejections follow me around like a dagger in my back, I tell you man it hurts
I've come here to express myself 'cause I'm tired of these chains
I am tired of the strains, walking 'cross the plains, take me in your arms

Fire red, the stage I tread
Elevate me, celebrate me
Extroverted but full of fear
The Soviet trumpeter

To make them dance as fairies, oh, to make them sing along
So close to fever pitch and oh so close to happiness
I'm tempted by their flesh oh I am tempted by their stare, I don't think you dare
'cause I am such a communist and I'm breaking down inside
though the world is open wide drowning in its tide take me in your arms

Fire red, the ground I tread
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