

# Black Market Dealers - Maschinen-Mix

## Funker Vogt

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

NEUE WELT MUSIKVERLAG GMBH & CO. KG

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941.  
Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
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