Born To Die In Berlin

Ramones

Intoxicated by the orchids abandoned in the garden
Demanding morphine curse my soul is burning
Stranded in the sweet wonderings
breathing the pale moon silver
Torn painted lips tasting the last drops of life

Sometimes I feel like screaming
Sometimes I feel I just can't win
Sometimes I feelin' my soul is as restless as the wind
Maybe I was born to die in Berlin

I sprinkled cocaine on the floor
when no one was watching
I closed my eyes and I let myself sleep
Creeps and dirty bastards,
demons waitin' by my bed
There's no choice or difference,
no one seems to notice

Sometimes I feel like screamin
Sometimes I feel I just can't win
Sometimes I feelin' my soul is as restless as the wind
Maybe I was born to die in Berlin

[Third verse in German]
KÃ¼ss mich jetzt MÃ¤dchen, es ist alles wahr
Du kannst es lesen in der Morgenpost,OK,
der Winte rwird wieder kalt werden, Berliner wollen Amerika,
von Menschen die sterben, Unter den weiÃŸen BlÃ¼ten

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Sometimes I feel I just can't win
Sometimes I feelin' my soul is as restless as the wind
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