

# 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  
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