

Arbeit Macht Frei

The Libertines

Roll a gasper
The guard said he could stay alive
But he has to shovel
And burn his people to die, even if you die
And the gate read:
Arbeit Macht Frei

In her rollers
And a gasper
Cleaning the steps in a mean street
Where no policeman walks the beat

(Her old man)
He don't like blacks or queers
(Yet he's proud he beat the Nazis? How queer)

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written by DOHERTY, PETER
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