Strasbourg

Julian Cope

I'll meet you in West Germany
October 1983
I know that freedom was a lie
And your husband was a spyYou say that words are impotent
But they can help us pay the rent
I knew for sure there was nothing left
Except the vodka on your breathWe meet in Strasbourg
In Strasbourg
Dann sind wir Helden
We meet in StrasbourgThe courage that your father plucked
From inside a cattle truck
Will help us fix the exit polls
Our children must have rock 'n' rollSurveillance cameras captured dawn
Breaking on the autobahn
I knew for sure our chance was blown
When rifles made us feel at homeWe meet in Strasbourg
In Strasbourg
Dann sind wir Helden
We meet in StrasbourgWe meet in Strasbourg
In Strasbourg
Dann sind wir Helden
We meet in StrasbourgEins, zwei, drei, vierIdeas can change the government
But they never listen to our arguments
On TV our friends smashed cement
And pulled down the bastards monumentsI went outside for a cigarette
I saw things I had tried to forget
The news showed us who we had left
And I could smell the vodka on your breath

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