

# To Germany with Love

Alphaville

I am an emigre  
I write to Germany  
In foreign words  
A tongue of actuality  
Coated in grey gloves  
To Germany with love  
A war between the wars  
To Germany with love

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A war between the wars  
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A war between the wars  
A war between the wars

Triumph over by-gone sorrow  
Can in unity be won  
Let them all persue this purpose  
'Til reality is gone  
I am an unexpected spy  
From the outside of my eye  
Translate it first then comprehend  
I'm here indeed but there I stand

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To Germany with love  
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Germany with love

This is the turn of colours  
All real but still unseen  
There is no more decision  
'Cause there's too much in between  
Let us build a nightmare nation  
Learn and work as never yet  
That this cold new generation  
Faith in its own fears beget

Here comes the modern rat  
Here comes the terror-squad  
Ours is the salt of wisdom  
Here we come all dressed in black  
From the ruins risen slowly  
To the future turned we stand  
Flourish in this blessing glory  
Flourish, German fatherland

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I write to Germany (I write to Germany)  
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To Germany  
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I write in Germany