

# Black Market Dealers

Funker Vogt

bombed ruins form the skyline  
burnt places - all around  
people trading their possessions  
a keepsake for some bread

crowded trains full of people  
remindful of a cattle transport  
families get separated  
on the way to their new homes

still the children search for cover  
when they hear the airplanes  
their bags are always packed  
just with dolls, books and pencils

the first black men they ever saw  
were among the foreign soldiers  
some of them were really kind  
bringing food and sometimes sweets

no more sirens in the night  
which made you run into the basement  
no more fear of foreign soldiers  
who came to search the house

chorus:  
it is the summer of forty-five  
black-market dealers are in the streets  
but we all feel so alive  
now we get again what we need