

You grow to a big town at one time
And then your tracks lost line
The wartimes draw your heart away
To west, north, south, east, everywhere
And then they cut you not for fun
Since '61 the wound still runs
To save the political pride
To heat the cold war with you

Berlin, a suburb or the westworld's eye
I cannot love, cannot deny
You boil too fast til you dry
Anytime you're dry

Now you are bigger than before
But decadence grows in your soul
You spit that oil straight on our head
The clever get rich, the weak ones mad
In streets, in subways goes the race
The others come to find their ways
These countries where they are from
Are poor why are we rich here

Berlin, a suburb or the westworld's eye
I cannot love, cannot deny
You boil too fast til you dry
And I will fly