

Back in WWII the bombs kept dropping,
this old city was smashed to the ground.
And the orders were given to destroy everything,
even to bring that beautiful cathedral down.
But the best bomber pilots, well,
they all tried it and their aim was never true.
As if the work of God or divine protection,
or that they just could not do what they were ordered to do.

Today it still stands like a giant tombstone,
a monument to a time long gone.
To the old lady beggars with their faces to the ground,
it's tall arch doorways are right where they belong.

You know Hitler he would have been pissed I guess,
but I'm glad that the good guys missed.
No matter what you believe or how you feel about churches,
let me tell you, you really wanna see this.
You'll be thankful those bombs didn't hit.

We went south down the river to where the Rhine and the Basel meet.
Stood on that small triangular ground
where this country was founded on our own two feet.
On the way we learned castles are smaller
in real life then they are in the fairy tales.
But that realization didn't stop our fascination
as we explored the secret tunnels behind the safety rails.
As we hopped over those safety rails...

We headed East and we crossed the border,
the border that was no longer there.
And although the fences and walls are long gone,
the weight of their ghosts hung heavy in the air.
The buildings all had different looks on their faces,
they were standing strong and stout.
Going 80 on the Autobahn will really take you places,
if you wanna learn history get out of your house.

And all of the statues of Dresden looked mean and cold and angry.
They've all got black faces that say, "You can never kill me!"
And our bus drove by Slaughterhouse 5 on the way to our campground.
We ended up sleeping in a farmer's field cause two years ago the place was shut down.
We went to the forest and we camped a few nights and then we said goodbye
To all the bakeries and the nice young bees that would always give us rides.

And all the trains took us away!