

Hamburg Night

Laakso

In the Hamburg night I'm walking at a time
When just the strange ones are awake.
I take a cab to the street where the action is,
The one they warned me about.

An important DJ from Berlin speaks and orders drinks.
She drinks and talks and talks until she walks away,
No surprise I had to pay.

Someone calls me cutie, someone pulls my arm.
It's a transvestite two meters tall
He pulls so hard I fall now he can take what he wants
But someone screaming makes him change his mind.

It's a Spanish speaking prostitute
That's shouts at me you're cute
So are you dear prostitute, we're quite the same
But the difference is that I give myself away for free today.

I haven't had enough sp I enter this rough
Punkrock place againg.
I paint pizzeria walls, I decorate, she says.
I feel our connection so does her boyfriend
The supermale bartender.
The bartender tells me ugly words in German,
Still I understand.

I decide this to be the right time, I tie me shoes and leave.
The stars might be all clear elsewhere
But I need their guidance now.
At the step og the door that I thin is right
I spend the rest om this Hamburg night.