This is the story of my grandpa Max A jewish tailor that has to face the facts Sensed a hatred so profound so ugly he could smell Forwarned him he should escape impending Hell

Now I'm Max's grandson and I'm back to say Here I am, living proof that the Jew got away

Old folks point their fingers, cold stares seem to say "If this was 1942 that scum would be sent away"
Now its 1991 and it's as clear as day
A lot of you old fascists haven't changed your way

Now I'm back in the Fatherland And I'm here to say Here I am, living proof that the Jew got away

Oh Bavaria, Aryan Heaven
Land where Hitler wrote 'Mein Kampf'
On Bavaria they're still laughing
At the ovens in the Camp

Private fascist armies to haunt us like the past Fear is your disease and we'll call you on it fast Designed a new A.I.D.S. tattoo for a brand new threat But our kind won't go away, and we won't forget