

Born to Die in Berlin

Nina Hagen

Junkies, whores and pimps
Devils around my bed
There is no choice and no difference
And no one seems to notice

Sometimes I feel like screaming
Sometimes I feel like I just can't win
Sometimes I feel like I was born
To die in your arm in Berlin

Intoxicated by the orchids
Abandoned in the garden
Demanding morphine for communion
Because my soul was burning

Sometimes I feel like screaming
Sometimes I feel like I just cant win
Sometimes I feel like I was born
To die in your arm in Berlin

Stranded in the sweet windings
Breathing the pale moon silver
Tasting the last drops of life
From a sweet transvestite's lips

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Sometimes I feel like I just can't win
Sometimes I feel like I was born
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