

Born To Die In Berlin

Ramones

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Es

1. Intoxicated by the orchids abandoned in the garden
Demanding morphine curse my soul is burning
Standing in the sweet wonderings breathing the pale moon silver
Torn painted lips tasting the last drops of life

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R: Sometimes I feel like screaming Sometimes I feel I just can't win
Sometimes I feel my soul is as restless as the wind

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Maybe I was born to die in Berlin

2. I sprinkled cocaine on the floor when no one was watching
I closed my eyes and let myself sleep
Creeps and dirty bastards demons waiting by my bed
There's no choice or difference no one seems to notice