

B.T.B.W North Italy

White Skull

Charlie's gotta Band
it's a really big one
he's a master, a king
he got it all
but you don't know all his wills
Women on his left and on his right
with fishnet stocking
and padded bras
and you love them all
but not for real
And you push
your accelerator to the speed
and noone can stop
you on the street

[chorus]

Born to be wild Born to be free
Born to be Wild North Italy

Charlie's gotta Band
don't care to be written up
Born to be Wild
they got it all
and a strong cold wind
goes through theyr hair
When you get high
you get high on speed
whiskey in your hand
it's your usual drink
and if you're gonna fight
it's only when you're right
And you push
your accelerator to the speed
and noone can stop
you on the street

[chorus]

Born to be wild ...