

# Brandenburg Gate

Metallica

I would cut my legs and tits off  
When I think of Boris Karloff and Kinski  
In the dark of the moon

It made me dream of Nosferatu  
Trapped on the isle of Doctor Moreau  
Oh wouldn't it be lovely

I was thinking Peter Lorre  
When things got pretty gory as I  
Crossed to the Brandenburg Gate

I was feeling snappy perhaps I'd been napping  
And I'd just ate  
A following heart can tear you apart  
On a midnight to 8 shift

A graveyard romance can only give one chance  
As the tombstones weave and breathe

Feeling happy when my heart got beating  
On a Sunday afternoon

I dreamt of breezes going through the treeses  
And stars were still illumed  
I have three hearts that I keep apart  
Trying to relate  
To normal feelings and the nighttime reelings  
And some absynthe drunk so late

The cook got drunk and all the whores they shrunk  
Onto the size of dessert plates  
But me I'm happy cause I got my little nappy  
And some opium to set me straight  
I'm just a small town girl who wants to give it a whirl  
While my looks still hold me straight

Straight up to illusion and fantasy's fusion  
Of reality mixed with drink  
I'm just a small town girl who's gonna give life a whirl  
Looking at the Brandenburg Gate