

# The Peacock

Beirut

There's an answer for I'm called again back in the sand just like those soldier-men And even once, I fell down in the narrow lanes On the ground I laid and I would say

Infernal heat can't take the sound in here Shake the trees, see what falls out of there In a city where nobody hears A bird call find, find winter's here again

Calls and sings, Berlin, Berlin Among the camp, we're done with him We'd shoot him down, but then, but then Where should i, begin, begin?

He's the only one who knows the words And he's the only one who knows the words