

# Masquerade

Berlin

The painted faces on the street  
Caricatures of long ago  
Oh they were young and oh so sweet  
Down beyond the boulevard  
Knock on doors and empty halls  
And still sometimes remember  
The masquerade's forever

When you see the price they paid  
I'm sure you'll come and join the masquerade

The reeling figures pass on by  
Like ghosts in some forgotten play  
Beneath the black and empty sky  
Music plays and figures dance  
With partners chosen by chance  
And still some times remember  
The masquerade's forever

They reached for tomorrow  
But tomorrows, more of the same  
So they reached for tomorrow  
But tomorrow never came

When you hear the price they paid  
I'm sure you'll come and join the masquerade

One by one and two by two  
Past eight by tens in shattered frames  
The players try to leave the room  
Frantic puppets on a string  
And all the while the music sings  
And still sometimes remember  
The masquerade's forever