

There is a wall that runs right through me  
Just like the city, I will never be joined  
What is this love? Why can I never hold it?  
Did it really run out in the strangers' bedrooms?

I  
I have decided  
At twenty-five  
Something must change

Saturday night in East Berlin  
We took the U-Bahn to the East Side Gallery  
I was sure I'd found love with this one lying with me  
Crying again in the old bahnhof

I  
I have decided  
At twenty-five  
That something must change

After sex  
The bitter taste  
Been fooled again  
The search continues