

# Roads Of Germany

Bob Geldof

I'm driving on the road that Hitler built  
I'm driving on the road that Hitler built  
This is the place where history stopped to shit  
And I'm driving on the road that Hitler built

I'm driving on the road that Stalin built next  
There's more holes in Joe's than Adolf's  
But what would you expect  
I wonder what the Germans did  
To fall from history's nest  
And I'm driving on the road that Stalin built next

On the roads of Germany  
On the roads of Germany  
These are the roads of the 20th century  
And there's blood and steel and leather  
Mixed into that concrete  
When you're riding on the roads of high Germany

I'm cruising on Konrad's Autobahn  
Konrad's got a Beetle and Ludwig a Trabant  
And Willy's got a Merc and Erich's got a tank  
But that road only took me to a concrete dead end trap

We're driving on the road that never ends  
All roads lead to exit signs and then they start again  
And Helmut's building on the wheel of history as it spins  
And history never ends 'cos it's too busy beginning

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And I'm walking in a Black Forest lane  
And I step into the trees for to get some leafy shade  
And I fall asleep in some dappled sunlit glade  
And I dream and in my dream I am lost and afraid  
And it grows dark, it grows damp and I shiver and I'm cold  
And deep inside the forest something obscenely old  
Stirs and shakes and comes awake and in it's putrid pit  
It belches and it squirms in it's own dirt and filth  
And slithers on it's stinking slime while everything holds it's breath  
And it's slow thighs, blank eyes pitiless as the past  
Reborn from it's fitful sleep, it's hour come again at last  
Slouches towards it's own Jerusalem to be re-cast  
And in my horror I recognise myself in it as it passes  
Familiar and repulsive and as old as mortal man  
This philosophy of brutality, ignorance and hate  
Buried deep in everyone waiting to escape  
And you must kill it before it kills you and everything in it's wake  
And I take my knife and I kill it, and it screams and then I wake  
And I'm terrified and horrified and in this mortal state  
I stagger toward the curbside of the 4 lane motorway  
"Drive" I say and we drive and soon I stop shaking

But I can't stop thinking 'bout these dreams and revelations  
Except it's not a dream it's real and it's of our own making  
And it's not just Germany it's everywhere and the whole world is a-quaking  
As we turn onto this road we all seem to be taking  
And you can't help thinking these things on the roads of Germany