

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