

I blacked out 'til the morning broke, I was swallowing glass
And inhaling smoke, I lost my mind in a haze of cobbled streets
And broken windows.

I managed to get away, for a minute or two, to catch my breath,

Just long enough to catch sight of a man with a broken nose
And a bandaged leg, sleeping silently in a photo booth on the
Road where I caught a cab, back through the heart of the
Tourist district and into our rundown, rented pad.

I met a strange girl from Brazil, she made me laugh for an hour
Or two and it took me back to the festival where I was sure
That I was gonna go (die). But then I bought a beer from a nice
Bar lady with the kindest eyes that I'd ever seen, she said
"take a water too honey, it's warm outside, we don't want you
Dying now, do we... ?"

Oh, Berlin, my love, I've got you underneath my skin.
In the early hours of the morning, I can't help but let you
In/win.

I was there talking to you about some of the shit they'd put
You through, and I knew that this could be my chance to get
You closer. So I met you round the back, away from others, I
Was trying to fight off my brother but I knew, I knew, that you
Didn't have eyes for me...

I've got a fire and it burns in me, it takes me back to the ver
y
Day I was with you there. I've got a fire and it burns in me, I
Knew back then, it was clear to see that I was running scared.