

You grow to a big town at one time  
And then your tracks lost line  
The wartimes draw your heart away  
To west, north, south, east, everywhere  
And then they cut you not for fun  
Since '61 the wound still runs  
To save the political pride  
To heat the cold war with you

Berlin, a suburb or the westworld's eye  
I cannot love, cannot deny  
You boil too fast til you dry  
Anytime you're dry

Now you are bigger than before  
But decadence grows in your soul  
You spit that oil straight on our head  
The clever get rich, the weak ones mad  
In streets, in subways goes the race  
The others come to find their ways  
These countries where they are from  
Are poor why are we rich here

Berlin, a suburb or the westworld's eye  
I cannot love, cannot deny  
You boil too fast til you dry  
And I will fly