

Cruisin' Southern Germany

Golden Earring

Pick pocket with a red coat on
Dishy dashing through a squirrel-farm
Police cats, high heeled hat
Pointing out just where it's at
And I close my eyes to see, reality

Mickey Mouse on the hillside flees
When I brush his garden with my knees
It's an oxtails symphony
Topped off with greasy macaroni
And it all seems so familiar to me
Cruisin' Southern Germany

When you get a little homesick
I miss you girl and your TV
Pump down some of that old gold comfort
Cruisin' real nice and easy
Cruisin' real nice and easy
Southern Germany

Jesus Christ's looking down on the valley
Wondering why they left him lonely
Das Gasthaus and the one Mark free
Goulash in high degree
It all seems so familiar to me
On top of Southern Germany