

# At the Sunlight sanatorium

Katzenjammer Kabarett

The lady in furs appeared at seven  
In the Sunlight Sanatorium garden  
There were a child, an old man and a nun  
All gathered together to breathe the sun

She had spent the night drinking and flirting  
Needed to see a bit of misery  
She had in mind to stop on her way home  
At the famous Sunlight Sanatorium

The child:  
"I'm always cold but the sun will cure my soul"

The nun:  
"The sun is my real god, feel His kiss is my goal!"

The old man:  
"All my life I've been bored, now the light fills my days"

The lady in furs:  
"You are all blind puppets seeking help from fake rays..."

The lady took off her purple fur coat  
Which was not to prevent her from the cold  
It was to protect her skin from a sun  
That could cause her complexion  
Destruction

The child:  
"Get out from my sun, I need it to cure my soul!"

The nun:  
"Get away heretic whore, you outrage my god!"

The old man:  
"Don't hide that sun please it brightens my days!"

The lady in furs:  
"Touch me, poor things, I'm more real than your rays..."

There she was all naked in front of them  
They looked all worried and a little stern  
But she didn't care, she was having fun  
She had decided to replace their sun

She was so right that they stood, all at once  
Caressed her body, so soft, so white  
"Not so close!" she cried "Just want to have fun!"  
Too late, the lady was strangled in the morning sun.