

A Bar In Amsterdam

Katzenjammer

Nine hours passed and how long will it last
said the man with the plan and a gun in his hand.
He's scared but prepared it might be as he feared
are they still in control and safe behind the wall.
This evening's too quiet oh we need a real riot
to shake and to break and to bite like a snake.
We're stuck in this attic so bored and so static
tomorrow they'll ask us to throw off our masks.

But the storm is a'coming 'cross the hills tonight,
like a vain full of rain to the
hearts that should fight.
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like a vain full of rain to the
hearts that should fight.

Mary's like me, she's a loser to be,
got a lock on her door and a bed on the floor.
They will know they will win and then they'll come in.
There's nothing you could say to lead them astray.

We still live in silence like sworn threats of
violence.
I long for an end and it's coming round the bend.
If we live through this night and we'd still be
allright.
We'd flee to Siam or a bar in Amsterdam.

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