

We're gonna quit our jobs  
They don't pay no money  
You act so serious  
we think you act funny

Some call it "art"  
We call "some" shit  
Let's raise a glass  
And we'll all drink from it

Brains are falling into my hands  
I have gone to a far off land  
There is nothing in my head  
I'm glad i'm bored, i could be dead

Back in Aachen  
Always with a bang  
They dance like wild  
Come and join the gang

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