

## Berlin

Marillion

The mascara'd blonde from the Berliner bar  
Rises at twilight, gets dressed in a daze  
Black leather crackles and cold water runs  
As she touches the walls of memory maze  
And the shadows of men she has known fill her day  
She's held half the world in her arms so they say  
But she wakes up without them with a hole in her heart  
And she puts on her clothes lives her life behind bars

The mascara'd blonde from the Berliner bar  
Sighs at the skylight gets lost in the haze  
Black leather crackles and cold water runs  
As she touches the walls of her memory maze

Someone got stranded in no man's land  
Dancing in the spotlight to the sound of clapping hands  
Nobody knows who's side he was on  
It's a risk that you take in no man's land  
Nobody knows what made him decide  
To run for freedom and to certain suicide  
When they turn off the guns and his fingers uncurl  
He's clutching a photograph of a Berlin party girl

Come in from your checkpoints on your lonely roads  
Come in from your ditches in your silent fields  
Where intensified light from a rifle sight  
Makes the darkness day  
And the day too bright,

And we wake up without you  
We wake up without you  
With a hole in our hearts

You mad dog shaven head bottle-boy freaks  
In Martens and khaki, drunk on sake  
You stare at yourself in the cruel flush of dawn  
Terrified, sunken eyed, withered and drawn  
The butcher, the baker, the munitions maker  
The over-achiever, the armistice breaker  
The freebase instructor, the lightning conductor  
The psycho, the sailor, the tanker, the tailor  
The black market mailer  
The quick and the dead  
The spotlight dancer  
The quick and the dead  
We wake up without you  
With a hole in our hearts

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