

# Born to Die in Berlin

Nina Hagen

Junkies, whores and pimps  
Devils around my bed  
There is no choice and no difference  
And no one seems to notice

Sometimes I feel like screaming  
Sometimes I feel like I just can't win  
Sometimes I feel like I was born  
To die in your arm in Berlin

Intoxicated by the orchids  
Abandoned in the garden  
Demanding morphine for communion  
Because my soul was burning

Sometimes I feel like screaming  
Sometimes I feel like I just cant win  
Sometimes I feel like I was born  
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Stranded in the sweet windings  
Breathing the pale moon silver  
Tasting the last drops of life  
From a sweet transvestite's lips

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