

# Born To Die In Berlin

Ramones

1. Intoxicated by the orchids abandoned in the garden  
Demanding morphine curse my soul is burning  
Standing in the sweet wonderings breathing the pale moon silver  
Torn painted lips tasting the last drops of life

R: Sometimes I feel like screaming Sometimes I feel I just can't win  
Sometimes I feel my soul is as restless as the wind  
Maybe I was born to die in Berlin

2. I sprinkled cocaine on the floor when no one was watching  
I closed my eyes and let myself sleep  
Creeps and dirty bastards demons waiting by my bed  
There's no choice or difference no one seems to notice