

East River Berlin Wall

The Antlers

Ice-paved street
Saved heat
Running low
Running out
We made this river a wall
It's a natural drought

And I can't feel a thing
I can't feel a thing

East blind to west
I confess
I've been tunneling through
Waiting to meet him
In perfect positioning
You know just what I'd do

But I can't feel a thing
I can't feel a thing
Not a thing