

There is a wall that runs right through me
Just like the city, I will never be joined
What is this love? Why can I never hold it?
Did it really run out in the strangers' bedrooms?

I
I have decided
At twenty-five
Something must change

Saturday night in East Berlin
We took the U-Bahn to the East Side Gallery
I was sure I'd found love with this one lying with me
Crying again in the old bahnhof

I
I have decided
At twenty-five
That something must change

After sex
The bitter taste
Been fooled again
The search continues