

Breakfast In Berlin

Julien-K

I hear Berlin calling; it's calling all gods
As the fevers rise in this house of cards
We've been running through cities and running through mud
I feel the fever rise and the cities fall

I see the moon on the water and the sweat on my brow
As the fever rises and feeling's gone
But we feel
We feel so alive

Ah ah ah ah ah- ah ah ah- ah- ah-
Ah ah ah ah ah- ah ah ah- ah- ah- ah ah

Running through the streets, lookin roughshod, baby
As the haunting flares light the way through the city tonight

I hear the London streets and the lights in the fog
And the Paris nights awake so long
We keep running and running, we can run so far
As Tokyo wakes and the fever rises

Ah ah ah ah ah- ah ah ah- ah- ah-
Ah ah ah ah ah- ah ah ah- ah- ah- ah ah

Running through the streets, lookin roughshod, baby
As the haunting flares light the way through the city tonight

Coughing like hags, we walk through the night
Electric cigarettes and blood on our knives
We can try to talk, but the drinks and drugs
Make it hard to decide as the fever, fever, fever

Ah ah ah ah ah- ah ah ah- ah- ah

And the fever
And the fever
And the fever
And the fever rises

Ah ah ah ah ah- ah ah ah- ah- ah-
Ah ah ah ah ah- ah ah ah- ah- ah- ah ah

Ah ah ah ah ah- ah ah ah- ah- ah-
Ah ah ah ah ah- ah ah ah- ah- ah- ah ah