

The Peacock

Beirut

There's an answer for I'm cold again
Back in the sand just like those soldier men
And even once I fell down in the narrow lanes
On the ground I lay
And I would say Infernal heat can't take the sound in here
Shake the trees see what falls out of them
In a city where nobody hears
A bird call fine
Fine winter's here again
Calls and sings Berlin, Berlin
Among the camp we're done with him
We'd shoot him down
But then, but then
Where should I begin, begin He's the only one who knows the words
He's the only one who knows the words
He's the only one who knows the words
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