

Katzenjammer, Soviet Trumpeter

Bright the shine in my horn exiled and forlorn, a damp night in Berlin, yes?
Soaked in alcohol I walk up to a doll and say: ?how you look good?
Rejection follows me around like a dagger in my back, I tell you man it hurts
I've come here to express myself 'cause I'm tired of these chains
I'm tired of the strains, walking 'cross the plains take me in you arms

Fire red, the Stage I tread
Elevate me celebrate me
Extroverted but full of fear
The soviet Trumpeter

To make them dance as fairies oh to make them sing along
So close to fever pitch and oh so close to happiness
I'm tempted by their flesh oh I am tempted by their stare, I don't think I dare
'cause I am such a communist and I'm breaking down inside
Though the world is open wide I'm drowning in it's tide take me in your arms

Fire red, the Ground I tread
Elevate me celebrate me
Extroverted but full of fear
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