

# The Libertines, Arbeit Macht Frei

Roll a gasper  
The guard said he could stay alive  
But he shoveled and burned his friends to die  
People to die, oh the gate read:  
Arbeit macht frei  
In her rollers  
And a gasper  
She's cleaning the steps in a mean street  
Where no policemen walk the beat  
Her old man, he don't like blacks or queers  
Yet he's proud we beat the Nazis  
How queer  
Arbeit macht frei