

# Ramones, Born To Die In Berlin

Intoxicated by the orchids abandoned in the garden  
Demanding morphine curse my soul is burning  
Stranded in the sweet wonderings  
breathing the pale moon silver  
Torn painted lips tasting the last drops of life

Sometimes I feel like screaming  
Sometimes I feel I just can't win  
Sometimes I feelin' my soul is as restless as the wind  
Maybe I was born to die in Berlin

I sprinkled cocaine on the floor  
when no one was watching  
I closed my eyes and I let myself sleep  
Creeps and dirty bastards,  
demons waitin' by my bed  
There's no choice or difference,  
no one seems to notice

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[Third verse in German]

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