

Alphaville, Sweet Needles Of Success Twelve 12

The circus is full of smoke
after all this years
some were good, some were bad
didn't know what i was about to start
when i started
though i wrote it all down
god, i was so naive!
when you're on the show,
you've got to shoot not to sing
wasn't it worth anyway
12 years,
6 were good,
6 were bad
20.000 songs in my head
and a toast to all the pimps in the world
here's to you
hey, hey, here's to you,
till the last bullet's fired
welcome, sweet needles of success
here's to you,
you got to shoot, not to sing
welcome, customers,
whores,
i still got my gun
i still got my gun
look, i point at you
there's a shadow on the target,
i guess you call it future
and the fingertip-orchestras sounded
like spirit rapping on the radio
the day i sold my music
for less than a soul
to a full-playback-pop-music-teenage-hero
here's to you,
sweet needles of success
welcome, customers, whores,
i still got my gun
here's to you,
you got to shoot not to sing
i still got some shots inside
welcome, sweet needles of succes
take me home,
take me home
oh, sweet needles of success
here i go
into the dry-ice fog