

# Briskeby, Berlin

I met my lover in east berlin  
He came a-knocking, wouldent let him in  
A lousy morning, could have blamed last night  
Wish I had a reason, wish I had a fight  
Its not my style to moan about the past  
Never ever did I want you gone  
Never ever did I want you gone  
Did I want you gone  
I lost my lover in east berlin  
The love I wanted, wouldent let it in  
I searched the city, I was looking for  
I waited forever for the knocking on my door  
Its not my style to moan about the past  
Never ever did I want you gone  
Never ever did I want you gone  
Did I want you gone