

# De Heideroosjes, Eurnoise

In ieder land, in elke stad, de scene die groeit actief  
Als je ziek bent van de disco, dan is hier 't alternatief  
Hard, wij gaan hard, dit komt rechtstreeks uit het hart  
Het vuurt dat brandt, de motor draait, ja de race die is gestart  
(Archi)

Hier geht's um Ideale, um Leidenschaft und Wut  
Was wir fühlen ist grenzenlos aber Ami-punk ist auch ganz gut  
(Olly)

Se sei stanco di barriere, puoi contare su di noi  
Se vuoi vivere una scena, per convincerti che puoi

Eurnoise is all we wanna play  
Spread it out from Spain to Greece up to the UK!  
Eurnoise is all we wanna play  
Save the bullshit for tomorrow, unite tonight, we say

Ik brul, ik roep, ik schreeuw, de longen uit m'n lijf  
Ik spring, ik dans, ik feest, ga als een kogel richting schijf  
(Pierre)

C'est le mme message, message d'humanité  
Sans chichis sans filets, sans dommages ni intrus  
(Ingo)

Wir brauchen keine Grenzen, komm, reiss die Mauern ein  
Wir brauchen deinen Mittelfinger, es geht nicht allein!  
(NWO)

En el Este, en el Oeste, Al Norte y al Sur  
Toda Europa está cantando, y lo faltas también;

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Eurnoise is all we wanna play  
Save the bullshit for tomorrow, unite tonight, we say  
Eurnoise is all we wanna play  
We speak a different language but our spirit is the same  
Eurnoise is all we wanna play  
Spread it out from Spain to Greece up to the UK!

A bag full of stories  
A bag full of stories  
It's all I have got  
But I'm not unhappy oh no I'm not  
I live out of a suitcase but I like it a lot  
A bag full of stories, it's all I have got

17. A bag full of stories (Bonus Track)  
It's all I can give  
I travel to sing cause that's how I live  
Maybe we'll make it, maybe we won't  
But as long as I play, I don't care if we don't

A bag full of stories  
Tales of my life  
Imprisoned in music, my way to survive  
You may take my money, yes, take it all  
But you can't get my spirit, my music and soul

She gave me back the key to my front door  
Another girl said goodbye, not the last one, for sure

I never bought her presents, I know that's bad  
A fun-on-the-road-report was all she could get

From Sydney to Rome  
My mind's all alone  
I'm waiting, I'm waiting  
From LA to Cologne  
My mind's all alone  
I'm waiting, I'm waiting  
To catch the bus home

A bag full of stories  
It's all I have got  
But I'm not unhappy, oh no I'm not  
I live out of a suitcase but I like it a lot  
A bag full of stories, it's all I have got

My social life sucks and I am to blame  
I'm married to music, some say that's a shame  
But it takes me to places no tourist will find  
And even if I don't earn a dime, I'll forever remind

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