

Die Toten Hosen, Cokane In My Brain

Hey Jim
Jim

I want you to spell for me something

I want you to spell New York

N-E-W Y-O-R-K
that's New York

no man, I'm sorry
you've made a mistake
I'm gonna teach you the right way
and the proper way to spell New York.
Here it comes

A knife
a fork
a bottle and a cork
that's the way we spell New York

yeah

cause I've got cokane running around my brain
cokane running around my brain
yeah I got cokane
a whole lot of cokane

Whenever I walk in the rain.
I can feel a burnin' pain
keep's a burning flame
burning in my bloody brain.

You know I'm always on the run
'cause on day I wanna meet the 7th son

yeah

I've got cokane running around my brain
cokane running around my brain
cokane
a whole lot of cokane

No matter how I treat my guests
they always like my kitchen best
like a burning flame
in my bloody brain
I got a burning flame
in my brain

oaaaarr
ride on
yeah
ride on
yeah
yeah
ride on
ride on
yeah
yeah
ride on
ride on
yeah
yeah

ride on
ride on
yeah
yeah
ride on

I got coke running around my brain
yeah I got coke running around my brain
a whole lot of coke running around my brain
yeah I got coke running around my brain
running around my brain
running around my brain
running around my brain

screwing up my brain
mixing up my brain
fucking up my brain

cokane

Running around my brain
Running around my brain
Running around my brain
Running around my