

# Scorpions, Crossfire (instrumental)

It seems to me a nightmare becomes reality  
The last days of the paradise are gone for you and me  
We're living in the crossfire  
And we'll be killed at first  
Why cannot people that we made the leaders of the world  
Understand that we don't wanna fight  
Understand that we are much too young to die  
Understand no one will survive  
Understand that we love our life

Can I trust the meaning of the life line in my hand  
Which is as long as exciting hundred years  
I could be a lucky man  
But I'm living in the crossfire  
Of a time that starts to burn  
Why cannot people that we made the leaders of the world  
Understand that we don't wanna fight  
Understand that we are much too young to die  
Understand no one will survive  
Understand that we love our life