

2 Belgen, Crazy

On the day the wall came down
They threw the locks onto the ground
And with glasses high we raised a cry for freedom had arrived

On the day the wall came down
The Ship of Fools had finally run aground
Promises lit up the night like paper doves in flight

I dreamed you had left my side
No warmth, not even pride remained
And even though you needed me
It was clear that I could not do a thing for you

Now life devalues day by day
As friends and neighbours turn away
And there's a change that, even with regret, cannot be undone

Now frontiers shift like desert sands
While nations wash their bloodied hands
Of loyalty, of history, in shades of gray

I woke to the sound of drums
The music played, the morning sun streamed in
I turned and I looked at you
And all but the bitter residue slipped away...slipped away