

Berlin, Masquerade

The painted faces on the street
Caricatures of long ago
Oh they were young and oh so sweet
Down beyond the boulevard
Knock on doors and empty halls
And still sometimes remember
The masquerade's forever

When you see the price they paid
I'm sure you'll come and join the masquerade

The reeling figures pass on by
Like ghosts in some forgotten play
Beneath the black and empty sky
Music plays and figures dance
With partners chosen by chance
And still some times remember
The masquerade's forever

They reached for tomorrow
But tomorrows, more of the same
So they reached for tomorrow
But tomorrow never came

When you hear the price they paid
I'm sure you'll come and join the masquerade

One by one and two by two
Past eight by tens in shattered frames
The players try to leave the room
Frantic puppets on a string
And all the while the music sings
And still sometimes remember
The masquerade's forever