

# Die Toten Hosen, Call Of The Wild

It's dry, it's dusty, the nights are long and cold.  
Your life is like a desert, you're scared of growing old.  
You can hear the clock ticking like a hammer on a stone,  
remember this - you're not alone, you're not alone, you're not alone.

Come on! Can you hear it?  
The call of the wild.  
Stand up now and fight back,  
wipe off their plastic smiles.

You crawled out of the ocean, your pulse was slow and weak.  
Got up on your two legs, put on clothes and learned to speak.  
Ended up abandoned in a place that they call "home";.  
Remember this - you're not alone, you're not alone, you're not alone.

Come on! Can you hear it?  
The call of the wild.  
Stand up now and fight back,  
wipe off their plastic smiles.  
Why listen to the losers who still treat you like a child?  
Better find another station,  
tune in to the call of wild,  
the call of wild.

They'll tell you that they love you, like a spider loves a fly.  
Promise you you're safe but never look you in the eye.  
Manipulated, regulated, crippled and controlled,  
remember this - you're not alone, you're not alone, you're not alone.

Come on! Can you hear it?  
The call of the wild.  
Stand up and fight back  
and kill their plastic smiles.  
Why listen to the losers who still treat you like a child?  
Tune in to the call of the wild,  
call of the wild.