

Die Toten Hosen, Goodbye Garageland

There's no Garageland no more,
only memories spread across the floor.

To the sound of the guns of Brixton
we were fighting complete control.
We felt like we were prisoners
in our save European home.
We had 48 hours at the weekends
to have a little riot of our own.
The cities of the dead were burning bright
and Johnny came marching home.

There's no Garageland no more.
We're left with memories lying on the floor.
(Did you believe what they said?)
Hear the sound of hate and war.
Death or Glory - we survived it all.
(No more riot on the Westway.)

It seemed so good to be alive
and to dream of better times.
You gave us hope and we had enough rope.
We were ready for the fight
but rebellion turned to money.
As soon as the sun went down,
up all night we were flying high
'til we got the wake-up call.

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(Did you believe what they said?)
Hear the sound of hate and war.
Death or Glory - we survived it all.