

Die Toten Hosen, Long Way From Liverpool

My heart it gets so heavy
by the end of May,
but when it gets to August
you know I'll feel okay.
I didn't choose to be born here,
it's just a freak of birth,
but before I die here
I wanna kiss that turf.

Cause it's a long, long way from Liverpool,
where the boys go crazy and the girls are cool,
and no one sings like the Kop can do.
We love you.

The bread's on the table,
the car's in the drive.
But I don't wanna stay here,
I just wanna survive.
I know I'll never walk alone
and my favourite colour's red,
as long as I'm so far away
I may as well be dead.
Cause it's a long, long way from Liverpool,
where the boys go crazy and the girls are cool,
and no one sings like the Kop can do.

Yes it's a long, long way from Liverpool,
where the girls say no, but they always do,
and no one sings like the Kop can do.
We love you.