

# Die Toten Hosen, No Escape

Another boring Saturday in another boring week,  
I needed something to wake me up and make my life complete.

I had some stuff I'd been saving for a special occasion.  
I took one, then I took one more, my head blew up like a bomb.  
My room started spinning around, I fell down to the floor,  
I lay there for quite a while, then I crawled towards the door.

Hanging on to the handle, I tried to get off my knees,  
The door opened and the hallway mirror was right in front of me.  
My face was hanging there like it belonged to someone else  
and I could see all the bits of me I'd been hiding from myself.

There's no escape,  
no escape for you.  
There's no escape,  
no escape from me.

Another boring Saturday in another boring week,  
but now it seems so far away and I'm too fucked to speak.

Wish I could have another boring day, but I'm stuck with this instead.  
In the hallway with a frozen face and these questions in my head.  
I close my eyes and turn around, I try to break the spell -  
I reach out for the front door, and I leave my private hell.

I get outside and I walk around, waiting for my mind to clear,  
but every window that I look in: I see the same face appear.  
And everybody walking down the street is wearing the same face, too.  
Now they are all staring at me and there's nothing I can do.

There's no escape,  
no escape for you.  
There's no escape,  
no escape from me.

This is your face speaking,  
you're one face in the crowd.  
You know there's no escape from me,  
you'd better face it now.