Die Toten Hosen, The Passenger

I am the passenger
And I ride and I ride
I ride through the city's backsides
I see the stars come out of the sky
Yeah, they're bright in a hollow sky
You know it looks so good tonight

I am the passenger
I stay under glass
I look through my window tonight
I see the stars come out tonight
I see the bright and hollow sky
Over the city's ripped backside
And everything looks good tonight

Singin' la la la la la-la-la la
La la la la la-la-la la
La la la la la-la-la la la-la

Oh the passenger
How how he rides
Oh the passenger
He rides and he rides
He looks through his window
What does he see?
He sees the bright and hollow sky
He sees the stars come out tonight
Over the city's ripped backside
He sees the winding ocean drive