

Emmy The Great, On the Museum Island

On the museum island,
At the end of the day,
we had travelled for miles,
We had come to escape
All the space on the page
That the newspapers gave
Up to pictures and pictures of us.
As we followed the coffin
Of your famous father.
Adjusting our skirts
As we turned at the altar.
And within every word
That they'd written, was spelt out
You'd taken your last ever bus.
So skimming the surface
Of all your new money,
we skimmed the surface
Of the air as we flew.
we were out of the rain,
we were thinking that maybe
Berlin was the place to renew.

well you know what they say
About terrible hate -
It will breed something good
When it's through.
At the end of the day,
By the Potsdamer Place
And the Brandenburg Gate,
It was you.

You have hardened completely
By the end of this story,
You have learned to look clear
Through the flash of a bulb,
When you hear your own name
From the back of a crowd,
You just straighten your gaze,
No you don't turn around.
Oh but there was a time
At the end of the day,
We were both stood in line
At the museum display,
And you outshone the light
Under which you were bathed,
You could outshine the sky
With the look that you gave,
Oh so don't be afraid
To look back and wave,
Now that waving is all that you do.
At the end of the day,
By the Potsdamer Place,
I am waving back at you.

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