

Fischmob, Craisons In The Snole

The universe is crowded
desire in disguise
behind the doors of passion
reaching for the skies
the fire of emotion
like a cry-wolf in the night
starting for destruction
starting for the fight

"(Refrain:)"

Barfu im Turnschuh,
die Gitarre in der Hand
barfu im Turnschuh
auf dem Weg zum Arbeitsamt

The dark side of my fantasy
the oceanwaves of love
children pray for freedom
feel my burning heart
the world's full of strangers
machines without a soul
on my way to Mexico
with craisons in the snole
..craisons in the snole
with craisons in the snole

"(Refrain)"