

Funker Vogt, Black Market Dealers

bombed ruins form the skyline
burnt places - all around
people trading their possessions
a keepsake for some bread

crowded trains full of people
remindful of a cattle transport
families get separated
on the way to their new homes

still the children search for cover
when they hear the airplanes
their bags are always packed
just with dolls, books and pencils

it is the summer of forty-five
black-market dealers are in the streets
but we all feel so alive
now we get again what we need

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the first black men they ever saw
were among the foreign soldiers
some of them were really kind
bringing food and sometimes sweets

no more sirens in the night
which made you run into the basement
no more fear of foreign soldiers
who came to search the house

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