

# Hildegard Knef, In This Old Town (In Dieser Stadt)

Empty paper bags from bread and butter  
Crumpled cartons void of cigarettes  
Endlessly they drift towards the gutter  
Walking down this road I can't forget  
In the park I used to pick the flowers  
And give mother her birthday bouquet

In this old town I know my way  
This good old town of childhood days  
Though this old town has seen a change  
In this old town I don't feel strange

Quite nearby there used to be a lamplight  
By a lover's seat where young girls hoped  
That someday they'd find a shining love-light  
My first love turned out to be a joke  
All at once I felt the urge to wonder  
Came the dawn and I was far from home

But this old town when I'm alone  
Is still the town that I call home  
Though this old town has seen a change,  
In this old town I don't feel strange

Standing, waiting in some railway station  
Who said it's a gateway to the world?  
When I reached my latest destination  
Then I knew the whole trip was absurd  
Not until some lonely nights of sorrow  
Did I know that I'd come back to stay

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This good old town of childhood days  
Though this old town has seen a change  
In this old town I don't feel strange