

# Katzenjammer, Soviet Trumpeter

Bright the shine in my horn exiled and forlorn, a damp night in Berlin, yes?  
Soaked in alcohol I walk up to a doll and say: ?how you look good?  
Rejection follows me around like a dagger in my back, I tell you man it hurts  
I've come here to express myself 'cause I'm tired of these chains  
I'm tired of the strains, walking 'cross the plains take me in you arms

Fire red, the Stage I tread  
Elevate me celebrate me  
Extroverted but full of fear  
The soviet Trumpeter

To make them dance as fairies oh to make them sing along  
So close to fever pitch and oh so close to happiness  
I'm tempted by their flesh oh I am tempted by their stare, I don't think I dare  
'cause I am such a communist and I'm breaking down inside  
Though the world is open wide I'm drowning in it's tide take me in your arms

Fire red, the Ground I tread  
Elevate me celebrate me  
Extroverted but full of fear  
The soviet Trumpeter