

# Polarkreis 18, Poem

The tourists are on a train  
the tourists are on a train  
so far away  
so far away

theyll never be silent  
theyre always anoune  
they travel and travel  
they want to come home

I just try every time  
to strangle the history  
of my life  
the tourist inside of me

the tourists are on a train  
the tourists are on a train  
so far away so far away  
Ill never be silent  
Im always anoune  
I travel and travel  
I never come home  
Cant get on the first train  
Cant find a way out  
I hope for the last train  
I hope for no doubt

I just try everytime  
to strangle the history  
of my life  
the tourist inside of me  
you say to me : huhuhu  
you say to me: huhuhu

wir kommen nirgendwo  
wir kommen nirgendwo  
wir kommen nirgendwo  
wir kommen nirgendwo an

I just try everytime  
to strangle the history  
of my life  
the tourist inside of me  
you say to me : huhuhu  
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