

The Ramones, Born To Die In Berlin

Intoxicated by the orchids abandoned in the garden Demanding morphine
Curse my soul is burning Stranded in the sweet wonderings breathing the
Pale moon silver Torn painted lips tasting the last drops of life

Sometimes I feel like screaming Sometimes I feel I just can't win
Sometimes I feelin' my soul is as restless as the wind Maybe
I was born to die in Berlin

I sprinkled cocaine on the floor when no one was watching I closed
My eyes and I let myself sleep Creeps and dirty bastards, demons waitin'
by my bed There's no choice or difference, no one seems to notice

Sometimes I feel like screamin' Sometimes I feel I just can't win
Sometimes I feelin' my soul is as restless as the wind
Maybe I was born to die in Berlin

(Third verse in German)

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Maybe I was born to die in Berlin Maybe I was born to die in Berlin