

Zero Procent, Through the window

Another boring day has come
Without perspectives on life, with those people
People who are still envious for all that I've got
I'm really sick of it, it must be finished

Chorus

Looking through the window
I can see only hate and envy
Flowing out of those people
Tell me please how to live with them

II

Another cigarette I'm putting out
I'd rather smoke it than looking at them
I know not all are like them and it gives me some hope
Maybe someday it will change, but I really doubt