

Alt Berliner Blues

Corb Lund

She growls in barroom German
As the smoke hangs from her lips
She could attack her own Gestapo
With the way she moves her Hips
No complaints about her service,
Cuz she's good and she'd get rich
If these cheap, young, broke and trust fund ex-pat kids would learn to tip
There ain't no better place to find you if you got yourself to lose, and all she wants is to get down with the Alt Berliner Blues
Well she can still remember when they first went off the mark. The windows all got shuttered and theaters went dark
She won the whole town over with her renaissance burlesque. Pelts of wolf and coyote, bear claw necklace on her chest
There ain't no better place to find you if you got yourself to lose, and all she wants is to get down with the Alt Berliner Blues
Well stumble over tourists at the remnants of the wall
Hung over from the Schapps and funky Prussian alcohol
Well it kind of feels like lots of US voices in the crowd
And the singers drowned in reverb and the drum machine's too loud
You won't find no better place across the whole of the EU
If all you want is to get down with the Alt Berliner Blues
Herr Guild I hope you're happy with yourself and all your Freund, may your throat be parched and and your hunger disappoint ya
A century of thirst outlasting two or three world wars and 100 year old beer halls that do not exist no more.
There ain't nothing left but ghosts of many lifetimes worth of booze. Ain't nothing gonna get you gone like the Alt Berliner Blues.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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