

web: <http://tekstovi-pesama.com/>
email: webmaster@tekstovi-pesama.com

Udo Lindenberg & Freundeskreis We Can't Run Away

Du sagst 'no future':

nur noch zwei Jahre,

dann werden wir alle krepieren'

Sagst, die gifte wÃ¤r'n' das einzig wahre,

damit willst du dich allmÃ¤hlich wegjongliern'.

Du bist erst fÃ¼nfzehn,

auf deiner Jacke steht 'no fun'

- wÃ¤r nichts zu Ã¤ndern -

du fÃ¤ngst auch gar nicht erst mit irgendetwas an.

Du sagst 'Wie Hiroshima, die ganze Welt in Asche und Schutt'

und der Zug rast dem Abgrund entgegen,

und die Bremsen sind kaputt (yeah, hey)

You're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin' away,

you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin' away,

you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin' away,

you're runnin' and you're runnin' but you can't run away,

you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin' away,

you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin' away,

you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin' away,

you're runnin' and you're runnin' but you can't run away from your stay.

Das schlimme ist, ich kann dich fast verstehen,

doch ich will diesen Weg nicht mit dir gehen.

Du hast alle Waffen abgelegt und aufgegeben,

und irgendwie aufgehÃ¶rt zu leben.

Wenn meine Hoffnung schon am Ende wãfÂr',
dann gÃfÂbs' fÃfÂ¼r mich auch nichts zu singen mehr,
denn was sollen denn noch solche Lieder und Gedanken,
wenn das Raumschiff Erde gesteuert wird von ein paar Kranken ?
Von ein paar irren Kamikaze-Piloten,
ja sind wir den alle solche Vollidioten ? (sind wir...)
Vergeblich all' die BÃfÂ¼cher der Dichter und Philosophen,
und es regiern' uns immer noch die Ganoven.

You're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin' away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin' away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin' away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' but you can't run away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin' away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin' away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin' away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin' away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' but you can't run away from your stay.
(can't run away...)

Nein, ich will kein Dichter sein, der Blumen bringt,
an das Grab der Vernunft, und der was schlaues singt.
Che Guevara und Luther King dÃfÂ¼rfen nicht umsonst gestorben sein,
sonst pack' ich mein Mikrofon fÃfÂ¼r immer ein. (yeah, yeah)

You're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin' away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin' away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin' away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' but you can't run away boy,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin' away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin' away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin' away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' but you can't run away boy.
you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin' away,

you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin' away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin' away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' but you can't run away from your stay.
(can't run away...)