

BEBE GEL Baby Jail 1989 (Text: Boni Koller)

There's a tiny monster in my head  
When I don't feed it I feel bad  
There's an empty corner in my soul  
I have to fill in alcohol

My worn-out skull is full of pain  
It hurts a lot to go insane  
But I don't wanna be ill, I don't wanna be dead  
I don't wanna be weak, I don't wanna be sad  
So I won't give an inch of my life away  
Even when I live in a baby jail

I'm living in fear, I'm living in sin  
Breeding pimples on my skin  
I'm bound to an isolation ward  
Tryin' to calm my burning heart  
The part time delusions that drugs ewoke  
I sell my sense for one more joke

In a baby jail don't be bore  
In a baby jail fight for more  
In a baby jail there's no door  
In a baby jail be a warrior

My rotting body is getting colder  
As I feel Death caressing my shoulder  
As it's gonna wipe me blind  
Don't fear a knifestruck from behind  
There are dropouts in my view  
Desperatly looking for something new

Don't wanna be ill, don't wanna be dead  
Don't wanna be weak, don't wanna be sad  
And I won't give an inch of my life away  
Even when I live in a baby jail

It's eerie how I sprain my brain  
As I drink my time away  
I'm native in a glass of wine  
Promised to a liquid rhyme  
I vomit out my bowels here  
And still I'm jealous on your beer

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