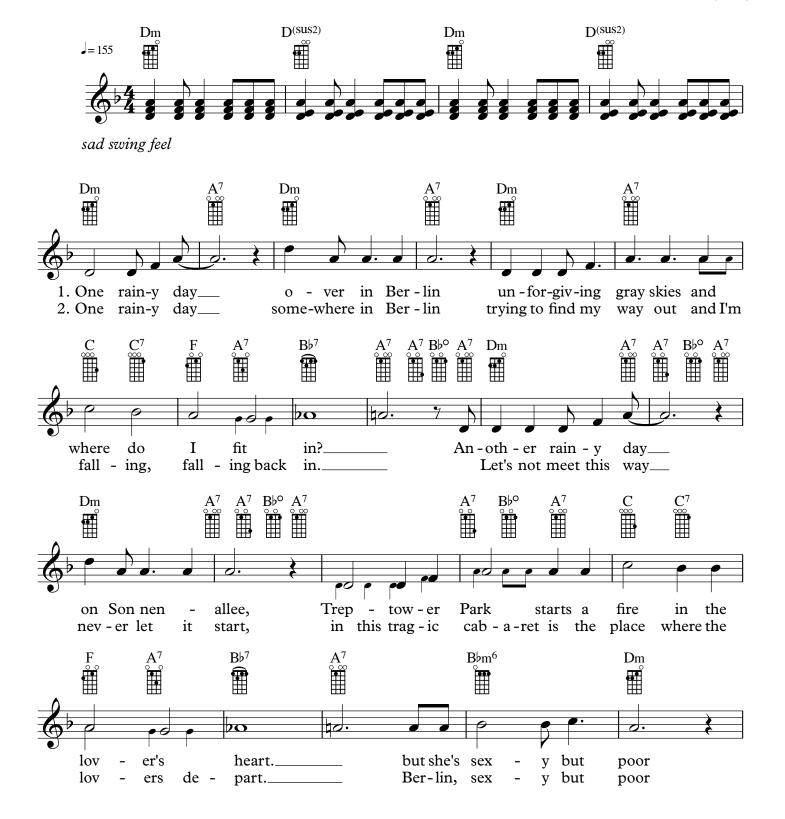
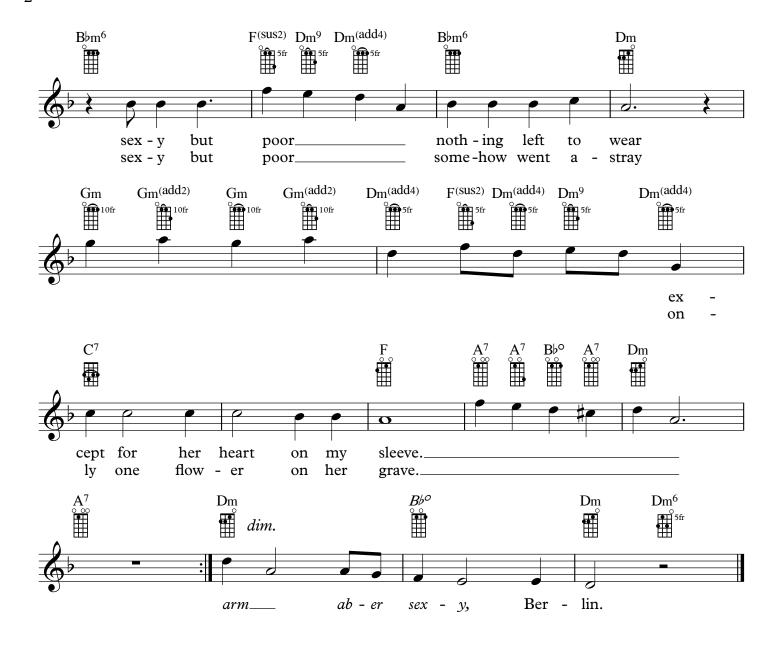
Sexy, büt Poor

(Ukulele Stories from Berlin)

Words and Music by PETER FORREST



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One rainy day, over in Berlin Unforgiving, gray skies and where do I fit in? Another rainy day, on Sonnenallee Treptower Park starts a fire in the lover's heart

But she's sexy büt poor Sexy büt poor... Nothing left to wear Except for her heart on my sleeve

One rainy day, somewhere in Berlin Trying to find my way out And I'm falling, falling back in Let's not meet this way, never let it start In this tragic cabaret, is the place where the lovers depart

Berlin, she's sexy büt poor Sexy büt poor... Nothing left to wear Except for, her heart, on my sleeve

Sexy büt poor Sexy büt poor... Somehow went astray Only one, flower, on her grave Arm aber sexy, Berlin