

CITY OF DREAMS

H.P. Jarosch, J. Emmert (1975, 1996)

City of dreams, you have lost your glamour;
where have all your people gone?
City of dreams, you keep them as prisoners
in towers of steel and stone.
Squeezed together in most expensive holes
like ants,
at this horrible place, where smog darkens the sun,
stealing away anybody's plans.

City of dreams, you're just a ghetto
of performance and quality,
like a cog-wheel that will surely break once a time.
It's like cutting down a tree.
Do you know, you are exploiting these lives,
are you really unaware?
Our bodies and souls end up in healing places,
Only built for social care.

City of dreams, where are your lucky ones?
They just live away from here.
Up on the hills in jewels of houses,
between meadows and trees out there.
And they will always earn more and more
from your so injured heart.