

September Eleventh

Intro:

One day in September the world was dreaming everything's OK,
that morning it's your turn, you be on shift and you were feeling so well,
the sun was shining, the sky was bright, it's going to get a really beautiful day,
But that what we got was a vision of hell...

Part 1:

Look... at this plane it's crashing,
look... at this fire flashing,
look... there are people dying,
God... tell me is this true or dream.

Pre-Chorus

They came with planes to kill the crowd,
destined to hit and hurt our proud,
thinkin' about makes one flesh crawl,
world has been attacked by evil's awl.

Chorus:

What a feeling these days to be a hero,
Protecting lives you even don't know,
seems like you are on a bad TV Show,
what a feeling these days to be a hero,

Look... at this tower collapsing,
look... at this bodies smashing,
look... at your best friend dying,
God... tell me is this true or dream

Pre-Chorus

They came with planes to kill the crowd,
destined to hit and hurt our proud,
evil doer's brought pain and misery,
some men standing up in bravery.

Chorus:

What a feeling these days to be a hero,
Protecting lives you even don't know,
seems like you are on a bad TV Show,
what a feeling these days to be a hero,
God bless you, you' ve got no choice
hearing their help screaming voice!

Bridge:

deafening crash,
horrible trash,
you get no breath,.
is this your death,
I hear your last yell,
God this must be hell!

Part 2:

The world will never be the same,
terrorists tried to play their game,
our tears can't stop since that day,
because it gave us a vision of hell.

Now the world call you a hero,
but you won't be a hero so far,
keep doing what you doing,
sometimes so hard that you are

Chorus:

What a feeling these days to be a hero,
Protecting lives you even don't know,
seems like you are on a bad TV Show,
what a feeling these days to be a hero,

You are, you are a hero...ohohh
hero...ohoh
hero...ohoh

This song is dedicated
to all the fallen fire- and policeman,
to all the honour and brave people
who died at the attack of September Eleventh.
We'll never forget.

Text: Jürgen Wettlaufer
Musik: Martin Richmann/ Christian Zimmermann
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