

Oh how I hate the leader's voice
A prisoner like me
Quick looks through the window show me
Gas towers in the dawn
They seem to hang about the prison wall
Seem to hang about the prison wall

And when the columns marching
To the place where we work so hard
Out in the cold, I am so tired
This wintertime has no end
The sound of the boots is always there
It keeps waking me up

The short hair that I wear is frozen in the wind
And my brain feels the same
My moves electrified by rail track work all day
I'm longing to kill the time
I blame you for my misery
This little, little misery

I don't fear the tears that gather in my head
They mean the sadness of this place
I laugh and wonder about the good things deep within me
Oh just a little misery

And when the columns marching from the place we work
Out in the cold I am so tired
The sound of the boots is always there
It keeps waking me up
I blame you for my misery
This little, little misery,

I don't fear the tears that gather in my head
They mean the sadness of this place
I laugh and wonder about the good things deep within me
Oh just a little misery

I blame you for my misery
This little, little misery

A few years later lurking in my dreams
Winter, pounding from the boots
At every step they take a smell of gas and coal
Under the command of stupid guards