

## Gogol Bordello

### "Letter To Mother"

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The noise in this joint is unearthly  
And soon I awkwardly say  
look there it is my whole life in an ashtray  
I can go back to her that way

Because in blue darkness of the night  
She keeps imagining one thing  
Someone stuck his Finnish knife  
Under my heart

I know even though she doesn't show it  
She grieves sorely for her son  
And often walks out to the road  
In her old fashioned coat

And in blue darkness of the night  
She keeps imagining one thing  
How someone stuck his Finnish knife  
Under my heart

In blue darkness of the night  
She keeps imagining one thing  
Someone stuck his Finnish knife  
Under my heart

I know she definitely grieves sorely for me  
I know shes dirty and angry for me  
Welcome back she forgive me so  
Motherly, motherly, motherly

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