

Gogol Bordello "Madagascar-Roumania"

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So now you tell me you are living in a country
where joys and freedom they can not be tried
but alone in your mind there are so many rooms
that you never seem to find...
there is a room where your toolbox is waiting
but you just never go there when you are awake
when most of the time whatever that you look for
you could of just sit down and make
so do "the right thing". just do "the right thing"
How can you do it if you are awake?!
Instead I scratch my forehead like Aladdin his lamp...

'Cus even in Madagascar
we'll find some shack below radar
put two turntables and a film projector in that room
and punk rock 'n' roll most faithfully...
It will occure-cure-cure! ... cure cure cure!

Instead you run to your litle birdfeeder
and stick your beak in the seeds your master laid
where did they came from? Who put them in there?
Oh you will never know their name!
But there is a room where bustle and merry
and big ceremony could be going on,
where your true talents along with birthrights
could be dancing can-can
'Cus even in Madagascar... and even in Antarctica!
even in Azerbaijan!
Put two turntables and a film projector in that room
and punk rock 'n' roll most faithfully...
it will occure-cure-cure! ...cure! cure! cure!
...and sewing machine too!

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