

Gogol Bordello "Your Country"

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Your country raised you
Your country fed you
And just like any other country
It will break you
On front line send you
Tax the hell out of you
And just like any other country
It will lock you up you!

But unfortunately there'll be no judgement day
It would be kind of fun to see
What they would have to say
When the god they preached
Would actually be there
And all who didn't like The Stooges
Would go to fucking hell!

What are all these countries
How did they appear?
Who cut up the cake?
Who brought up all this gear?
Did it have to do anything
With it's people's will?
I don't know, I don't know
I don't know my dear...

But even all the garbage
They pour over our eyes
Does not prevent us from living
Most magical of lives

Now it's six in the morning
I'm down in New Orleans
Sister paintings on the wall
They will speak to me
And up later on we resume salutations
To the rest of local Tribal Connections

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