

Leningrad Cowboys "Bad Wind"

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This joyful existence
It's not what it could be
I can't lose all this loneliness
Where is my liberty

And when the blues has
Shaken up my mind
Well, I knew this blues
Sure the shakin' kind

Give me a drink of immortality
I need the nectar of divine
A short embrace of insanity
A kiss of will do
That would still be fine

* Bad wind
(It's) A real bad wind
Bad wind
A real bad wind
Bad wind
If it don't blow somebody some good

(* Repeat)

I know
Things don't always go my way
I own these blues
And I'll pay you someday

Now I'm as broke
As a poor man can be
Somebody pay the piper
To let my spirit free

(* Repeat)

It's a real bad wind
If it don't blow somebody some good

Give me a drink of immortality
Give me the nectar of divine

Must be a real bad wind
Bad wind
A real bad wind
Bad wind
It's a real bad wind
Bad wind
A real bad wind

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