

Your Country

Gogol Bordello

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 you
And just like any other country, it will lock you, up you

Unfortunately there'll be no judgment 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

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 you
And just like any other country, it will fuck you, up you

But even all the garbage that they pour over our eyes
Does not prevent us from living most magical of life's

What are all these countries and how did they appear?
And who cut up the cake and who brought up all this gear?
Did it have to do anything with its people's will?
I don't know, I don't know, I don't know my dear

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

Now think about that sweet baby girl

Sweet baby girl, sweet baby girl
Sweet baby girl, sweet baby girl