

Turbulence

Warren Zevon

Turmoil back in Moscow brought this turbulence down on me
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Well, you can talk about your Perestroika
And that's all right for you
But, Comrade Shevardnadze, tell me
What's a poor boy like me to do?

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Well, we've been fightin' with the Mujahedeen
Down in Afghanistan
Comrade Gorbachev, can I
Go back to Vladivostok, man?

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Lost city on the red desert
I hear voices of enemies from everywhere
I miss my mother very much
"Village is lost in the red desert
On all sides, silence of an enemy
And we want to see our mothers."

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