

Emir Kusturica, Unza Unza Time

In the beginning at the boring time
back in 1999
The man killed the line
between punishment and the crime

On the planet Earth
there was no more fun
no sex no drugs no rock'n'roll
all music turned to a fashion show

White man had British pop
and black man had soul
But no, not a drop of a blood
'cause video killed the rock'n'roll

and God said "Oh my God!"
What's happened to the human being
What's happened to my lovely creature
They all become a cold machine
No more love no more power
Machine without gasoline
Wake up Wake up crowd
Wake up from your boring dream

There is lighting
there is thunder
What's up with you I wonder
Lift your shoulders
stamp your feet
produce the extra protein
I'am gonna hit you hit you hit you hit you
hit you with my rythm stick
So let there be light
Let there be sound
let there be a music devine
It's Unza Unza Unza Unza time

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