

Gogol Bordello, Letter To Mother

[I'm never doing another tango song in my fucking life]
The noise in this joint is unearthly
And soon I awkwardly say
"Look, there it is, my whole life in the ashtray
I can't go back to her that way"
'Cause in blue darkness of a night she keeps imagining one thing
Someone stuck his Finnish knife under my heart

I know that even though she doesn't show it
She grieves sorely for her son
And often walks out to the road in her old-fashioned coat
And in blue darkness of a night she keeps imagining one thing
How someone stuck his Finnish knife under my heart
Under my heart
In blue darkness of a night she keeps imagining one thing
Someone stuck his Finnish knife under my heart

I know she's there grieving sorely for me
I know she's there turning grey for me
And when I'll come back she'll forgive me so
Motherly, motherly, motherly