

Gogol Bordello, Voi-La Intruder

Here he comes right to your house
not through door, right through the wall.
He's a nomad and intruder
Spilling merry on your floor
What will now happen?
Well it already did!
And the table right in the middle
It got almighty flipped

Is it voice of the eternal?
Is it hand of the unseen?
came as nomad and intruder
with a pair of wooden sticks
And said, "Hey brothers
How is it napping on wagon full of hay?
Don't mind me, I'll be just a-startin'
Here fire in old-fashioned way"
We'll be starting starting fire
in an old fashioned way
With ain't no nothin'
Just take it all away
With two wood sticks and some hay

Well, I'll be leaving now, my friends
following the Springs
you can usually profound me
in between of my wings . . .