

# Grebenshikov Boris, The Volga Boatsman Song

Down by the Volga walks the lonely Boatsman  
Towing on his back that celestial plain  
From the heavens above, the Lord shows his hand  
But the Boatsman simply laughs - the hand contains cocaine.  
And down the Volga - memories of the Golden Horde  
And up the Volga - damsels transfixed on the shore  
Such Kozelsky brew, such a watery flood  
Oh pale blue snow, freeze my blood to the core.  
How the winter simply calmed us with its iron and ice  
Pacified us, the quietly turned into spring  
When the snow starts to melt - oh what that shall entice  
When the ice starts to brea - oh how I shall sing.  
Is this just Volga or Biblical Flood?  
Or simply a lord and the traces he sweeps?  
But I couldn't care less, I'm lamost ready, my love  
I am ready to sing to you out from the deep  
And from the dark of the deep, oh how the bells sing  
>From behind the old wall comes Chizh to be believed  
Oh forgive me my sins with thw wave of you wing  
Oh forgive me my sins - say something, please!  
So burn Seraphim golden winged-pomp  
Burn and fear nor your own guiding star  
I couldn't care less, I've misplaced the bit to chomp  
I have no other part - just whenever you are.  
So, here's our whole life: either SECAM or PAL  
Either full collapse or the Savior will dote  
Going outside to find the start of it all  
Got drunk and fell down - and that's all she wrote  
The ravens are silent, it's the women who scream  
With a howl from the boondocks or some sisterly love  
Either the Saving Fast or some saving poison  
Don't you hear my knock - please, open the door !  
So, count us with the angels or among the boar  
But please don't mute, I can't make it without fire  
Whenever I may roam I keep knocking at the door  
But oh my Lord above, have mercy on me, Sire.