

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 waterly 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.