

# Waltari, So Fine-12-Rythm Is A Cancer

[First verse:(wordsworth)]

Someday U say, U hate music  
Someday U say, Y love it. Like on  
guy i saw. He didn't stand this  
noisy thing at all.

He just wanted to listen to  
Whitney Houston all the time  
And I said to him: Hey c'mon, U  
lose your energy. Why  
don't U wanna try something  
different, instead of that  
entertaining muzak, blow your ears  
sometime. It helps U a lot. It  
opens your mind, to a new  
dimension. U'll find a new side in  
U. And above all, your ears are  
constantly receiving  
noise anyway, all the time. U'll  
never stay in silence, anyway. If U  
want some noise, let's make real  
one, and when U  
want some silence, U can enjoy it  
by listening to an empty cassette,  
for starters. Music exits for totally  
different  
moods, and after all, it's all the same

[CHORUS:]

HC vispila!  
HC vispila!  
HC vispila!  
Tahdomme LIHAA!

[Second verse:]

Once I started to talk to you, don't  
wanna stop at all. Now I'm sitting  
in a van, on the backseat, riding  
this bullshit.

Coming back from the First  
Official European Tour. There's  
Stockholm, outside the window,  
old buildigs, King's  
Court, nice place! My head is on a  
melody hill, but my feet are  
constantly waiting to continue  
further. Okay, that's it.

Next verse I'm gonna sing, is going  
to be written somewhere else, in a  
totally different mood, in a totally  
different atmosphere.

[CHORUS]

[Third verse:]

A man with a .38 in his hand  
what does he look a like? A man in  
suit and a tight tie ora hippie-  
looking junkie? Shock  
the monkey, no, shot the monkey.  
I feel I have to fill this page with a  
nonsense-kind of fow, 'cause my  
mind is so  
fucking stupid. It can't give  
anykinda sign of anykinda

creativeness. I'm just lying, like  
cows on a field. Now I stop.  
This is bullshit, no cowshit. Yes,  
I'll turn into chorus. But please,  
don't forget me...

[CHORUS]