

Zvuki Mu, Traffic Policeman

Narrow crossroad in old Moscow
White gloves, dullness in the eyes
Red tramcars, blue coats
Nobody loves you and nobody waits
At home, policeman
You haven't been to the forest, haven't seen the sea
Why are you so calm
Standing on point duty
As if there were no forest, as if there were no sea?
So take off the peaked cap, destroy the baton
Run with me, policeman
But who will control the traffic
Who will prevent an accident
Who will stop children crossing the road
Who will hang up a sign in the right place?
Narrow crossroad
Commanding hand
White glove
Moscow behind him
Yellow newspaper
Low ceiling
He was calm and unruffled
He lived this way
