

# Gogol Bordello, No Threat

Well, I can break your bones  
And then I'll stab you with them  
There are still things more \*ahem\* than that

And I can prepare fajitas  
For a winter season  
There are still things more \*ahem\* than that

And I can help old lady  
To cross the street  
And there are still things more \*ahem\* than that

And I can set myself a fire  
And fall out of a window  
There are still things more \*ahem\* than that

So yeah, there is no threat  
There are still things more \*ahem\* than that  
So yeah, there is no threat  
There are still things more \*ahem\* than that

You can cry with your collection  
Of (folk rock and Tolstoy?)  
There are still (does he actually say something here?) than that

And you can chase your bride  
With a rod on your dick  
And there are still things more \*ahem\* than that

You can forecast the future  
With a foam on your mouth  
There are still things more \*ahem\* than that

And you can dislocate your joints  
And amputate your kidneys  
There are still things more \*ahem\* than that

So yeah, there is no threat  
There are still things more \*ahem\* than that  
So yeah, there is no threat  
There are still things more \*ahem\* than that