

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