

Gogol Bordello, Nomadic Chronicle

Back when I was young and crazy, as they say,
But sure, I worked pretty hard, yeah.
Stole some money from my mom, and I hit the road to Leningrad.
I get stopped on the next train stop, in the middle of rural Ukraine.
This is how it's all begun,
And I will tell this story of a true rebellion.

Hoya hoya hoya
Hoya paranoia.
(enough paranoia.)

Maybe I'm a man who is propelled,
Spinning circles of his doom.
Or maybe I'm just paranoid,
placed by the lord in this room.
And a bottle will always be my cover.
All of your eyebrows, will you please untie.
And if there's any room for a Roma,
What else is there left to romanticize?

Hoya, hoya, hoya
hoya paranoia

This is only when I'm drunk,
Or do I see things any clearly?
It's just like when one is dyslexic.
Whatever, I will stay discivil!

Hoya hoya hoya
hoya paranoia.

No ti dura.
(you're a dumb broad.)