

# 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.)