

Gogol Bordello, Shy Kind Of Guy

And only yesterday you thought
You were Peter The Great
With all, all your troops
And only yesterday you thought
Your name shall be carved in stone
But how slowly goes the night
For a shy kind of guy
That you have become tonight
You've never been
In this room of your mind

And only yesterday you were
Possessed by luck
And you, you knew no fear
And your savage wit
Where did it go?
Where did it disappear?
And how slowly goes the night
For a shy kind of guy
That you have become tonight
How strange
How strange to see you cry!

To see you cry
To see you cry
To see you cry

How slowly goes the night
For a shy kind of guy
That you have become tonight

How strange
How strange to see you cry
To see you cry
To see you cry