

# Gogol Bordello, Smarkatch

Drago our singing is like an alarm ringing  
That warns every daddy as if something going wrong  
Daddies of the girls they don't like us singers  
They don't give a damn about our fancy footwork  
Of course you can try to take a detour through her mother  
Ignite in her nostalgia for a little flirt  
But that my friends can also get so very fatal  
Like that one time I remember I got stuck under her skirt  
Smarkatch kralju oh ta svinja smorkata  
Vkralo nashu donju nemovljatko  
So daddy dear mister I am a phallic trickster  
And on your place I would be watching twice as much  
But I will be always winning  
And I'm just standing feeding pigeons on a Brighton Beach boardwalk