

Leningrad Cowboys, Nadja

Ten brother out of this world
We're not in a hurry, we're rotating slow
Got to carry on with this thing
This thing we like to call a show
It's crazy situation,
And we need some motivation
So we close our eyes and think about home
Cause there she waits alone and lonely
We can feel it down the bone
There's no one like Matushka
No one like Matushka
Taking care of us as only she can
She's the biggest, meanest
The best of them all
So don't you mess with her travelling sons
Some of us are small, and some are tall
And one can drink more than the others
Fun is fun, no matter where we are
If in doubt, look at my brothers
Cause day by day, and hour by hour
We know we're getting closer to home
A home cooked meal, and a bottle of vodka
We can feel it down to the bone
There's no one like Matushka
No one like Matushka
Taking care of us as only she can
She's the biggest, meanest
The best of them all
So don't you mess with her travelling sons
You see, Ilja's lookin' sad,
And Ivan wonders why
He feels the same way too
We've been away too long
It's time to head back home
To the one who loves us so
There's no one like Matushka
No one like Matushka
Taking care of us as only she can
She's the biggest, meanest
The best of them all
So don't you mess with her travelling sons