Nieznani, Pogoria Blues

Słowa i muzyka: John Croft
Mamma, mamma help me, I got the POGORIA blues!
Mamma, mamma help me, I got the POGORIA blues!
And a ticket back home would be such good news!
Mamma, mamma help me, I'm so sick of the sea!
Mamma, mamma help me, I'm as sick as can be!
But the Doctor says: "Don't worry! It will pass naturally!"
Mamma, mamma, mamma! They've got terrible food!
And right now, Mamma, hamburgers sound so good!
To eat up your worst is his best! Oh, if only I could!
I've got Polskis on my left, Amerykanskis on my right,
If they throw me out for fish bait, the sharks are sure to bite!
Oh, Mamma, mamma, I got the POGORIA blues!
They won't leave me alone, till they say I've paid my dues!
Mamma, mamma help me, I got the POGORIA blues!
Mamma, mamma help me, I got the POGORIA blues!
And a ticket back home would be such good news!
Oh, Mamma, mamma, please let me come home!
There's Russian here named Sasha, he wouldn't leave me alone!
I feel like in I'm in Syberia; he's workin' me to the bone!
And Mamma, lordy mamma, I have to make up my bed!
It's got to be neat because Mr. John said!
On top of my ocean sickness, he's put an ache on my head.
I've got Russkis on my left, Amerykanskis on my right
They'll hang me from the yardarm, and have me there all night!
Oh, Mamma, mamma, I got the POGORIA blues!
They won't leave me alone, till they say I've paid my dues!
Mamma, mamma help me, I got the POGORIA blues!
Mamma, mamma help me, I got the POGORIA blues!
And a ticket back home would be such good news!
Mamma, mamma Captain - he's gone crazy in the head!
You know, six months at sea really makes people mad!
He suffers from delussions - thinks we're safe and well fed!
Oh mamma, mamma, they're all over the place!
Oh, when I'm sleepin', mamma, they're all up in my face!
Throwing water on me, from my head to my waist!
I've got Polskis on my left, Russkis on my right
They're gonna keel-haul me honey, what a terrible sight!
Mamma, mamma help me, I got the POGORIA blues!
So please tell me mamma - "What am I to do?"
Mamma, mamma help me, I got the POGORIA blues!
Mamma, mamma help me, I got the POGORIA blues!
And a ticket back home would be such good news!
[występ kończyło bezładne parlando:]
Oh! Witch doctors!
What? Kielbasa again? Oh, no!
Slave drivers!
Mr. John's coming! Mr. John's coming!
INSANITY!
Leave me alone! I don't want to wake up!