

Sumo, No Acabes

Don't come, don't come, don't come, don't come
Living here in Babylos is oh so difficult
I really don't know what to do
Think I'll go to Africa, maybe Ethiopia
I really hope that you'll come too
(I hear a little voice, it says ...)
Don't come ...
Last Saturday night, had a fight with my baby
I don't think I'll see her again
She never say no
She always say maybe
And that's no way to treat a friend
(I hear a little voice, it says...)
Don't come, don't come, don't come.