

Waltari, Rhytm Is A Cancer

First verse:(wordsworth)

Someday U say, U hate music
Someday U say, Y love it. Like on
guy i saw. He didn't stand this
noisy thing at all.
He just wanted to listen to
Whitney Houston all the time
And I said to him: Hey c'mon, U
lose your energy. Why
don't U wanna try something
different, instead of that
entertaining muzak, blow your ears
sometime. It helps U a lot. It
opens your mind, to a new
dimension. U'll find a new side in
U. And above all, your ears are
constantly receiving
noise anyway, all the time. U'll
never stay in silence, anyway. If U
want some noise, let's make real
one, and when U
want some silence, U can enjoy it
by listening to an empty cassette,
for starters. Music exists for totally
different
moods, and after all, it's all the same

CHORUS:

HC vispila!
HC vispila!
HC vispila!
Tahdomme LIHAA!

Second verse:

Once I started to talk to you, don't
wanna stop at all. Now I'm sitting
in a van, on the backseat, riding
this bullshit.

Coming back from the First
Official European Tour. There's
Stockholm, outside the window,
old buildigs, King's
Court, nice place! My head is on a
melody hill, but my feet are
constantly waiting to continue
further. Okay, that's it.

Next verse I'm gonna sing, is going
to be written somewhere else, in a
totally different mood, in a totally
different
atmosphere.

CHORUS

Third verse:

A man with a .38 in his hand
what does he look a like? A man in
suit and a tight tie ora hippie-
looking junkie? Shock
the monkey, no, shot the monkey.
I feel I have to fill this page with a
nonsense-kind of fow, 'cause my
mind is so
fucking stupid. It can't give

anykinda sign of anykinda
creativeness. I'm just lying, like
cows on a field. Now I stop.
This is bullshit, no cowshit. Yes,
I'll turn into chorus. But please,
don't forget me...

CHORUS