

Leningrad Cowboys, Bad Wind

This joyful existence
It's not what it could be
I can't lose all this loneliness
Where is my liberty
And when the blues has
Shaken up my mind
Well, I knew this blues
Sure the shakin' kind
Give me a drink of immortality
I need the nectar of divine
A short embrace of insanity
A kiss of will do
That would still be fine
Bad wind
(It's) A real bad wind
Bad wind
A real bad wind
Bad wind
If it don't blow somebody some good
[x2]
I know
Things don't always go my way
I own these blues
And I'll pay you someday
Now I'm as broke
As a poor man can be
Somebody pay the piper
To let my spirit free
Bad wind
(It's) A real bad wind
Bad wind
A real bad wind
Bad wind
If it don't blow somebody some good
It's a real bad wind
If it don't blow somebody some good
Give me a drink of immortality
Give me the nectar of divine
Must be a real bad wind
Bad wind
A real bad wind
Bad wind
It's a real bad wind
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A real bad wind