

# New Times

## Pop Winds

New Times, New Times, New Times  
Good morning, good morning, good morning  
I'm the guard at one time this was rather pleasant  
The poets they still had to muse over the classicism of clean shoes  
But who today still knows a button stickWell, that's the New Times, that's the New Times  
That's the New TimesThe girls would lie down, the girls would lie down  
The girls would lie down before us  
First one went dancing, first one went dancing  
First one went dancing and then behind the bushesToday you have to run through twenty places  
Get drunk on saccharin and methyl  
And then you still don't get them that farWell, that's the New Times, that's the New Times  
That's the New TimesNow take it easy there in the early morning  
Who arrives but the brethren from the press  
Now take it easy there in the early morning  
Who arrives but the brethren from the pressIf somewhere there lies a cadaver  
Or something is foul in the state  
You can be sure that a writer is not far behind  
With his Excellency I only say  
Hands off, hands off hands off the literatureThe Laurel Wreath one gets today  
Second hand so to speak from the old Empire's stories  
Sold underhand at the Alexander Platz with all the wigs and costumes  
Twitching from the shoulder one is informedWell, that's the New Times, that's the New Times  
That's the New Times  
That's the New Times, that's the New Times  
That's the New Times  
New Times, New Times, New Times

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