

Turbulence

Warren Zevon

Turmoil back in Moscow brought this turbulence down on me
Turmoil back in Moscow brought this turbulence down on me Well, you can talk about your Perestroika
And that's all right for you
But, Comrade Shevardnadze, tell me
What's a poor boy like me to do? Turmoil back in Moscow brought this turbulence down on me
Turmoil back in Moscow brought this turbulence down on me Well, we've been fightin' with the Mujahedeen
Down in Afghanistan
Comrade Gorbachev, can I
Go back to Vladivostok, man? Turmoil back in Moscow brought this turbulence down on me
Turmoil back in Moscow brought this turbulence down on me Lost city on the red desert
I hear voices of enemies from everywhere
I miss my mother very much
"Village is lost in the red desert
On all sides, silence of an enemy
And we want to see our mothers." Turmoil back in Moscow brought this turbulence down on me
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Songwriters

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