sovietoblaster

Rotfront

(R)
The wheels go round, the beat goes faster,
It's my favourite tune on the Sovietoblaster.
And everyone here, drinks vodka and beer,
And the dancing queen from Kiev, Ukraine drives every boy insane.

A crazy professor with a bag full of food,
his 18 year old daughter, she looks so good.
I meet this businessman with a unique hairstyle,
A contract killer, see him smile.
He's so proud of his gun, showing it to everyone,
On his mobile phone he has a picture of the sun.
There's a mormon preacher, black suit and tie;
The train's leaving the station, Kiev goodbye.

Let's introduce ourselves,
We're sitting on a train,
That takes us to Berlin from Ukraine!

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From Ukraine with love, I'm like a spy on a mission
In a palace with wheels with no air conditioner
It's hot as hell but we don't care
We have two days and one night to spare
Smoke compartment, like a telephone ???
Everyone here has no worries to spare
???
???

Another round of drinks,
Now take out your guitar
There's a party in the dining car

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I once used to live here, now I came back
For this alzhimer track it's not the ??? in my back
Dosens of ??? heavy as bricks screaming
Death to DJs with all their tricks
And forget your top ten, I've get some old beats
That're a hundred times funkier than Black Eyed Peas
Crazy ??? from 1965
You've been driven to here, this should ??? your life

When there's no vodka left,
What shall we do my friends,
Let's forget our troubles and dance

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Lyrics submitted by Tara.

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