

Words

Kultur Shock

For the noise of the boys
in the hood I abandoned
for the scream of a mother
that I took for granted
For the look in the eye
of a girl I loved
(for the old) school yard
where my senses grew up

For the war and the piece
and the lost and the found
for the shame and the pride
that I lightly compound
For the dear and the wanted
for the hated and zero
for the sake of anonymous
(riveting) hero

For the sick and the poor
for the healthy and rich
for my ex wife
that I call a bitch
For the whore and the virgin
for the priest and the pimp
for the cop and the hostess, the lousy and weird...

Od milijon godina
Mi puka sirotinja
Hodi meni Lane moje
Ooo...

Od milijon godina
Mi puka sirotinja
DoÄ'i kuÄ†i Lane moje
Ooo...

For the women in the jail
and the razor blade Mary
for the sources of evil
and the timeless chimeras

For the wine in my glass
and the yesterday's pass
for the many new names
I forget like an ass
(If I smell like an ass, if I look like an ass,
if I act like an ass- fuck me- Iâ€™m an ass!)

For the blood in the veins
for the glory and pains
for the rioters, ministers,
weirdoes and lame,
For the fusion for me and you
somewhere and then
for the power of words
we don't have to pretend.

(For the grass in the pipe
for the raki of mine
for the kicks in the ass
and the touch of the sky,
for the fatherless child
and the motherless land
for the truth that we will never have to pretend...)

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Mi puka sirotinja
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Ooo...

Lyrics submitted by Jamezdin.

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