

# Your Country

## Gogol Bordello

Your country raised you, your country fed you  
And just like any other country it will break you  
On front line send you, tax the hell out you  
And just like any other country, it will lock you, up you  
Unfortunately there'll be no judgment day  
It would be kind of fun to see what they would have to say  
When the God they preached would actually be there  
And all who didn't like The Stooges would go to fucking hell  
Your country raised you, your country fed you  
And just like any other country it will break you  
On front line send you, tax the hell out you  
And just like any other country, it will fuck you, up you  
But even all the garbage that they pour over our eyes  
Does not prevent us from living most magical of life's  
What are all these countries and how did they appear?  
And who cut up the cake and who brought up all this gear?  
Did it have to do anything with its people's will?  
I don't know, I don't know, I don't know my dear  
It's six in the morning, I'm down in New Orleans  
Sister paintings on your wall they will speak to me  
And up later on we resume salutations  
To the rest of local Tribal Connections  
Now think about that sweet baby girl  
Sweet baby girl, sweet baby girl  
Sweet baby girl, sweet baby girl

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