

Cultura Tres

I'm a Russian, Jew, American  
 Impersonating African, Jamaican  
 What I want to be is an Indian  
 I'm gonna be a cowboy in the end I guess I bought a gun  
 Because it impresses all the little girls I see  
 And then they all wanna sleep with me Oh, where did we disappear  
 Into the silence that surrounds us  
 And then drowns us in the end  
 Where these people who impersonate our friends  
 Say come again, come again, come again Into the dark Italian underground  
 With disco lights and disco sounds  
 And skinny girls who drink champagne  
 Then they take me on their knees again And pull me up and out the door  
 Past railway cars and tranny-whores  
 And mornings spreading out across  
 The feathered thighs of angels Oh, where did we disappear  
 To the silence that surrounds us  
 And then drowns us in the end  
 Will they try to get you out to pull you in  
 And all these people, they've been, come again In 1492, Columbus sailed the ocean blue  
 In 1493, he came home across the deep blue sea  
 In 1494, he did it with the girl next door In 1495, he barely made it out alive  
 In 1964, [unverified] busting out the door  
 In 1970, some people got their hands on me Now I am the king of everything  
 I am the king of nothing now  
 I am the king of everything  
 I am the king of nothing Oh, where did we disappear  
 To the silence that surrounds us  
 And then drowns us in the end  
 Where these people who impersonate our friends  
 Say come again, come again, come, come again Oh, where did we disappear  
 To the silence that surrounds us  
 And then drowns us in the end  
 When they try to push you out to get you in  
 And all these people who impersonate our friends  
 Say come again, come again, come  
 Come again, come again, come again

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