

Immigrant Punk (Instrumental)

Gogol Bordello

Upon arriving to the melting pot
I get penciled in as a goddamn white
Now that I am categorized
Officer gets me naturalized Now that I'm living up in God knows where
Sometime it gets hard without a friend
But as I am lurking around
Hoptza, I see another immigrant punk There is a little punk rock mafia
Everywhere you go
She is good to me and I am good to her
Legalize me, realize me Despite the living up in U.S.A.
I'm still holding up in all my ways
I gotta friends, we gotta band
We still make sound you can't stand Without banging on some big old pot
Without getting out of bed
But I'm relaxed, I'm just lurking around
Hoptza, I see another immigrant punk There is a little punk rock mafia
Everywhere you go
She is good to me and I am good to her
Legalize me, realize me, party Of course we immigrants wanna sing all night long
Don't you know the singing salves the troubled soul?
So I'm relaxed, I'm just lurking around I got a method and you don't
You got a dictionary kicking around?
Look up the immigrant, immigrant, immigrant punk

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