

Zaporozhez

Sunday, after a Banja (Russian bath house) we got wasted in a garage.
That's when the idea came up.

We got grandfather's half dead Zaporozhez started.
Following the serpentine roads, we took off to a country side.

Bridge:

We're driving, driving, driving,
We're driving far away.
We will never come back,
We don't want to stay.
We have our music here,
That's all we really need.
The people look at us,
They all stand up,
And everybody screams!

Chorus:

Za-po-ro-zhez, take me away from here.
Za-po-ro-zhez, it's a treat for me.
Za-po-ro-zhez, life is no fun without you.
Za-po-ro-zhez, you bring me back to life!

The drive became exhausting on these crooked roads.
But the old one kept on going, now it's driving me, so let it be.

So, I slammed my foot right on the gas.
The motor roared, and the black smoke covered up the moon.