

The Enemy Guns

DeVotchKa

Oh my love
Here in our darkest hour
It is you, my desert flower
That I am dreaming of
We're up to our neck in foreign soil
We are the sacramental spoils
And they love to choke
The rivers with my brothers' blood

We have given our bodies
To the Mexican army
But my heart and soul
Belong to you my love
So let the enemy guns
Cut me to ribbons
For my eternal soul
Will know the way back home

Sobre viviendo
Si sangre mi cuerpo
Para

And I have given my body
To the Mexican army
But my heart and soul
Belong to you my love
So let the enemy guns
Cut me to ribbons
For my eternal soul
Will know the way back home

Sobre viviendo
Si sangre mi cuerpo
Esta doloroso
So