

Forces of Victory

Gogol Bordello

My dear good friend let's not forget
That we can take down Pinochet
Against us any gang of four
Will be on the floor

When I was younger I thought someday that we will win
And in another country I will find my twin
Spread good music and good poetry
Joining the forces of the victory

Down in the hallways of unknown
Where we walk alone
Inside of hospitals and morgue
Clinical loneliness backs off

If you'll remember those before
And the ones that yet to come
Above suffer of it all
Triumphs the union of souls

With only one thing on its mind
I can't go on, I will go on
With only one thing on it's mind
I can't go on, I will go on

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I can't go on, I will go on
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I can't go on, I will go on

I can't go on, I will go on
I can't go on, I will go on
I must ... have to some wrong