

Letter to Mother

Gogol Bordello

The noise in this joint is unearthly
And soon I awkwardly say,
'Oh look, there it is, my whole life in the ashtray
I can go back to her that way.'

Cause in blue darkness of the night
She keeps imagining one thing:
Someone stuck his Finnish knife
Under my heart

I know that even though she doesn't show it
She grieves sorely for her son
And often walks out to the road
In her old fashioned coat

And in blue darkness of the night
She keeps imagining one thing:
Someone stuck his Finnish knife
Under my heart
Under my heart

In blue darkness of the night
She keeps imagining one thing:
Someone stuck his finnish knife
Under my heart

I know she's there grieving sorely for me
I know she's there turning grey for me
When I come back she'll forgive me
So motherly, motherly, motherly