

Drago our singing is like an alarm ringing
That warns every daddy as if something going wrong
Daddies of the girls they don't like us singers
They don't give a damn about our fancy footwork

Of course you can try to take a detour through her mother
Ignite in her nostalgia for a little flirt
But that my friends can also get so very fatal
Like that one time I remember I got stuck under her skirt

Smarkatch kralju oh ta svinja smorkata
Vkralo nashu donju nemovljatko

So daddy dear mister I am a phallic trickster
And on your place I would be watching twice as much
But I will be always winning
And I'm just standing feeding pigeons on a Brighton Beach board
walk