

Paradise

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Paradise

Letiště, podzemka
Na každý station
Vidím je, cítím je
A strange vibration
Loud voices are shouting
Tisíce faces
White stíny, black stíny
So many races

Paradise

Hey sister, some spare change ?
Já drobný nemám
Where are you from ?
Jsem z Prahy
Já vám nic nedám
From Europe ? I know Paris
It's a nice city
Hey sister, chci prachy
Come on, you pretty

To není svět z barevnejch plakátů
Spíš tíseň černobílejch hororů
We want it and get it
So better give us
Mý věci, mý prachy
Nobody hear your crying
We'll live here, we'll die here
We are the creatures
We're born to kill another
Big Apple preachers

Paradise

At the corner in a taxi
Chlapi jsou fightin'
From the window on the third floor
Na mě tak divně koukaj
Na Broadway on a cold day
in mid November
Lidi crying, lidi dying
No one remember
So dirty, so violent
I can't believe it
A Gangster, a killer with an evil spirit
No sunshine, no raining, no vegetation
Big Apple, big atoll, an isolation

It's not like pictures in the magazine
It's more a moment from a horror scene
The city hurts you with the killing sound
It's like the noise of velvet underground

Paradise

We want it and get it
So better give us
Your luggage, your money
Nobody hears my crying
We'll live here, we'll die here
We are the creatures
We're born to kill another
Big Apple preachers
Big Apple, Big Apple
a žádnej New York
Big Apple, Big Apple
Probud' se ze sna baby
Big Apple, Big Apple
Where do you going
Big Apple, Big Apple
My dream is fading
Big Apple, Big Apple
Where do you going
Big Apple, Big Apple
My dream is fading
Big Apple, Big Apple
Where do you going
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Paradise, paradise, paradise