

# 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 žádnéj 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  
Big Apple, Big Apple  
My dream is fading

Paradise, paradise, paradise