

Nomadic Chronicle
Gogol Bordello

C **G**
Back when I was young and crazy, as they say,
Am **F**
But sure, I worked pretty hard, yeah.
C **G** **Am** **F**
Stole some money from my mom, and I hit the road to Leningrad.
C **G** **Am** **F**
I get stopped on the next train stop, in the middle of rural Ukraine.
C **G**
This is how it s all begun,
Am **F**
And I will tell this story of a true rebellion.

C **G** **Am**
Hoya hoya hoya
F
Hoya paranoia.
(enough paranoia.)

Maybe I m a man who is propelled,
Spinning circles of his doom.
Or maybe I m just paranoid,
placed by the lord in this room.
And a bottle will always be my cover.
All of your eyebrows, will you please untie.
And if there s any room for a Roma,
What else is there left to romanticize?

Hoya, hoya, hoya
hoya paranoia

This is only when I m drunk,
Or do I see things any clearly?
It s just like when one is dyslexic.
Whatever, I will stay discivil!

Hoya hoya hoya
hoya paranoia.

No ti dura.
(you re a dumb broad.)

Gogol Bordello. Unintelligible lyrics are unintelligible.