A Complete History Of The Soviet Union Arranged To The Melody Of Tetris
Pig With the Face of a Boy

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Dm                          A
To Moscow I came seeking fortune
A7                                  Dm
But they re making me work til I m dead
Dm                          A
The bourgeoisie have it so easy
Gm                                  A
The Tsar s putting gold on his bread

Bb                      F
The people of Moscow are hungry
Gm                                  A
But think what a feast there could be
Bb                  Dm
If we could create a socialist state
Bb                              A
That cared for the people like me:

A               Dm
I am the man who arranges the blocks
A                       Dm
That descend upon me from up above.
Gm                  F
They come down and I spin them around
A                           Dm
Til they fit in the ground like hand in glove.
A                           Dm
Sometimes it seems that to move blocks is fine
        A                   Dm
And the lines will be formed as they fall -
Gm              F
Then I see that I have misjudged it!
   A                        Dm
I should not have nudged it after all.
Dm      A       Dm          A
Can I have a long one please?
Dm       A       Dm             A
Why must these infernal blocks tease?

A                   Dm
I am the man who arranges the blocks
        A                   Dm
That continue to fall from up above.
Gm                      F
Come Muscovite! Let the workers unite!
   A                    Dm
A collective regime of peace and love.
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A                   Dm
I work so hard in arranging the blocks
        A            Dm
But the landlord and taxman bleed me dry
        Gm                        F
But the workers will rise! We will not compromise
        A                 Dm
For we know that the old regime must die.
Dm        A       Dm        A
Long live Lenin, kill the tsar!
Dm      A       Dm         A
We salute the sickle and star!

A                   Dm
I am the man who arranges the blocks
      A                      Dm
That continue to fall from up above
      Gm                    F
The food on your plate now belongs to the state
    A                 Dm
A collective regime of peace and love.
A                     Dm
I have no choice in arranging the blocks
        A                    Dm
Under Bolshevik rule, what they say goes.
    Gm                      F
The rule of the game is we all are the same
        A                    Dm
And my blocks must create unbroken rows.
Dm         A       Dm         A
Long live Stalin! He loves you!
Dm          A              Dm              A
Sing these words, or you know what he ll do...

A                   Dm
I am the man who arranges the blocks
          A                    Dm
That are made by the men in Kazakhstan.
      Gm                         F
They come two weeks late and they don t tessellate
          A                    Dm
But we re working to Stalin s five year plan.
A                 Dm
I am the man who arranges the tanks
            A                    Dm
That will make all the Nazis keep away
      Gm                      F
The Fuhrer is dead, and Europe is Red!
         A                       Dm
Let us point all our guns at the USA.
Dm        A      Dm    A
We shall live forever more!
Dm        A        Dm         A
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We can start a nuclear war!

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A                                   Dm
I am the man who arranges the blocks
          A                   Dm
That are building a highly secret base.
Gm                        F
Hip hip hurrah for the USSR!
         A                   Dm
We are sending our men to outer space.
A                     Dm
I work so hard in arranging the blocks
          A                       Dm
But each night I go home to my wife in tears -
            Gm                              F
What s the point of it all, when you re building a wall
         A                   Dm
And in front of your eyes it disappears?
Dm        A        Dm        A
Pointless work for pointless pay
Dm        A        Dm        A
This is one game I shall not play.

Dm
I am the man who arranges the blocks!

A                                     Dm
But tomorrow I think I ll stay in bed.
     Gm                        F
The winter is cold, I ve got plenty of gold
          A                       Dm
And I m standing in line for a loaf of bread
Dm   A        Dm       A
Maybe we d be better off
Dm      A             Dm    A
If we brought down Gorbachev!

A                 Dm
I am the man who arranges the blocks
        A                     Dm
That continue to fall from up above.
      Gm                          F
The markets are free! So much money for me!
          A                       Dm
Tell me, why should I care for peace and love?
     Gm                        F
The markets are free! So much money for me!
          A                       Dm
Tell me, why should I care for peace and love?
Dm               Dm    A   Dm
Peace and love, peace and love!

             D                    F#m
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And now the wall is down, the Marxists frown
        G   A
There s foreign shops all over town
D   F#m
When in Red Square, well don t despair
        G   A
There s Levi s and McDonald s there
Bm   A
The US gave us crystal meth
     G   F#m   F#
And Yeltsin drank himself to death
D   F#   Bm   A
But now that Putin s put the boot in,
G   A   D
Who ll get in our way?

     D   F#m
So we reject free enterprise
     G   A
And once again the left will rise.
D   F#m
Prepare the flags to be unfurled
     G   A
For we re seceding from the world:
    Bm   A
We shall regain the Georgian soil,
    G   F#m   F#
We shall obtain the Arctic oil,
     D   F#   Bm   A
We shall arrange the blocks and toil
G   A   D
Forever and a day!

G   D
Game over.