

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

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.

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**

We can start a nuclear war!

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**

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.