

Russian Boxer

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I am just a poor boy
And my story's seldom told
I was born in Wladiwostock
Radio Eriwan announcing Breschnews promises
All lies and jest
Still a man hears, what he wants to hear
And disregards the rest

When I left my home and my family
I was no more than a boy
In the company of sailors
Telling stories 'bout Kamtchatka and of Petrograd
Dnjeprepetrowsk
Murmansk, Irkutsk, Reval, Riga
And the Balalaika songs,
Sung at samowars
Somewhere in Konsomolsk

Chorus

**Lait, ea Lait,
Lait, ea Lait, ea Lait, ea Leit,
Lait, ea Lait
Lait, ea Lait, ea Lait, ea Lait,
Lait, ea Lait, ea Lait.**

Asking only sailors wages
I came looking for a job
But I got no offers
Feeling sad just like the chords of Rimskij-Korsakow
Rachmaninow
Schostakowitsch and Prokofjew
And the Balalaika songs
Sung at samowars
Somewhere in Konsomolsk

Chorus

So I'm playing Balalaika songs
And wishing I was gone
To the sea
Where the Wladiwostock winters aren't bleeding me
Leading me To the sea

In the port of Wladiwostock
Stands a sailor by his trade
And he's dreamin' of the islands
And all the girls, that had been waiting for him
Till he cried out in his anger and his shame
„I am leaving, I am leaving,“
But the sailor still remains.

Chorus