

You never give me your money
You only give me your funny paper
And in the middle of negotiations
You breakdown

I never give you my number
I only give you my situation
And in the middle of investigation
I breakdown

Out of college, money spent
Seen of future, pay no rent
All the money's gone, nowhere to go
Any jobber got the sack

- Monday morning, turning back
- Yellow lorry slow, nowhere to go
- But, oh, that magic feeling
- Nowhere to go

And some text in my native language (russian):

Широкое пространство
руководства в советские

МЛГО-000