

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, now where to go
Any jobber got the sack

Monday morning, turning back
Yellow lorry slow, now where to go
But, oh, that magic feeling
Now where to go

And some text in my native language (russian):

Широкое пространство
руководительские

МГЛОТОВ