

ANOTHER POSTCARD FROM PÔRGU

Words and music: Lasse Forsberg, Sandviken, 1993.

First live performance: 9 October 1992, Stockholm, Tre Backar.

Well, we said farewell to home
Then we sailed away for Estonia
Met four Vorwegian fiddlers
Who knew The Devil's Dream
Then we made the port in Tallinn
Passed an officer with pneumonia
Were picked up by Märt Silla
As we sang One Night With Siim
Then we spewed up in the Lada
On the way to Lauri's cottage
Where George met with Kurat
And started throwing bricks
And we saw the Soviet soldiers
In the fields all nicking cabbage
While Aiko picked up his guitar
For some Johnny Winter licks

*Kasi Kus Kurat, we're travelling light
On the Eesti Joodik Tour
Haapsalu, Pärnu and Tallinn by night
Singing joomalaul veel kord!*

Mr Gorbatov invited us
To a weekend in Sverdlovsk, so
We had some beers and cheered "Come on,
Let's go to Harku Jämm!"
He's the con-man who's behind
The Greatest Country Swindle of Moscow
Reklama? No problema!
But George cried "Jag ska hem!"
"OK, I'm your fibrillation warden"
He said when Trannel was ailing
"For a bottle of Viru Kange within easy reach"
Then we went to Kalle's place
For breakfast in the evening
As the sunset came to meet
This Perfect Day on Pirita Beach

Olay to Ulrik Kulev and a bottle or two for Sulev
A vegan's puhkus põrgus
"Kan man få en vanlig smörgås?"
Hello and goodbye to the system
Põrgus Näeme, Wallavanem!
I'm a Swede, how do you nice!