

# Mama Lyuba

Serebro

We are driving crazy on your sofa  
We are like two madams after a dose of nirvana  
We were flying so high that couldn't catch sight of your mother  
And she said that I was a bitch

Mother Lyuba, let's go, let's go, let's go  
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Our bed makes sound like hiss-hiss  
I'm your piano, you are my tuner  
We were flying so high that couldn't catch sight of your mother  
And she said that I was a bitch

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