

## Siberia

## Republika

the Arctic lies I guess in you in you you-you-you  
the white Antarctic's settled down there too too-too-too  
and there is nothing but this howling wind wind-wind-wind  
the Arctic lies in you in you in you in you  
cold glaciers are already at the door  
and snowflakes glisten on your frosted hair  
so every morning I brush off this snow  
there are no warm zones now on our maps

Siberia's forced its way into our hearts  
and our icebound lips no longer smile  
it's no use looking for warm zones on maps  
I know these glaciers will defeat us  
I know these glaciers will defeat us

Siberia!  
will win!  
oh no! no!  
it will!  
Siberia!  
will win!  
oh no! no!  
yes it will!

the Arctic lies I know in you in you  
the white Antarctic's settled down there too  
and there is only this cold howling wind  
so now you are the real Arctic  
so now you are the real Arctic

Siberia!  
will win!  
oh no! no!  
it will  
Siberia!  
will win!  
oh no! no!  
yes it will!

Siberia!  
will win!  
oh no! no!  
yes it will will-will-will.

the window frosted by your ice-cold breath breath-breath-breath  
and we'll love and pray frozen to the bone bone-bone-bone  
a frigid wind will rage under the bed bed-bed-bed  
we'll never go away to a warm zone zone-zone-zone

but now I think perhaps in a few years years-years-years  
zeppelins will softly land on our house house-house-house  
they'll drop a lot of maps yellowed with age age-age-age  
somebody warm will touch me saying  
somebody warm will touch me saying

Siberia!  
will win!

oh no! no!  
it will!  
Siberia!  
must lose!  
no! no! no!  
Yes it will!

Syberia!  
przegra!  
o nie! nie!  
o tak!  
Syberia!  
przegra!  
o nie! nie!  
o tak! tak  
TAK!