

Jukebox In Siberia

Skyhooks

Well, way up on the Arctic coast
There's a club that's just the most
It's the place where the Russians go
When the party lines on hold

The best nightclub in the USSR
Music, vodka, caviar
It's the cossacks local spot
Where they come in from the cold to that

Jukebox in Siberia
Pounding out hysteria
Get down, get down, Vladivostock
Drop a rouble in the slot of that
Jukebox in Siberia
Jukebox in Siberia

In the land of the midnight sun
Rasputin's having so much fun
Trotsky, Marx and Lenin too
They're all drinkin' at the bar

Kruschev, he's there looking cool
Michael and Breznev shooting pool
Ivan's up from Gorky Park
To hang out with the Tzar at that

Jukebox in Siberia
Deep in the interior
Get down, get down, Vladivostock
All the Russians wanna rock to that

Jukebox in Siberia
Pounding out hysteria
All the Russians wanna rock
Drop a rouble in the slot of that
Jukebox in Siberia
Jukebox in Siberia

When the needle hits that 45
All of Russia starts to jive
When Chuck Berry rings that bell
You know the revolution's alive and well

Well, deep beneath the Polar ice
The Yankee sailors are dressed up nice
Take the sub up to the top
So they can get on down

If you're CIA or KGB
They might let you in for free
There's a Red Star on the door
You can hear the sound

Of Balalaika's ringing out
The Beatles singing "Twist and Shout"
I love the West, I love their beer

I'm so glad Glasnost is here at that

Jukebox in Siberia
Pounding out hysteria
Get down, get down, Vladivostock
Drop a rouble in the slot of that
Jukebox in Siberia
Jukebox in Siberia
All the Russians wanna rock
Drop a rouble in the slot of that
Jukebox in Siberia
Jukebox in Siberia
Jukebox in Siberia