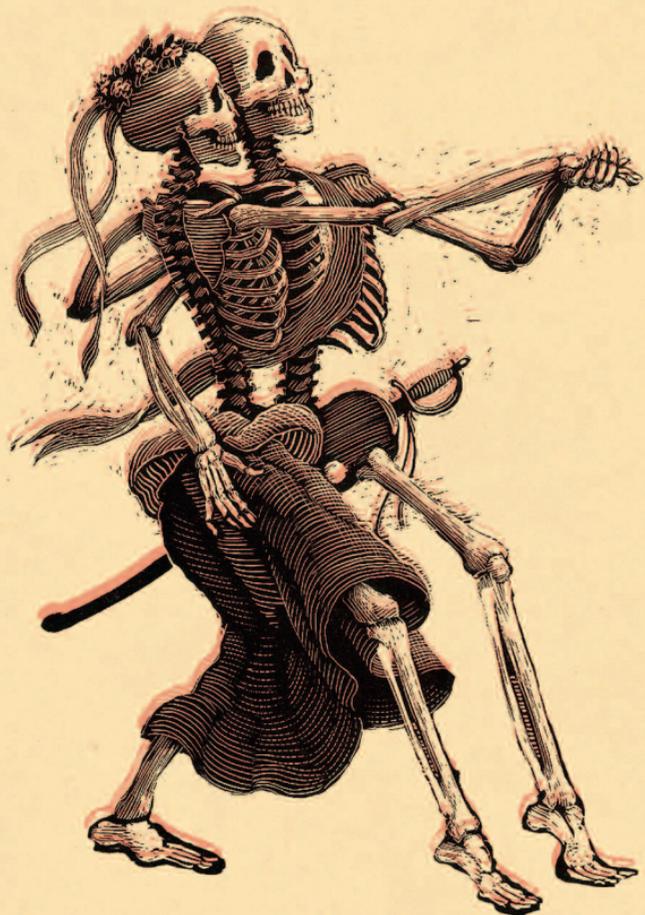


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SCARED OF DENTAL DRILLS

Born in an elevator,
Between the floors...
After Marshal Tito
And after World Wars

Craved to see the cosmos,
Escape the gravity
But the fate has screwed me
With black hole of cavity

It has not been easy
My true self to face
I'm scared of dental drills
And not the void of Space

So fuck the high sky
My child...
'Cause by the deep I'm
Beguiled...

So fuck the high sky
My man
Deep is the reason
I am...

Born in elevator,
Between the floors...
After Marshal Tito
And the World Wars

Destiny has kicked me
and dragged all around
Should have been in heavens
But stayed on the ground

I look up in despair
And then a question strikes
Does knocked out boxer
See this many stars?

And then the solution
Bit me at the arse
Boxer may be toothless,
But sees all the stars

So fuck the high sky
My child...
'Cause by the deep I'm
Beguiled

So fuck the high sky
My man...
Deep is the reason
I am...

My life floats away
Like shit down the sewers...
My thirst for the Cosmos
Is quenched by the brewers

When last round comes in
God can feel my faith
with bottle in the fridge
I shall dissipate!

So fuck the high sky
My child...
'Cause by the deep I'm
Beguiled

So fuck the high sky
My man...
Deep is the reason
I am...



MILA GORA

Kome ove ruke da se pomole
Ko'da ludim, hoću da se probudim
Krenem gore, a sve klizim nadole
Motam film unazad

Kad bih mog'o opet da je sretnem ja
Njoj sad hrlim to čudo da zagrlim
Al' je negde skriva nebo i zemlja
Koračam, film vraćam

Šapni mi sad ti mila goro, mila goro
Gde si, mila, dragu skrila
Daj mi lak znak, me sem čoro,
mila goro, mila goro
I ja ću znati, nemoj ćutati

Molim te sad, ej, mila goro, mila goro
Ko div brda preskačem
Preklinjem te, me sem čoro,
mila goro, mila goro
Zagrlj me da se isplačem

Gde li je moja vila, goro mila, hej
Gde mi je pamet bila, samo mi se smej
Sad bih sa litice skočio ničice
Tamo gde odlete mi mila bez krila

Tad Bog se maskira u nekog pastira
I reče: Bar se ti nje sećaj čoveče

Šapni mi sad, ti, mila goro, mila goro
Gde si, mila, dragu skrila
Daj mi lak znak, me sem čoro,
mila goro, mila goro
I ja ću znati, nemoj ćutati

Molim te sad, ej, mila goro, mila goro
Ko'div brda preskačem
Preklinjem te, me sem čoro,
mila goro, mila goro
Zagrlj me da se isplačem

Gde li je moja vila, goro mila, hej
Gde mi je pamet bila, samo mi se smej
Sad bih sa litice skočio ničice
Tamo gde odlete mi mila bez krila
Tad Bog se maskira u nekog pastira
I reče: Bar se ti nje sećaj čoveče

Sad bih sa litice skočio ničice
Tamo gde odlete mi mila bez krila
Tad Bog se maskira u nekog pastira
I reče: Bar se ti nje sećaj čoveče

Oh, we were only listening to tales
Because of which now you can hear the hails
Those sick Yankees
Could have not touched you
Brats with the achoo

Now they're mocking what we have become
We sneeze the words out unconsciously calm
They're crushing our bones with tranquility
Virus of stupidity

Truth has not got ancestor to it
She's even older than primeval bullet
And just a few of sanative words
Idiocy cures

DNA - blank sheet of the cell
Gods of the truth printed it well
At the beginning word had to stand
It will be so at the end

Comandante...
When the word was a fortress
Comandante...

When freedom had wings and was blessedness
Comandante...

Love was melting the ice away
These days the word is a whore
Not the fortress like before
Comandante...

Truth has not got ancestor to it
She's even older than primeval bullet

And just a few of sanative words
Idiocy cures

DNA - blank sheet of the cell
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When freedom had wings and was blessedness
Comandante...

Love was melting the ice away
These days the word is a whore
Not the fortress like before
Comandante...

Indestructible
Like a stone block
Man was a giant
When word was a rock

Comandante...
When the word was a fortress
Comandante...
When freedom had wings and was blessedness
Comandante...

Love was melting the ice away
These days the word is a whore
Not the fortress like before
Comandante!

COMANDANTE

CERVEZA

Donde el Rothschild es un profeta
Y la moral esta en oferta
Cuando el Dios ya de mi huye
La hipoteca a mi vida destruye

El bar es mi templo sagrado
Refugio fuerte, mi casa linda
Mi luz en la oscuridad
Mi seguridad

Desde cuándo la pasta es todo
Y el que manda es el Banco Central
Entre miseria y tanta pobreza
Te doy mi Dios por una cerveza

Cuándo la vida no me va bien
Y la salidas no se ven
La cervecita un gusto me da
Y la tristeza ta se va

Cerveza es mi Dios
El Dios me dice adiós
Me separa de mi mente

Ojalá esta noche dure para siempre!

El Dios es solo uno
Religiones, muchas hay

En mi caso no las hay dos
La cervecita es mi único Dios

Todo el mundo lo sabe bien
La vide real no es burlesca
Lo que nos da la alegría son
Fútbol y la cerveza fresca

Cerveza es mi Dios
El Dios me dice adiós
Me separa de mi mente
Ojalá esta noche dure para siempre!

Perdonar a mi padre
Pero yo quiero cerveza
Como la leche de mi madre

El Dios e solo uno Cerveza, Cerveza
El Dios e solo uno Cerveza, Cerveza

Cuando la vida no me va bien
Cerveza, Cerveza
Cuando la vida no me va bien
Cerveza, Cerveza

El Dios e solo uno Cerveza, Cerveza
El Dios e solo uno Cerveza, Cerveza

Cuando la vida no me va bien
Cerveza, Cerveza
Cuando la vida no me va bien
Cerveza, Cerveza

HAMBURGER

There is a plan
From World's scum
Finally burger
food to become?!

But their plan
Won't do the job...
There is a secret
To Balkan's kebab
There is a fuss
Can't you hear?
Testing the power
In stratosphere
There is no hope
For the burger
Because kebab
Will be flying further

To kebab my hat down
Call garcon, I'll by next
round
My hat down to kebab
Hey, hey, hey he's not
Discovered in lab

Put Cain's mark
On hamburger...
As on hotdog
and Frankfurter.
With Pope's blessing
before the dark
From kebab only
We'll make Noah's ark

Secret is...
is seasoning
Secret is...
in reasoning
And burger is
trash worst of them all
Put kebab inventor
On a pedestal

To kebab my hat down
Call garcon
I'll by next round
My hat down to kebab
Hey, hey, hey, he's not
Discovered in lab



VERSUS KEBAB

FUCK YOU **MTV**

When stoppage time
Remains no more
No God is gonna change the final score

To the people
When the end comes...
When every fool finally succumbs

To all the things
When the end comes
When we consume the last of the crumbs

Man is an asshole
And needs to be banned
Trash bag tied at the other side

When the waiter
brings us check to pay
We'll eat the words, we shat yesterday

So brace yourself
Nuke is coming soon
Where can we hide
Let's go to the moon

Tick-tack... There is no luck
Tick-tack... For the peoples
Tick-tack... There will be only
Tick-tack... "Stones" and "Beatles"

So brace yourself
For this final call
Nuke is going
To level it all...

So brace yourself
Nuke is coming soon
Where can we hide
Let's go to the moon

Tick-tack... There is no luck
Tick-tack... For the peoples
Tick-tack... There will be only
Tick-tack... "Stones" and "Beatles"

BEFORE THE END

My life was supermarket
lovely free shop place,
freedom was my only target,
suddenly new taste

Deadly virus ran my brain
MTV prescribed name
I became tiny bit of
Propaganda chain

Doctor gave me therapy
Scream it loudly honestly
Do you agree
Fuck you MTV

MTV infected brain
Fucking virus made in lab
Started running in my veins
Infiltrated in my tab

Washing brain instead of jeans
Draining cells from my mood
Nothing left from my dad
Like biting creepy food

Doctor gave me therapy,
scream it loudly honestly
Do you agree
Fuck you MTV!

Lorenzo
La donna graziosa
Lorenzo
Achillea ogni coza
Lorenzo
Per niente costosa
Lorenzo
La divi de la spezza

Av andre šukarije
Av andre šukbarije
Av andre te darako
Av andre te dar svato
Av andre šukarije
Av andre šukbarije
Av andre mia ballerina

"Bella figlia dell'amore
schiavo son de' vezzi tuoi,
con un detto, un detto sol tu puoi
le mie pene, le mie pene consolar"

My life became a piece of shit
My DNA is full of scars
All channels in my brain
Locked in the ass of stars

Is there any peace of hope

For disease to be cure
I don't want to leave the stage
Closed in the market cage

Doctor gave me therapy
Scream it loudly honestly
Do you agree
Fuck you MTV!

I come back from USA
From Chicago to Milano
Friends comes at aeroporto
I landed completamente morto

I believed in Americano
Farmaceutico mafioso
They found lung canceroso
My health become
Problem gravoso

When I fell in hospital bed
Business people came and said
Luigi life is not so gray
Let's play a game in our way
This is your laky day

Now I am back in Italy
In the coffin made by mama
Now I am back to Napoli
Cassa mi chiama
I can not dance tarantella
Buona notte vita bella

Mobsters recognized my skill
Money laundry was our deal
Mine sine become famoso
I was light mafioso!

Fake transactions I was king
Life become a boxing ring
I was Lord of Underground
My life and death had no bound
As Rich man I was founded!

Now I am back in Italy
In the coffin made by mama

Now I am back to Napoli
Cassa mi chiama
In my coffin dressed in corto
I am completamente morto

I was never really sick
It was a pure mafia trick
Many papers I have signed,
For a frauds I was blind

My life, God, didn't take
All my sickness was a fake
Even rich man also cry
Life you can not easy buy
For a bullet I was blinded

Now, I am back in Italy
In the coffin made by mama
Now, I am back to Napoli
Cassa mi chiama
In my coffin dressed in corto
I am completamente morto

To the end of my death
I have time to find who said
To send the bullet to my brain

Now, I am back in Italy
In the coffin made by mama
Now, I am back to Napoli
Cassa mi chiama
In my coffin dressed in corto
I am completamente morto



FROM CHICAGO TO MILANO

LYRICS : EMIR KUSTURICA, EXCEPT TITLES 1, 3, 4, 6, 7 - EMIR KUSTURICA
& ALEKSANDAR SRETENOVIC ; 5 : JOVANA ZEC & ALEKSANDAR BARAC.

MUSIC : DEJAN SPARAVALO, EXCEPT TITLES 1, 6 - DEJAN SPARAVALO
& STRAHINJA BANOVIC ; 7 : DEJAN SPARAVALO, STRAHINJA BANOVIC
& NIKOLA KITANOVIC ; 2, 10 : TRADITIONAL ; 11 : NORO MORALES.

ARRANGEMENTS : DEJAN SPARAVALO, EXCEPT TITLES 1, 7, 10 : DEJAN SPARAVALO,
STRAHINJA BANOVIC & NIKOLA KITANOVIC ; 6 : DEJAN SPARAVALO
& STRAHINJA BANOVIC ; 2, 11 : THE NO SMOKING ORCHESTRA.

SONGS 1, 4, 6, 7 TRANSLATED BY BOBAN ROSIC.

PERFORMED BY EMIR KUSTURICA & THE NO SMOKING ORCHESTRA.

STRAHINJA BANOVIC : TRUMPET / NIKOLA KITANOVIC : KEYBOARD
EMIR KUSTURICA : GUITAR & VOCAL / ISTVAN MADARIC : BASS GUITAR
IVAN MAKSIMOVIC : GUITAR / ZORAN MARJANDVIC : DRUMS & PERCUSSIONS
ZORAN MILOSEVIC : ACCORDION & VOCALS / NENAD PETROVIC : SAXOPHONE
DEJAN SPARAVALO : VIOLIN & VOCAL.

AND ALSO : DRAGAN RADIVOJEVIC LAV : SOUND ENGINEER
DRAGAN TEODOROVIC ZEKO : ROADIE, PHOTOGRAPHER
CHRISTOPHE GUILLORET TOF : TOUR MANAGER

ADDITIONAL MUSICIANS :

GORAN POPOVIC : BASS GUITAR, TUBA, UPRIGHT BASS
MAX COCHETOV : BARITONE SAXOPHONE / DRAGAN IVANOVIC : BASS GUITAR
VALERIU CASCAVAL : Cymbalom / DEJAN PETROVIC BRASS BAND

PRE-PRODUCTION :

STUDIO BANOVIC (ENGINEER NIKOLA RADIVOJEVIC)
STUDIO BOZA (ENGINEER MARKO VUCKOVIC)
STUDIO ANALOG MIND (ENGINEER NIKOLA RADIVOJEVIC)

SOUND ENGINEERS AND DIGITAL EDITORS : PHILIPPE AVRIL & MARKO VUCKOVIC.
MIX : PHILIPPE AVRIL, MASTERING : SIMON LANCELOT.

PRODUCED BY PHILIPPE AVRIL FOR HYP
EXECUTIVE PRODUCTION : YANN HAMON

RECORDED AT STUDIO PETER TOSH - MECAVNIK, AND STUDIO BANOVIC - BELGRADE.
MIXED AND MASTERED AT STUDIO FERBER - PARIS.

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