

We Used to Enjoy Parties

We used to enjoy parties

A long, long time ago

When the only tools that these hands knew

Were shovel, pick, and hoe.

We used to enjoy parties

When the corn grew straight and high

And we could trust that only dust

From tractors filled the sky.

We use to enjoy parties

And endless summer days

Where it seems we were free to dream

In oh! so many ways.

We used to enjoy parties

When old men sat and smoked

And watched their children's children play

And laugh, and cry, and joke.

We used to enjoy parties

Before this year of change

When another's hand, our beloved land,

Turned cold and cruel and strange.

We used to enjoy parties
When the land was ours to roam
Unafraid of bomb or blade
In the place that we call home.

We used to enjoy parties
And we'll do so once again
From coast to coast, our hearts will toast
'The Motherland - Ukraine!'

We used to enjoy parties.