

And here's Ivanovich
In his rocket ship
Spinning helplessly
Up above the earth

While his heart is splintered
All the girls of winter
Are buried in their coats, anonymous

While winter girls are waiting
Ivanovich in high rotation
Is just another star
Up in the sky

And while the world was waiting
We're overwhelmed by some sensation
Of something long ago and far away

Like General Jackson's arm
It's buried on some farm
While the fever
Pushes words from his lips

And by the drunken river
Where the soldiers shiver
We rest beneath the shade of the trees

While winter girls are saying
"Each of us a tiny nation
You're just another star
But so am I."

And while the world was waiting
We're overwhelmed by some sensation
Of something long ago and far away