

Some Constellation

Someone Still Loves You Boris Yeltsin

Birds on the pillow
And paper lanterns hangin'
from the ceiling
Sticky stars aglow
Mappin' out some constellation
I'm tired of standing in the light
outside her window
Fro her I would row to the ends
of my imagination.

Pleasure to behold
A silhouette so real yet
oh so static
Measured and controlled
Lets down her hair, takes off
her army jacket
I'm tryin to figure out what's
right - do I stay or go?
For all she doesn't know...