

Russian Strings

Blur

Where are you now?
Where are you now?
Are you coming back to us?
Are you online?
Are you contactable, again?

Where the blue lights?
Where the red-dressed puppet?
Dancing on a string?
Balalaikas and singing

The tenement blocks come crashing down
With headphones on, you won't hear that much
There's nothing fake on earth
The strings attached to all of us
There's nothing in the end, only dust
So turn the music up
I'm hitting the hard stuff

Flew to Belgrade
Stayed in a hotel, sinking
Went to museums
Tobacco and mid-week grave diggers

The tenement blocks came crashing down
With headphones on, you won't hear that much
There's nothing fake on earth
The strings attached to all of us
There is nothing in the end, only dust
When you pull the lever down
I'll be hitting the hard stuff