

Belarusian Baby

Charlie Burg

Belarusian baby
This island feels nothing like home
And I don't understand much
But I asked "Are you leaving?"
And niette means no

It's fun to feign forbidden love
Forget our jobs that make us fret
And we know we ain't foolin' the boss
When we sneak past the bistro to the deck

La, la, la-la, la
La la la la la

Belarusian baby
Your touch makes July feel like June
And in the silent language
We spoke by the water
I learned about you

Took me to your quarters
You let me inside
Revealed to me the world
The bar owners tried to hide
By starlight traversing these haunted tourist grounds
I wondered if we'd ever
Make it out of here somehow

After your shift you'd see me play
The band and I would play your song
And I would look up from the stage
To see if you were nodding along
It's your favorite song

I never read your letter babe
For Russian is not my first tongue
This island never felt like home
But we grew out of it like one