

Moscow

Daggers

Her European tears
They trickle in your ear
Rivers of No. 5
That blacken both her eyes

Her fingers shake with fear
So what's she doing here?
You only bought it for
Everything you thought it was

In another dead end bar
We were never worlds apart
London to Moscow will always be too far

I'm not a movie star
It's just a dead end bar
Go back to Moscow
Stop pretending who you are

Perfect sex
Perfect sex
Perfect sex

Romance and perfect sex
Perfume and cigarettes
No wonder you're afraid
What a mistake you made

If they could see you now
I guess they'd wonder how
A girl so very clean
Lost herself within a dream

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Go back to Moscow
Stop pretending who you are

London to Moscow
I'd go back to Moscow
London to Moscow
I'd go back to Moscow
London to Moscow
I'd go back to Moscow
London to Moscow
Will always be too far

London to Moscow
I'd go back to Moscow
London to Moscow
Perfect sex
London to Moscow
I'd go back to Moscow

London to Moscow
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