

Cecile (Marcus Mamourian)

Joy Again

Oh, Cecile, please tell me
Have we met in another anomaly?
Do you remember me as I used to be
A superficial, green-eyed prodigy?
Wearing sandals in Sevastopol
Under lofty attempt for life control
Crushing Xanax into my tea
My fleeting thoughts don't seem to agree
Arrived on Lundi with the sun sleeping
I departed on Mardi and the time it is creeping
You used to call me Dorian Gray
But I never had the space to hide my paintings anyway

I see you writing
"Donnez-moi votre cahier
Est-ce que je peux voir vos pensé ce moi?"

I never planned this out
The thought process it seemed sufficient
But now I'm looking at your eyes
And they appear to resemble a crescent
Please write me soon before I pack up and move again
I hate this place but I don't want this talk to end

I see you writing
"Donnez-moi votre cahier
Est-ce que je peux voir vos pensé ce moi?"

Oh, Crimea, I find it confusing
Down in the Black Sea, rippled and losing
Oh, Crimea, you shouldn't amuse me
Mother Russia will cease to abuse thee
Only place I'll ever be at home (home)
Only place I'll ever feel alone (alone)

Forget my words, I didn't mean them
My mindset changed, you can't foresee it
You're another girl without a future
But Crimea, I'll never lose her
Forget my words, I didn't mean them
My mindset changed, you can't foresee it
You're another girl without a future
But Crimea, I'll never lose her