

## Alex T

## Russian Red

I don't who you are,  
were you live or what you like  
But I try to reach the end  
of what you touch and feel

I saw you once, you look tired  
Lonely player, get in line  
We stepped in silence out of the crowd  
By starring at the week start, the feel

Oh you're star dreaming your life in my palms  
Oh out of the sky, will I ever wreck your mind?

The sentimental steryothype  
That I dreamed you were designed  
Went to see me at the time you charm me  
The sentimental type of guy that feels

Oh you're star dreaming your life in my palms  
Oh out of the sky, will I ever wreck your mind?

T... T... T...