

Death of a Russian

Tiny Ruins

Writing funny letters to get you through
Feeling father's shame at what you had to do
You want a woman like
A woman like the moon
'Cause she's so far away - not here every day
But she will pour champagne
When your time's coming soon

You would've been pleased to know
You're still breaking hearts
You're still breaking hearts
You're still breaking hearts

Half followed by the wrong procession
To a military band
While you rolled off in an oyster cart
To the horror of your friends
But I think you would have laughed
At how it came to pass
Yes - I think you would've laughed
Tragic 'till the end

You would've been pleased to know
You're still breaking hearts
You're still breaking hearts
You're still breaking hearts