

Max Mutzke, St. Petersburg

She walked through the room, armed with just a cigarette
Stops for a breath, takes a drink from the cabinet
Happy I saw her class, with a gas
A bubble appears, a creature with no address
Young for her years seducer an tenderness,
Happy that I'm OK that's the way

She was born in St. Petersburg, raised in New York
Kept by the sugar man, contractual of cause
But I know, that she needs me
Cause we got love, love, love
She was born in St. Petersburg, raised in New York
She dances with the Battenbergs,
And eats with the Yorks
And I know that she loves me
Cause we got love, love, love

She's a goddess of love, face like a superstar
Dines twice a week on champagne an caviar
Happy, I have to pay for my way
And that I whispered in her ear, while I try to explain
That my love for her grows with a growing pain.
Happy that she loves me in that way

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I'm in love an I need her And I want her everyday
But I couldn't believe her As she laughed into my face
What is wrong with a dreamer? When you feel
So out of place When you're feeling out of space

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