

# 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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