

Russian Red, Nice Thick Feathers

She said hey, wont you pick me up?
he said, well, what about at nine?
And she wakes up, its freezing cold outside
but hes not there, wherever he may fly?

Barely aware of her reality, she stands right by
the centre of the room.
Feathers, shes got nice thick feathers
shes put on, for she wanted to reach the violent kingdom.

Every time, she steps on what she calls
the misery land, for only bats and cops
forgets about his kisses and his voice.
He wore a suit with labels at the front.

Barely aware of her reality, she stands right by
the centre of the room.
Feathers, shes got nice thick feathers
shes put on, for she wanted to reach the violent kingdom.

Barely aware of ther reality, she stands right by
the centre of the room.