

Kris Delmhorst, Moscow Song

Came to a land where the morning don't wait for the break of day
And the nighttime comes as a surprise
Picked myself up, took myself far far away
Far away from a big hearted man who looks into my eyes and says

Won't you take this love from me
Don't you leave it here filling up my hands
Won't you just take it along with you
Won't you let it just remind you where you stand
Don't you ever want to know just where you stand
Don't you really want to know

But I got something in me that keeps me on the go
It keeps me going going, keeps me gone
And I got something in me that keeps me on an unfamiliar street
Running up to strangers, tugging at their coat and saying

Won't you break this heart for me
Don't you leave it here smooth and shiny filling up my throat
Won't you just make a little crack for me
So maybe something could get in
Or something could get out
If something could get in maybe something could get out

I guess we're all the same, we walk our days looking for a little more fire
And we all sometimes have to sit on our hands
We try to hold ourselves together
We try to talk about the weather
When all we really want to do is take each other by the throat and say

Won't you dream my dream with me
Don't you leave it here drying on my pillow
Won't you just soak a little up for me
Won't you give it just a safe place to go
It just needs a little safe place to go