## 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