

# Someone Still Loves You Boris Yeltsin, HEERS

Tipsy with Saint John,  
He's got me feeling like a kid on Halloween.  
And he asks me what I want to be,  
I've got nothing to say.  
He says that's okay.  
He says:  
I don't either,  
But I've got my dreams to make some apparitions in the fall,  
But still I see them down in my soul  
Like little girls in bows held up on  
Little boys shoulders.

Ooh, but oh, oh, oh, oh,  
Do people in the  
Oh, oh, oh, older see places on the map get smaller?  
And promises of happiness stop?  
I wanna see you again.

(Now) now she's drawing circles in the air  
The ground is moving under me but to where?

Do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, dooo  
Do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, dooo

Remember Susie?  
And she got a pucker apple in the ball of her chin.  
So I hug her neck and said:  
I'm sorry for the way I've been.  
She says that's okay  
And in my shoulder she says:

Oh, oh, oh, oh,  
Now that I'm  
Oh, oh, older,  
The distances of maps got smaller,  
And promises of happiness stall.  
I wanna see you again.

Now she's drawing circles in the air.  
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