

Someone Still Loves You Boris Yeltsin, Some Co

Birds on her pillow
And paper lanterns
Hanging from the ceiling
Sticky stars aglow
Mapping out some constellation
And I'm tired of standing in the light
Outside her window
For her I would row
To the ends of my imagination

Pleasure to behold
A silhouette so real yet
oh so static
Measured and controlled
Let's down her hair
Takes off her army jacket
I'm trying to figure out what right's
Do I stay or go?
For all she doesn't know
'Cause she wishes that she still had it