

Someone Still Loves You Boris Yeltsin, Tin Floor

your roads are gone your house is changed
the city had another name
and everyone was lookin' round for you

the mayor left he stole your shoes
the bike you rode was on the news
and everyone was leavin' to find you

but we can't talk to you like that
we have talked to you in the past
readin' books about your buildings now

cause everytime you pack your chairs
every day you wear your hair
everywhere is tryin' not to care

I don't care at all

'cause I won't talk to you like that
I will talk to you in the past
readin' books about your buildings now

I won't like talk to you like that
I will talk to you in the past
writing books about your buildings now