

Voltaire, Anastasia

There's a field of flowers and they smell like you
and i go walking through them when i feel you near me
you know I'd love to pick one for my lapel
but you know there are too many insects watching
I'm afraid they'd tell on me

and here the skies are neither day
nor night, in this place
where i close my eyes
its like my skin would try so hard to hold it back
there's an explosion it comes raining down
there's a smile you smiled at me
Anastasia your disappearance is the thorn in my side
Anastasia you know your absence is the thorn in my side

I think about you every night
and every day every moment since you left here
you were the one that got away as they say
everyone has an Anastasia
Your disappearance is the thorn in my side
Anastasia You know your absence is the thorn in my side

I kept your room just as you left it
There's not a toy out of place
Just in case the fates are kind and you come back someday
I don't want to live without my little Anastasia
Anastasia your disappearance is the thorn in my side
Anastasia you know your absence is the thorn in my side

Little Anastasia..
(I know you're out there)
And only you can take the thorn from my side