

# 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