

Wooden Birds

"Yulia"

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Diamonds in the face of night time
Watch them as they float along
I was up there floating with them
And you know that I am gone
The radio sings a patriot's song it's the devil that you
know
Yulia

We were standing on the platform
The favorite sons of history
While you're back in Prostronaya
Writing in your diary
They flip on switch at mission control and I'm never
coming home
Yulia

Oh! I woke up from a fever dream
Oh! Of floating in the salty sea
I'm stranded up here floating along
and my heart beats slow and I hope they
Bring my body back
Yulia

So when they turn the cameras on you
Baby please don't speak of me
Point up to the dark above you
As they edit me from history
I'm 20 million miles from a comfortable home
And space is very cold
Yulia

There's nothing out here nothing out here nothing out
nothing out here nothing out here there's nothing out
here
nothing nothing out here nothing out here nothing
nothing out

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