

Forward, Russia!

"Five"

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Strolling down the pavement
A twinkle in your stride
I won't be the only one
To be left behind

Should you choose to leave
You'd walk out the door
Lucid, tanned, healthy, real

You've got a stranger's hand,
But not a lover's eye
You've got to leave it falling all the time

But no love's lost
You could be the one who sleeps through
All that's real

... (?)

Walk away! Walk away! Walk away! Walk away!

... (?)

You could have been everything!

Walk away! Walk away! Walk away! Walk away!

... (?)

You could have been everything!

(repeat) Thanks to thudord

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