

## **Forward, Russia!**

### **"Fosbury In Discontent"**

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So the time comes again  
The time to head away  
I would love to stay  
Convince you that I care  
At home I feel a million types of gladness  
Protected from the world  
But still you turn and stare  
At your feet again  
What more can I say  
To convince you that I care  
At home I feel a million types of sadness  
And subtle edited  
Sometimes I feel that you're raising the bar up  
All the time  
I'm doing the high jump  
I'm walking the tightrope  
The sun is life  
The process of knowing  
Just what you are missing  
The oceans of envy  
The galloping slipstream  
The night it is ending  
The oceans are longing  
For soil and for tidings  
I won't let them near us  
I'll try not to lie and  
I'll try not to cheat and  
I'll try not to steal  
Because my ends are met  
In discontent  
Oh in discontent  
We find ourselves

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