

Forward, Russia!

"Two"

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A secret message hidden in your posture tells me
That it's over between us, lover
I heard it on the microphone
That sweetest rancid tinkling of tiara
It's not the same as they said

When you're left dry
Saline is much like your smile
Time and place!

My best transistor can't fall through
The seven fields of four-leafed clover
It's not all over!
I reconsidered every offer
Put to me by all the hoarded lookers
It's not the same!

When you're left dry
Saline is much like your smile
Placed right
When you're left dry
Saline is much like your smile
Time and place!

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