

## George Michael "Nikita"

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Hey Nikita is it cold  
In your little corner of the world  
You could roll around the globe  
And never find a warmer soul to know

Oh I saw you by the wall  
Ten of your tin soldiers in a row  
With eyes that looked like ice on fire  
The human heart a captive in the snow

Oh Nikita You will never know anything about my home  
I'll never know how good it feels to hold you  
Nikita I need you so  
Oh Nikita is the other side of any given line in time  
Counting ten tin soldiers in a row  
Oh no, Nikita you'll never know

Do you ever dream of me  
Do you ever see the letters that I write  
When you look up through the wire  
Nikita do you count the stars at night

And if there comes a time  
Guns and gates no longer hold you in  
And if you're free to make a choice  
Just look towards the west and find a friend

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