

Gorky's Zycotic Mynci "Christina"

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Sad treacle, she's sweet but sad
Sad treacle, drove oh so mad
All those letters she never phoned
Sad treacle left me all aloneÂ...

ChristinaÂ...
I saw you in a magazine-a
Your eyes shone like pearls
All over the world.
I can't wait next time I'm gonna see ya,
Playing the part of a pretty ballerina

What a way to carry on
You're one minute cold
Next you're leading me on
With me all alone
And you in your Bell Air home
ChristinaÂ...
I love you madly
Can't you see when I look to the stars
I'm a superstar
And what's the point living
If we can't be together ?
I'm coming to shoot you
The sooner the better

What a way to carry on
You're one minute cold
Next you're leading me on
With me all alone
And you in your Bell Air home
(x2)

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