

Grebenshikov Boris

"Radio Silence"

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It suddenly feels like a new year
Like I'm a million miles away from here
I can see some kind of light here
Although I won't name it
I want to talk about the moonlight
I want to talk about the wild child, you know
That real wild one, dancing alone
In the middle of the whirlpool
Spinning tales about silence
About radio silence
About some kind of asylum
In the middle of an empty field full of danger
It's strange I don't feel like I'm a stranger
I feel like I belong here
I feel like I've been waiting for a long time
And now I can tell you some stories
Stories about the madmen
Stories about the dream-child
You know, that real wild one
Who dances alone
In the middle of the whirlpool

And I can tell you about silence

About radio silence

About some kind of asylum

In the middle of an empty field full of danger

If you want it

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