

Lights "Siberia"

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From the busy parks, to the icy tides.
Someday we'll decide where we want to live out our
lives.
Formalities sparked, tumbling along.
Keeping the heat on even though summer's come and
gone.

I would sail across the east sea, just to see you on the
far side.
Where the wind is cold and angry, there you'll be to
take me inside.
We'll find ways to fill the empty, far from all the
hysteria.
I don't care if we suddenly find ourselves in Siberia.
Siberia

Inside a street car, or on a mountain trail.
Details, details,
You breathe in when I exhale.
No matter where we are, or which way the wind blows.
Or how heavy the snow, nothing can change where we
will go.

I would sail across the east sea, just to see you on the
far side.
Where the wind is cold and angry, there you'll be to
take me inside.
We'll find ways to fill the empty, far from all the
hysteria.
I don't care if we suddenly find ourselves in Siberia.
Siberia,
We'll leave Canada, for Siberia.

Siberia, Siberia, Siberia, Siberia, Siberia...

I would sail across the east sea, just to see you on the
far side.
Where the wind is cold and angry, there you'll be to
take me inside.
We'll find ways to fill the empty, far from all the
hysteria.
I don't care if we suddenly find ourselves in Siberia.

Siberia,
We'll leave Canada.. For Siberia.

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