

## **The Crimea "White Russian Galaxy"**

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Straight out of high school and into the jungle  
Searching for Tarzan who might be dead  
You kick like a mule, short of an Oscar  
And screaming blue murder at newly weds

Who knows what goes on in her pretty little head  
Who knows what goes on in her pretty little head  
Who knows, who knows  
Who knows what goes on in her pretty little head  
Who knows what goes on in her pretty little head

You talk like a fish in nonsensical bubbles  
Then blow the word bitch through your smoke ring  
You cause only trouble, you bring only suffering  
Just get in the spaceship and stop bleeding

Who knows what goes on in her pretty little head  
Who knows what goes on in her pretty little head  
Who knows, who knows  
Who knows what goes on in her pretty little head  
Who knows what goes on in her pretty little head

Why do you never sing in church on Sundays?  
Why won't you ever go all the way?  
You're floating towards heavenly hell  
Hanging from the rafters like a church bell

You're light years away from reality  
Lonely, lost in a white Russian galaxy

Who knows, who knows, who knows, who knows  
Who knows what goes on in her pretty little head  
Who knows what goes on in her pretty little head  
Who knows what goes on in her pretty little head  
Who knows what goes on in her pretty little head

Who knows what goes on, who knows what goes on  
Who knows what goes on, who knows what goes on  
Who knows what goes on, who knows what goes on  
Who knows what goes on, who knows what goes on

