

Saint Deamon

"Flight To Tashkent"

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[introductory sample:]

Dig, dig, / digaroooney /

Dig dig dig, / digaroooney /

Dig dig dig, / digaroooney /

Dig, / dig, / dig, / dig... /

The shade of the september grass /

Down avenues, chasing your childhood, /

Scratching our names on a tree, /

These things all remind me of you. /

Oh, sometime, / no, maybe tomorrow. / [or it could be
"oh baby(?)"]

Oh, sometime, / no, maybe tomorrow. /

Oh, sometime, / no, maybe tomorrow. /

Oh, sometime, / no, maybe tomorrow. /

Her hair was as soft as the snow. /

Watching the sun rise from my house. /

(the pilot is calling for help), /

And something reminds me of you. /

Oh, sometime, / no, maybe tomorrow. /

Oh, sometime, / no, maybe tomorrow. /

Oh, sometime, / no, maybe tomorrow. /

Oh, sometime, / no, maybe tomorrow. /

Ooh, / and we're coming down, / ooh, / we're coming

down. / ooh, / and we're coming down, / ooh, / coming

down, / coming down.

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