

## Me Without You "The Soviet"

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God is love and love is real  
But the dead are dancing with the dead  
And though all that's charming disappears  
All of things lovely only hurt my head  
As I gather stones from fields  
Like pearls of water on my fingers' ends

And wrap them up in boxes  
Safe from windows, from things that break

As the night-time shined  
Like day it saw my sorry face  
Hair a mess but it liked me best that way  
Besides, how else could I confess?  
When I looked down like if to pray  
Well I was looking down her dress

Good God, please  
Catch for us the foxes in the vineyard, the little foxes

So turn your ear, musician, to silence  
Because they only come out when it's quiet  
Their tails brushing over your eyelids  
Oh wake up, sleeper, and rise from the dead  
Or the fur that they shed will cover your bed

In a delicate orange-ish cinnamon red  
Ah, I don't need this  
I have my loves  
I have my doubts  
I don't need this

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