

Crimea

"The 48a Waiting Steps"

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Born loser. Born free, with two left feet.
Born stupid. Born drunk. Born different,
To my fellow earthlings.

Born beneath that wondering star,
Though I don't feel alone (though I don't feel alone)
Way out where the ocean meets oblivion.
On a seat beside the pretty girl
On the bus back home (on the bus back home)

Born frightened, born scared, born in despair.
Born writer that time forgot.
Born out of sin... with my fellow robots.

Swore I'd never get this far, though I won't give up
hope
Won't ever give up hope.
Way out where the ocean meets oblivion.
Drunken conversation, vicious undertone.
When you passed your stop three quarters of an hour
ago,
On a seat beside the pretty girl on the bus back home.

I won't, I won't, I won't,
I won't feel alone,
I won't feel alone.

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