

Crimea, The "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

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