

Andy Stochansky **"Stutter"**

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I dream about stars here
I dream about bringing you a parade
We read foreign papers
Pretend were hiding from an air raid

But I can't know
Why I always stutter

And she doesn't care
Breathe the same air
I don't have a hope in hell
Doesn't see, we could agree
This could be so blissful, now

And I will do magic
Houdini's rabbit lives here under my sleeve
I'd saw myself in half
Then there'd be two of us always ready to please

But I can't know
Why I always stutter

And she doesn't care
Breathe the same air
I don't have a hope in hell
Doesn't see, we could agree
This could be so blissful

This could be so blissful
This could be so blissful
This could be so blissful
This could be so blissful
This could be so blissful now

And she doesn't care
Breathe the same air
I don't have a hope in hell
Doesn't see, we could agree
This could be so, be so, be so, be so

And she doesn't care
Breathe the same air

I don't have a hope in hell
Doesn't see, we could agree
This could be so good

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