

Night Train To Moscow

Brazzaville

Night Train to Moscow
Say good bye to the Petersburg sun
The half light of winter afternoons long gone
Pancakes and mushrooms
Tea with the hookers at dawn
The TV is warning of a coming storm

Come lay with me
Hide me in your arms
And sing to me
Of all the other sailors
Their promises, flowers and champagne
And in the end
Life's just a Sunday morning

Night Train to Moscow
Be kind to your loneliest son
There's frost on your windows but your heart is warm