

Sweet Mother Russia

Clem Snide

How's my Sweet Mother Russia?
Dissolving I take it
Like sugar and apple juice swallowed

I'm learning your language
And I promise I'll write
But of weather what is there to speak of?

The clouds were all cotton
And my mouth got so dry
From those little red pills that you gave me

With your pretty face lost
In a sea of bad haircuts
And cherry pie lipstick insisting

And how's that Deep Purple record
I hummed in your ear?
Like a fight song whispered through pillows

And here's more cups of coffee
To trick your hard stomach
And my warm hands to keep it from turning

How's my Sweet Mother Russia
Did you know sharks never sleep?
Busy bending their spines to receive you

And this longing for pleasure
Is all in your head
And silently traveling through oceans