

# Moscow

## Daggers

Her European tears  
They trickle in your ear  
Rivers of No. 5  
That blacken both her eyes

Her fingers shake with fear  
So what's she doing here?  
You only bought it for  
Everything you thought it was

In another dead end bar  
We were never worlds apart  
London to Moscow will always be too far

I'm not a movie star  
It's just a dead end bar  
Go back to Moscow  
Stop pretending who you are

Perfect sex  
Perfect sex  
Perfect sex

Romance and perfect sex  
Perfume and cigarettes  
No wonder you're afraid  
What a mistake you made

If they could see you now  
I guess they'd wonder how  
A girl so very clean  
Lost herself within a dream

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London to Moscow will always be too far

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Go back to Moscow  
Stop pretending who you are

London to Moscow  
I'd go back to Moscow  
London to Moscow  
I'd go back to Moscow  
London to Moscow  
I'd go back to Moscow  
London to Moscow  
Will always be too far

London to Moscow  
I'd go back to Moscow  
London to Moscow  
Perfect sex  
London to Moscow  
I'd go back to Moscow

London to Moscow  
Will always be too far

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