

## St Petersburg

Robyn Hitchcock

In St.Petersburg,in the night  
Where the light shines down on the snow  
On the banisters,what a mess  
I can't guess,i,what i don't know.  
She cuts like a knife,she cuts like a wife  
She cuts like someone i once knew  
She cuts like a stream,flows into my dream  
You cut me and i bleed for you..  
And in Williamsburg,by the lake  
Where the stake went deep in your heart  
On the banisters,it's allright  
It's so tight that it drives you apart.  
She hangs from a hook,she hangs like a crook  
Had gone and hung her up there  
She spins round and round  
3 feet off the ground  
But why she does i don't care.  
She cuts like a knife,she cuts like a wife  
She cuts like someone i once knew  
She cuts like a stream,flows into your dream  
You cut me and i bleed for...