

## Nice Thick Feathers

Russian Red

She said hey, won't you pick me up?  
he said, well, what about at nine?  
And she wakes up, it's freezing cold outside  
but he's not there, wherever he may fly...

Barely aware of her reality, she stands right by  
the centre of the room.  
Feathers, she's got nice thick feathers  
she's put on, for she wanted to reach the violent kingdom.

Every time, she steps on what she calls  
the misery land, for only bats and cops  
forgets about his kisses and his voice.  
He wore a suit with labels at the front.

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the centre of the room.  
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