

Nick Drake

Russian Red

I can't ignore this game, my dear
All your insinuations break me
I have a faint, slight idea
Of what is like your favourite nation
Hit me with one more kiss
You won't find a better miss
Or just keep wondering in your palace
You could as well take me for a flash dance

Every single night I'll sleep in silent sights
Not to disturb your dreaming
No more insinuations or fake idyllic nations
Will set me far from where you are
Each single, warming night
Oh, each single, warming night