

St. Petersburg

Supergrass

Before the time of the morning sandman
I can find my way around
Soon be here at the borderline I guess
Armageddon coming down

And here lies a pretty state again
It's time to make a move on
Cos in three days I'll be out of here
And it's not a day too soon

Firelight, the light of love, burns
Turns to ashes in your hand
So to bed by the morning light I guess
I'm awake and understand

Set sail for St. Petersburg
Making use of my time
Cos in three days I'll be out of here
And it's not a day too soon

Head out to a better life
I can get a job, settle down
I'm full of love, of a full of feeling
I can't stand the here and now

Leave town for pity's sake you know
It's time to make a move on
Cos in three days I'll be out of here
And it's not a day too soon
Yeah, three days I'll be out of here
And it's not a day too soon