St. Petersburg

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Before the time of the morning sandman
I can find my way around
Soon be here at the borderline, I guess
Armageddon coming downAnd here lies a pretty state again
It's time to make a move on
'Cause in three days, I'll be out of here
And it's not a day too soonFirelight, the light of love, burns
Turns to ashes in your hand
So to bed by the morning light, I guess
And I'm awake and understandSet sail for St. Petersburg
Making use of my time
'Cause in three days, I'll be out of here
And it's not a day too soonHead 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 nowWe leave town for pity's sake, you know
It's time to make a move on
'Cause in three days, I'll be out of here
And it's not a day too soonYeah, three days, I'll be out of here
And it's not a day too soon

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