

# Stutter

## Andy Stochansky

I dream about stars here  
I dream about bringing you a parade  
We read foreign papers  
Pretend were hiding from an air raid But I can't know  
Why I always stutter And she doesn't care  
Breathe the same air  
I don't have a hope in hell  
Doesn't see, we could agree  
This could be so blissful, now And I will do magic  
Houdini's rabbit lives here under my sleeve  
I'd saw myself in half  
Then there'd be two of us always ready to please But I can't know  
Why I always stutter And she doesn't care  
Breathe the same air  
I don't have a hope in hell  
Doesn't see, we could agree  
This could be so blissful This could be so blissful  
This could be so blissful  
This could be so blissful  
This could be so blissful  
This could be so blissful now And she doesn't care  
Breathe the same air  
I don't have a hope in hell  
Doesn't see, we could agree  
This could be so, be so, be so, be so And she doesn't care  
Breathe the same air  
I don't have a hope in hell  
Doesn't see, we could agree  
This could be so good

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