

Stutter

Andy Stochansky

I dream about stars here
I dream about bringing you a parade
We read foreign papers
Pretend we're 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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