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 raidBut I can't know
Why I always stutterAnd 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, nowAnd 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 pleaseBut I can't know
Why I always stutterAnd 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 blissfulThis could be so blissful
This could be so blissful
This could be so blissful
This could be so blissful
This could be so blissful nowAnd 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 soAnd 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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