White Russian Galaxy

Crimea, The

Straight out of high school and into the jungle
Searching for Tarzan who might be dead
You kick like a mule, short of an Oscar
And screaming blue murder at newly wedsWho knows what goes on in her pretty little head
Who knows what goes on in her pretty little head
Who knows, who knows
Who knows what goes on in her pretty little head
Who knows what goes on in her pretty little headYou talk like a fish in nonsensical bubbles
Then blow the word bitch through your smoke ring
You cause only trouble, you bring only suffering
Just get in the spaceship and stop bleedingWho knows what goes on in her pretty little head
Who knows what goes on in her pretty little head
Who knows, who knows
Who knows what goes on in her pretty little head
Who knows what goes on in her pretty little headWhy do you never sing in church on Sundays?
Why won't you ever go all the way?
You're floating towards heavenly hell
Hanging from the rafters like a church bellYou're light years away from reality
Lonely, lost in a white Russian galaxyWho knows, who knows, who knows, who knows
Who knows what goes on in her pretty little head
Who knows what goes on in her pretty little head
Who knows what goes on in her pretty little head
Who knows what goes on in her pretty little headWho knows what goes on, who knows what goes on
Who knows what goes on, who knows what goes on
Who knows what goes on, who knows what goes on
Who knows what goes on, who knows what goes on

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