

Soviets

Octagrape

Heading Westwards towards the sun
When the past starts to bleed into one
 And the rest will disagree
How your innocence can sway easily
 But oh I can tell
Your words so well
 And all I can see
 Is that I
 I'm sorry, sorry
 I'm sorry, sorry
Heading Westwards towards the sun
Where we're going everything comes undone
 We were lost from the start
We won't be here when the rest falls apart
 But oh I can tell

 Your words so well
 And all I can see
 Is that I
 I'm sorry, sorry
 I'm sorry, sorry
(And I will track you down)
 Run so long
 Don't run away from me
 How long
 Don't run away from me
 Oh I can tell
 Your words so well
 And all I can see
 Is that I
 I'm sorry, sorry
 I'm sorry, sorry

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