# 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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