

Russian River

Nikki Sudden

Just like a Russian river
You're so hard to forget
Didn't think anyone, anyone remembered
And to tell the truth I have no regrets.I went out looking for adventure
Oh! Whatever, whatever could be found
Bound by my inheritance
To be buried in sacred ground.On the outskirts of Moscow
The army turned back
Caught up in their destiny
By a thousand, a thousand tank-traps.
Oh, I put on my uniform
I put on my tank-top
There's nothing much that's been remembered
And there's even less that's been forgot.You could say that I lost my soul
To the Baron's daughter over twenty years ago
An' I asked about her recently
I was told she paints pictures in her French home.Who pays for your paintbrushes, honey?
Who pays for all, all the paints you use?
Yea, who, who buys your canvases
And the things that keep you amused?Yea, just like that Russian river
You're so hard, so hard to forget
And on the edge of Moscow
Yea, to tell the truth, darling, I have no regrets.
Who pays for your paintbrushes, honey?
Who keeps you warm on nights like these?
Who pays for all the paints you paint with?
Who keeps you safe from disease?
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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