

Russian Lsd

Fiction Plane

We waltzed this waltz for ages
You're jitterbug contagious
You're so good to me
But nothing that you do
Will make me happy

All the pretty ladies
Lizards struck with rabies
We send them out to sea
Nothing to distract us from our dailies

We're like lovers in the third ring of hell
We've uncovered the ball of the belle

You really gotta meet her
The master's Margarita
She got the devil's heart
Then she was arrested for the private part

The poor professor lacks
His head is on the tracks
By a carvery
The prince had it gilded and he toasted me

We're like lovers in the third ring of hell
We've uncovered the ball of the belle

It's a dash
It's a dot
With a pussy cat on top
When the cat rides for free
This is Russian LSD

The ink has dried on the future
But you can't predict the past
And if it's been written down
You can almost guarantee it won't last
They kept the truth in cages
And they offered up the wine
If you just watch the dancing

While god walks past your eyes
You'll be fine

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Lyrics submitted by K Naomi Conner.

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