

# St. Petersburg

## Simon Poole

Before the time of the morning sandman  
I can find my way around  
Soon be here at the borderline, I guess  
Armageddon coming down And here lies a pretty state again  
It's time to make a move on  
'Cause in three days, I'll be out of here  
And it's not a day too soon Firelight, the light of love, burns  
Turns to ashes in your hand  
So to bed by the morning light, I guess  
And I'm awake and understand Set sail for St. Petersburg  
Making use of my time  
'Cause in three days, I'll be out of here  
And it's not a day too soon Head out to a better life  
I can get a job, settle down  
I'm full of love, of a full of feeling  
I can't stand the here and now We leave town for pity's sake, you know  
It's time to make a move on  
'Cause in three days, I'll be out of here  
And it's not a day too soon Yeah, three days, I'll be out of here  
And it's not a day too soon

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