

# Coma, Moscow

Dead lock into Moscow  
I'm flying back to Warsaw from Bangkok  
Freezing winter out the window  
She's asking me for a light but I'm not smoking  
What's your name? I love you  
Baby stay with me for a while

It comes to nothing  
I'm standing with my mouth wide open  
Comes to nothing  
?Cause unfortunately we are  
Going in the opposite direction  
Comes to nothing  
No one's gonna give this hour back

When flying west you're losing pressure  
Hours in the air, it's crazy  
I'm going in the opposite direction  
Maybe when you touch down into Warsaw you'll forget me maybe  
You'll forget this moment in Moscow

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Comes to nothing  
?Cause unfortunately we are  
Going in the opposite direction  
Comes to nothing  
No one's gonna give this hour back

No one's gonna give it back  
(No one's going to give it back)  
No one's gonna give it back  
(No one's going to give it back)

God you're charging  
Slowly dying here  
Nothing to say  
Nothing to save

Yea yea yea yea yea yea  
It's a crazy place  
Nothing to say  
Nothing to save

I hope so, it's a matter of time  
I hope so and I'm not ashamed to be  
I will admit you was a gain  
I look at you and feel like I've been waiting for you all my life til now  
But I wanna know where this impression comes from

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God you're charging

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