

Russian Red, Gone, Play On

This never ending song is scratching, scratching my brain
like a vinyl in desire
this never ending thought is coming and is gone
it's traveling on a plane on my way.

And in a highway too, as if I speak for you and I say
that you did those things I did in the past, it's true in a truck I do
keep your stuff in my pocket,
just like I did with the days we flew.

This never ending song is coming and is gone
it's traveling on a plane on my way.

Gone, play on