

## Sweet Mother Russia

Clem Snide

How's my Sweet Mother Russia?  
Dissolving I take it  
Like sugar and apple juice swallowed

I'm learning your language  
And I promise I'll write  
But of weather what is there to speak of?

The clouds were all cotton  
And my mouth got so dry  
From those little red pills that you gave me

With your pretty face lost  
In a sea of bad haircuts  
And cherry pie lipstick insisting

And how's that Deep Purple record  
I hummed in your ear?  
Like a fight song whispered through pillows

And here's more cups of coffee  
To trick your hard stomach  
And my warm hands to keep it from turning

How's my Sweet Mother Russia  
Did you know sharks never sleep?  
Busy bending their spines to receive you

And this longing for pleasure  
Is all in your head  
And silently traveling through oceans