

## Some Constellation

Someone Still Loves You Boris Yeltsin

Birds on the pillow  
And paper lanterns hangin'  
from the ceiling  
Sticky stars aglow  
Mappin' out some constellation  
I'm tired of standing in the light  
outside her window  
Fro her I would row to the ends  
of my imagination.

Pleasure to behold  
A silhouette so real yet  
oh so static  
Measured and controlled  
Lets down her hair, takes off  
her army jacket  
I'm tryin to figure out what's  
right - do I stay or go?  
For all she doesn't know...