

# You Could Write a Book

Someone Still Loves You Boris Yeltsin

Aaah, Aaah, Aaah, Aaah.

How'd you get so smart?  
Wax and candles and burning cobwebs,  
I guess you broke my heart,  
But then sometimes I think that's all it's there for.

Oooh, Oooh.

It's goodnight to the sunlight,  
To the fruit trees.  
I'm alright.  
We need to proof read,  
So the publisher agrees  
That you could write a novel  
Tonight.

When you get that look,  
It makes me know you're really thinking.  
About to read your book,  
But first I think I need to learn how to read you.

Oooh, Oooh

It's goodnight to the sunlight,  
To the fruit trees.  
I'm alright.  
We need to proof read,  
So the publisher agrees  
That you could write a novel

You could write a novel.  
You could write a novel,  
Tonight.

Woah-oowoah  
Woah-oowoah

Tonight