

Young Presidents

Someone Still Loves You Boris Yeltsin

Say it
Do you really want want to be the way we used to go?
Or do you really really really want to be the one who told you
so?

If this could have been like the other times
Or another way too
We creep in place
But I'm trying not to bend my arms, my love

Talkin with your tired eyes again
Movin with your peace keepin lips
We were two young presidents
On a 747 flight
Discussions with the Russians last all night
We were two young presidents

Say it
We could play Cinnamon Girl
We could play it slow
But all I really want is to let her go

Tell me where you've been, boy
Now tell me where you've been

If this could have been like the other times
Or another way too
We creep in place
But I'm trying not to bend my arms, my love

I was talking talkin with my tired eyes again
Followin your peace keepin lips
We were two young presidents
On a 747 flight
Discussions with the Russians last all night
We were two young presidents