

Eastern Europe

The Stills

You hit Eastern Europe
With a broken heart
And when you came back the town was gone
Now every little step that you take feels wrong
And I'm here acting chicken

Remember
Kissing, making love
In the rolling Black Sea
Underwater
Slipping your tongue
Through my teeth
A million years later alone in dreams
The night is howling
Listen

The sun shines down
On my whole world now
Pouring over everything
That we know

A little bit of soul
In the bottle that I drink down
Fucked up
Singing to the Heavens above
Kissing the bricks of the home I was born in
Stars all full of song
Go

Guns in the distance
Drums in the deep
A train rolls home, the countryside sleeps
Our love is blowing, all over the streets
You can hear it howling
Listen