

John Michael

Russian Red

This is hidden love, something that we used to play
running up and down the stairs, kisses down the porch.

Hadn't we spoke, settled all the basic terms and
figure out the limit age for this love to stop. I wish

I could afford
your stupid charm
your stupid voice I wish

I could afford
your stupid charm
your stupid voice This clumsy love, something that we cannot race
confusion is a burning chest competing for the crown.

Hadn't we spoke, oh, for this love to stop

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