

Russian Red, Michael P

This is the pillow I stole from the North Ridge Hotel
Then took a fast train in the morning to hide my regrets
Melted the city around us, looks summer of joy
Promised you'd turn in to jail, we lived in state for too long

Lonely, lonely, lonely, lonely lone
I get so lonely, lonely, lonely when you're gone
Lonely, lonely, lonely, lonely lone
I get so lonely, lonely when the fun is gone

All these images drown me when I'm going to bed
And wonder what happened to you, my promise of a man
Memories seem to reveal a pretty big lost
As my head is laying down on the pillow I wonder you stole

Lonely, lonely, lonely, lonely, lone
I get so lonely, lonely, lonely when you're gone
Lonely, lonely, lonely, lonely, lone
I get so lonely, lonely, lonely when you're gone

Lonely, lonely, lonely, lonely lone
I get so lonely, lonely, lonely, when you're gone
Lonely, lonely, lonely, lonely, lone
I get so lonely, lonely, lonely, lonely, lone