

# Michael P

## Russian Red

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

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