

**Messages From A Russian Heat Wave** Words Ian, Music Luke

I just wanted to go  
I just wanted to go  
I just wanted to go home

I was travelling in Russia  
And naively I thought it was going to be really cold  
So I took jumpers and coats and scarves  
And I got there in the hottest weather they'd ever had

In Russia for years  
People were dying  
And I felt like I was dying, as I lay there in hotels

That guide books told me not to stay in  
And my passport photo was really old  
And I was followed all the way around Russia

By this young man, who used to be me  
And all that happened was  
As I kept sweating day and night  
I just wanted to go home

One coverlet is too many  
One shopping channel not enough  
One tear of sweat down my back  
And I know I know I have had enough

My room is entering a period of turbulence  
There. By the curtains  
This is Moscow fast food

A mushroom pie  
Tasting of airports  
Fat train conductor in a black dress  
Swinging between the carriages

Selling tickets  
To the people with buckets  
Vadim never speaks  
He just drives

Maybe he's counting the trees  
I lost count  
Fell asleep at seven hundred thousand

I just wanted to go  
I just wanted to go  
I just wanted to go home

Every young person in Red Square  
Has a bottle of beer  
Clamped to his lips  
Clamped to her lips

The night porter  
At the Pereslavl hotel  
Could be the dead grandfather  
Of all the night porters  
In the world

The Festival of Face Slapping  
Talking, when the flies are out  
That young man, on my passport photo  
Is sneering at the airport staff  
His dark hair is an insult to them and me

This fish has got more bones than me  
Vadim doesn't care  
His cellar is cool  
His vodka has no bones at all  
Vadim doesn't care  
His cellar is cool  
I just wanted... to go  
I just wanted... to go