

# 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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Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>