

Studio 6

Matt Maltese

I see two lovers kiss on the street by Studio 6
And I remember the petrol-thick mist, we settled our lips
And I remember hearing your father laugh
While we made love in the next room, we made love in the next room
And I remember one of those mornings I, I reached out to wake you,
but I learned that he'd taken you back

I look through the glass to housing blocks and energy fans
I see slow familiar lovers, I see them pull their curtains back
And I remember pulling your curtains back, then we made love to
the old moon, we made love to the old moon
And I remember one of those mornings I, I reached out to wake you,
but I learned that he'd taken you back

And I remember you wearing that pink August coat
that my grandmother wore as my grandfather's love
You're a little more clear with this wine in my hand
And it colours my tongue as if your lipstick has run

And I remember hearing your father laugh
While we made love in the next room, we made love in the next room