

## Accident (Week-End à Rome)

Saint Etienne

He's on the phone, doesn't want to go home  
The hotel life, forget your wife, you're on your own  
Academia girl  
Her life's a gas, she loves the trash inside his world  
Can't find his way there  
Got the cash, feeling flash in Leicester square

Yes  
She never meant to call, she did anyway  
And now he's trying to find the words to say  
Someday

It's five to twelve and she's nervous as hell  
With nothing to lose, it's hard to choose it's hard to tell  
And her's is lilac and gold  
The things she has, she's feeling sad, she's feeling old  
Skin is dewdrop and warm  
The lipstick kiss, reminisce, or wait will dawn

Yes  
She never meant to call, she did anyway  
And now he's trying to find the words to say  
Someday

Yes  
She never meant to call, she did anyway  
And now he's trying to find the words to say  
Someday

Et c'est alors que supposément blesse par le commun des mortels  
Qu'en habit pourpre et net, de mes cendres fictions  
Pour l'encore inconnu (e), attendu (e)  
Je reserecte encore et encore  
Je reserecte encore et encore

He's on the phone and she wants to go home  
Shoes in hand, don't make a sound, it's time to go

Yes  
She never meant to call, she did anyway  
And now he's trying to find the words to say  
Someday

Yes  
She never meant to call, she did anyway  
And now he's trying to find the words to say  
Someday, someday, someday  
Someday, someday, someday