

## Dark Glasses

Beatenberg

To wake up in the morning  
You find the way to cope  
To try to lose the feelin'  
Walkin' on the mountain slope  
When in the wake of the hikers  
The smell of crushed herbs  
In a clearing in the forest  
Is a tree that looks like her  
In a state of panic  
In complete distress, oh  
All the vegetation  
Is a pattern on her dress

An angel descended  
And asked me what was wrong  
I said not to believe  
Anything I said in my song  
Don't try to deconstruct me  
You'll never find a way  
There is no contradiction  
In anything I say  
A contrapposto marble  
At the bottom of the sea  
Oh, I'll never be as cool as that  
But you're as warm as me

Dark glasses on the beach  
Lookin' askance at history  
Beneath this calm exterior I'm frantic  
The wreck is out of reach  
But I see it through my misery  
Dancin' in the waves of the Atlantic

Sweet peas on the trellis  
A deck chair on the lawn  
An ibis flew above me  
And I began to yawn  
I could read no further  
In my acute distress  
The Sorrows of Young Werther  
Couldn't interest me less  
Carrying spring onions  
You took me by surprise  
I put my hand before my face  
To shield my bleary eyes

Dark glasses on the beach  
Lookin' askance at history  
Beneath this calm exterior I'm frantic  
The wreck is out of reach  
But I see it through my misery  
Dancin' in the waves of the Atlantic

Dark glasses on the beach  
Lookin' askance at history  
Beneath this calm exterior I'm frantic  
The wreck is out of reach

But I see it through my misery  
Dancin' in the waves of the Atlantic