

Colour Of The Night

Brett Anderson

My love she hides a cruel disease
It's the bullet in her mind, it's the plan
between her knees
It's the colour of the night, it's the
number of the beast

My love she dreams of Tel Aviv
She's got nails in her hands and nails
in her feet
She's not from the Holy Land but she
think she used to be

Tell me when was hell so beautiful?
Tell me with your words that disagree
Tell me with your reason carved like granite
Tell me so that I can be free

My love she's like a cruel disease
She's the bullet in my mind
She's got a plan between her knees
She's the colour of the night
She stirs the beast in me