

Sparks

Edwin Raphael

You've packed up your things
You took them all
Said you were leaving

Without a word
And your tired tired eyes
Say something else
And you know I could see
Through all, all, all of you now

Miles, miles, miles away
These temples and people have gone astray
And you've lost a certain kind of spark
And you're making me hallucinate
And you're making me hallucinate

Tell me what you want, tell me what you want
Tell me what you want with me
Tell me what you want, tell me what you want
Tell me what you want with me

Do you want to dance, do you want to dance
Do you want to dance, dance with me
Do you want to dance, do you want to dance
Do you want to dance, dance with me

Now you're falling, now you're falling
You're falling apart
Now you're falling, now you're falling
You're falling apart