

Hi baby, what do you want to talk about?

I'm here, right here
Behind me the road, in front, a grey wall
There is no background, no story to tell, no point
The search is over

I bet you're naked, I know what you're doing

Don't imagine I'm honest
I dress up everything I say as integrity
And they believe me
God, whose name I so often invoke
God, is silent: and I babble.

Honey, is there something you want me to say?
Do you wanna know what I'm doing?
I'm pulling my dress off. That's better.
Now I'm picking up my cigarette.

I can see you. I can see the brush caressing your hair
And the cigarette hanging from your pretty hands.
I smell your perfume.
We could be as one.
You are my chance, I know you.

Are you ready baby,
Are you going to do it for me now?

We're alone and on fire
The years spin backwards, forgotten, to a blank horizon
But here the lines cross.
At this point, nothing