

Midnight Desert

November 2nd

1.

On a frosty afternoon
In the year of Mars shining bright in the sky
I found out somebody else living my dream
I missed my train, I've lost my touch

Little bird, your voice sounds so weak
Where's the red gone from your cheeks?
How come you're singing out of tune?
Are you sick of life like me?

Chorus:

Oh lord, we're all alone but we feel so free

2.

So we sit by midnight wine
And I don't know what to say
'Cos my source, my spring has dried
Midnight desert is the only place to hide

The sound is blue and brown
And I watch it through a glass of midnight wine
The blue turns to scarlet
Then all the other colours fade

Chorus:

Oh lord, we're all alone but we feel so free

If you tell the truth
I may tell a lie
'Cos I ain't no good
No good in your life
I am like steam
I may sublime
I may just leave you with a hole in your heart