

The Black Sea

Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark

On a ship to nowhere
On a dark and tranquil sea
I'm sinking with a cargo
Of the things that cannot be
On the far horizon
The final sunsets fall
And Tuesday becomes Wednesday
Becomes any day at all

Everything we do
Nothing remains true
I am frightened, I'm a liar
And I'm tortured by desire
Every single day
In all the simple ways
I am torn apart inside
By the things I've tried to hide

Down the dusty roads we go
And down the leafy lanes
And down the long and winding road
The landscape stays the same

Everything we do
Nothing remains true
I am frightened, I'm a liar
And I'm tortured by desire
Every single day
In all the simple ways
I am torn apart inside
By the things I've tried to hide

Everything we do
Nothing remains true
I am frightened, I'm a liar
And I'm tortured by desire
And every single day
In all the simple ways
I am torn apart inside
By the things that I have always tried to hide