

Second Hand Lovers

Oren Lavie

Listening to music
We've heard once before
You take your shirt off
You drop on the floor
Then you crawl to the bedroom
But you stop at the door
Conversations grow old
You and I
We have not said a word
In a while
I'm losing my humor
You're losing your smile
And the night portrays us
The moon betrays us
And the dark uncovers us
And under the covers
Lying second hand lovers
Tonight
Seasons and sorrows
And pictures we took
You'll start smoking
I'm reading a book
I'm losing my vision,
You're losing your looks
And the music
Plays bitter, plays sweet
You let your hair down
And roll off your seat
And you crawl to the bed,
but you stop at its feet
And the night portrays us
The moon betrays us
And the dark uncovers us
And under the covers
Lying second hand lovers
Tonight
Something about my voice
Reminds you of
Something I used to say
You used to love
And the night portrays us
The piano plays us
And the dark uncovers us
And under the covers
Lying second hand lovers
Tonight