

Afterhours

The Sisters of Mercy

One more night spent on your mirror
Black maria, in your eyes
This stuff so strange and lonely
England fades away
In your eyes

Two o'clock in the morning
Ninety-four degrees

Through the stillness through the heat
The cars go by on Fifth and
Breathing slow
Get up off the floor and angel
Put your clothes on
It's time for us to go

Let's take a ride