

Fathers and Daughters

Skyhooks

In a room with a view on the thirty-
third floor, the ashtrays overflow
A banker's daughter gets up from the bed and stares at the streets below
The day breaks and the sun comes up, the night has been so kind
As she turns back to her sleeping man, the thoughts rush through her mind

What would daddy do if he saw me now?
He might not recognise me anyhow
My long black hair is curled and blonde
And my innocence is long long gone

Fathers and daughters have a love that's blind
Never quite understanding while still being kind
Fathers and daughters can be so far away
One lives for the nights and one for the days

Fathers and daughters they speak of respect
But their conversations don't always connect

Fathers and daughters have a love that's blind
Never quite understanding while still being kind
Fathers and daughters can be so far away
One lives for the nights and one for the days

In a room with a view on the thirty-
third floor, the phone is off the hook
And a banker's daughter goes back to bed, seduced with just one look
The sun sets and the city lights up, the night flights burn the sky
As she reaches out for her sleeping man, she says with a smile

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He might not recognize me anyhow
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Fathers and daughters, fathers and daughters
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