

## The Paris Match

The Style Council

Empty hours  
Spent combing the street  
In daytime showers  
They've become my beat;  
As I walk from cafe to bar  
I wish I knew where you are;  
Because you've clouded my mind  
And now I'm all out of time  
Empty skies say try to forget  
Better advice is to have no regrets;  
As I tread the boulevard floor  
Will I see once more;  
Because you've clouded my mind  
'Till then I'm biding my time

I'm only sad in a natural way  
And I enjoy sometimes feeling this way  
The gift you gave is desire  
The match that started my fire

Empty nights with nothing to do  
I sit and think, every thought is for you;  
I get so restless and bored  
So I go out once more;  
I hate to feel so confined  
I feel like I'm wasting my time