

True Margrit "Are Friends Electric"

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it's cold outside
And the paint's peeling off of my walls
There's a man outside
In a long coat, grey hat, smoking a cigarette

Now the light fades out
And i'm wondering what i'm doing in a room like this
There's a knock on the door
And just for a second i thought i remembered you

So now i'm alone
Now i can think for myself
About little deals
And *issues*
And things that i just don't understand
Like a white lie that night
Or a slight touch at times
I don't think it meant anything to you

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