

## **Belle Chase Hotel**

### **"Kurt Weill time"**

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We still watch the sky  
in the clean open nights  
and squeeze our hearts  
with the end of time.

Scare by the cold twinkle of the stars,  
we reach for the warmth of lover's arms.

Our sorrow collapses  
in a silent desire  
we'll never sleep again  
because we're afraid to be tired,  
and the night is filled with fireworks and a million  
lights, there's wine in the bloodstream of their violent smiles.

This night is the only cabaret  
and the doorkeeper's never there  
and we're never, never, going back  
so save your coins to the startrek.

We'll be sailing at the crack of dawn,  
singing that first old song.

This night is the only cabaret  
and the doorkeeper's never there  
and we're never, never, going back  
so save your coins to the startrek.

All the eyes shine from their warm frontier  
and portrait the ilusion of being near,  
while solitude smashes down the human child  
and the drunkmen are whistling "lost in the Stars!"

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